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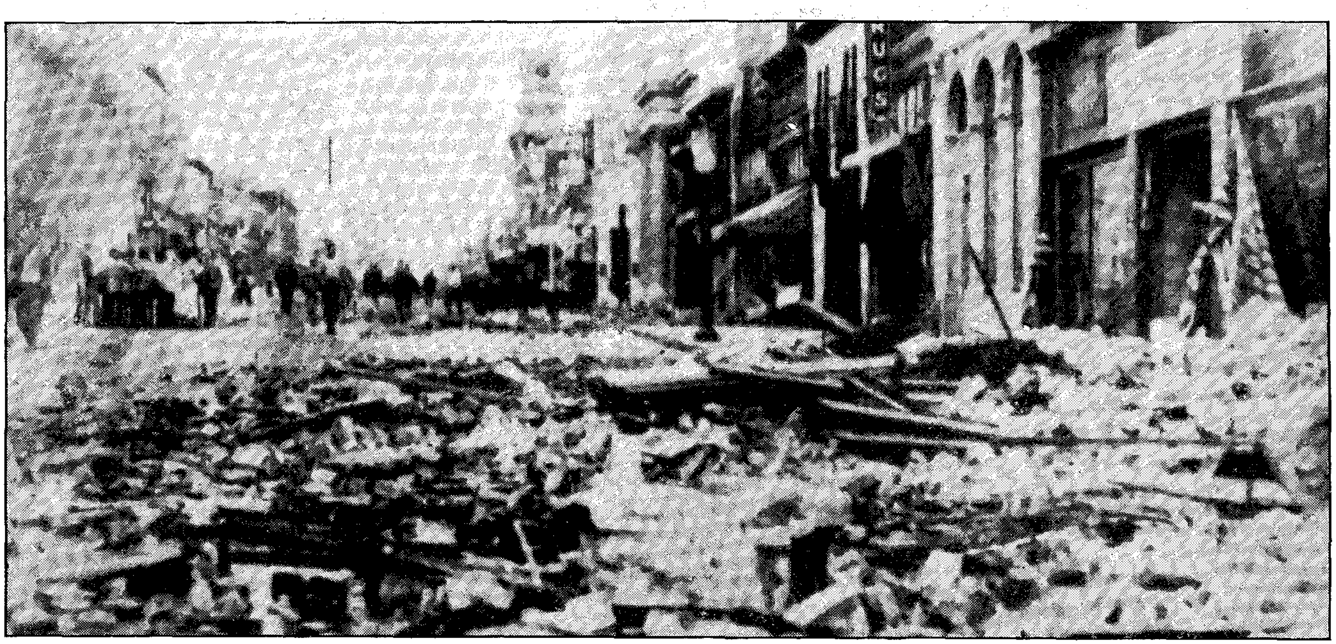
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)



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WHAT THE EARTHQUAKE DID TO THE MAIN BUSINESS STREET OF SANTA BARBARA

State Street, says an eye-witness, "looks as tho its buildings had been filliped by a giant's malicious finger." For a full mile the streets were covered with rubbish and at irregular intervals along this stretch were piles of fallen bricks higher than a man's head. This and the other photographs we reproduce were sent from California to New York over the telephone wires a few hours after the earthquake.

THE SANTA BARBARA AND MONTANA EARTHQUAKES

"THE GROUND SEEMED to rise with a crunch—something like a million dogs crunching a bone." "I was in swimming when the shock came, and the first thing I knew the water receded, and I was standing high and dry on the beach." "The walls of my room swayed backward and forward with the same motion as an accordion when being played." "The twisting of the earth was like a violent storm at sea."

These phrases, gleaned from the dispatches describing the disastrous earthquake that rocked Santa Barbara in the early morning of Monday, June 29, bring vividly to the imagination the ways of the mysterious convulsions that shake the earth without warning. But even more impressive is the revelation such disasters afford of man's indomitable spirit. The earthquake could shake the buildings of brick and stone, but not the granite of the human soul. The first official word from the stricken city to the outside world was: "We will rebuild at once." All dispatches agree that there were few, if any, signs of panic among either men or women.

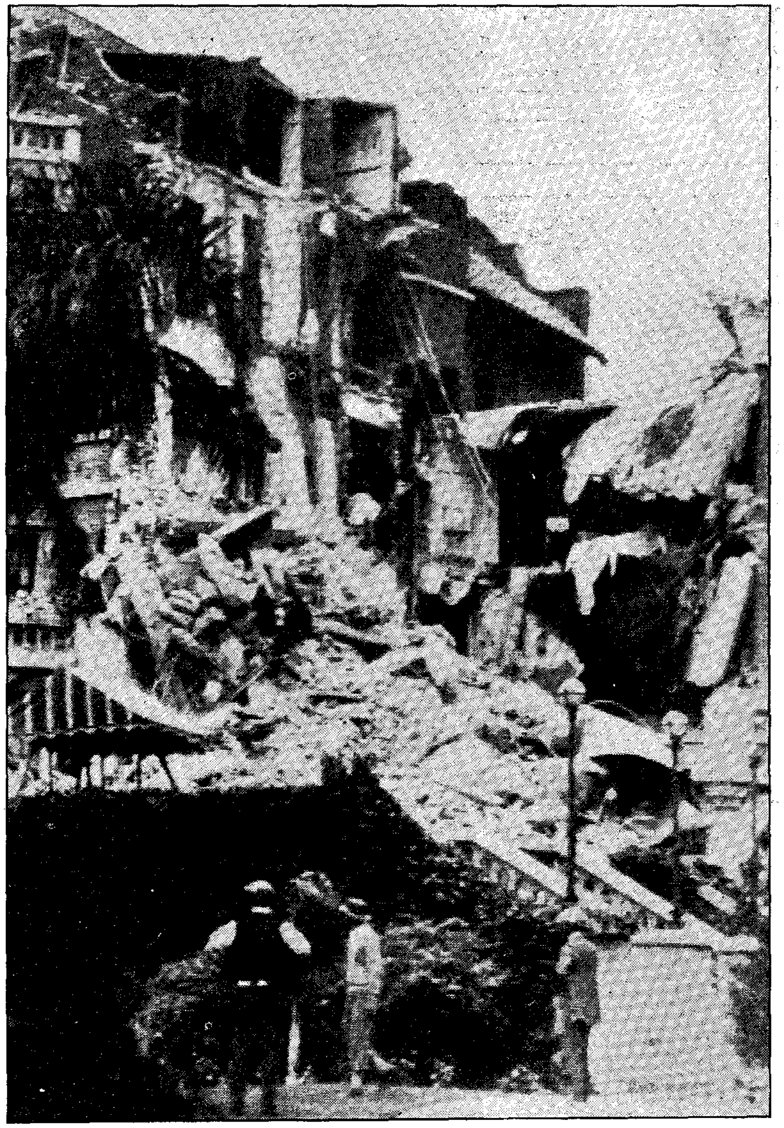
This intrepidity is reflected in the comment wired to THE DIGEST by several California papers. "Santa Barbara will rise from its ruins more beautiful and substantial than ever," declares the Santa Barbara *Press*, which tells us that, while the dust was still swirling about the wreckage of the finest buildings of State Street, bankers and leading business men began discussing plans for resumption and for rebuilding. "Instead of glum, gloomy, pessimistic citizens, there were actually smiles as business men met business men before the wreckage of their establishments," says *The Press*, which reports the citizens of one mind in their determination to build "a more lasting Santa Barbara." Another daily published in the stricken city confirms this testimony. "With undaunted spirit the people took up the task left for them by the trembling earth, determined to make a greater and a better city," wires the Santa Barbara *News*, the day after the earthquake. And it goes on to say:

"The spirit of the people is well indicated in the steps taken yesterday. In five minutes more than $10,000 was raised for emergency work from a little group in a meeting called by the Chamber of Commerce.

"A short time later, the bank representatives of the city, and the city and banks of Los Angeles arranged to provide a revolving fund of $2,500,000 to begin at once the work of permanent reconstruction. This is the spirit not only of Santa Barbara but of California. It is the spirit that planted a cross on the hills overlooking the bay more than a century ago. It is the spirit that brought San Francisco back from the ruins of fire not once but half a dozen times. It is the spirit that kept a brown-clad monk at his post in the old mission while the rocking walls poured debris around the devout worshippers gathered in the ancient church, and sent workmen fearlessly into ruins to rescue those buried there.

"The men and women who are calmly going about their duties to-day are the builders of the city of to-morrow which will smile back on to-day's hardships a century hence."

"The courage of Santa Barbara hereafter will be sung together with its beauty," says the Los Angeles *Express*, which pictures the city "smiling in the face of its almost mortal hurt," and makes this confident prediction: "Santa Barbara will be rebuilt, a durable, indestructible modern city. But it still will be Santa Barbara, rich in the traditions of its founders, and with their chivalrous, kindly spirit guiding it in the future as in the past."



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WHERE THE EARTHQUAKE WAS DEADLIEST

The ruins of the famous Arlington Hotel, which was completely destroyed and in which several lives were lost. The manager of the Arlington said that the earthquake "just took the hotel that we considered as strong as a fortress and shook it back and forth as if it were a rag."

"The city of opal and roses," according to the Los Angeles *Times*, need not fear another serious earthquake, because—

> "The consensus of scientific opinion is that Santa Barbara, after so pronounced a convulsion, will be safe from a repetition for at least half a century. The earthquake was not of volcanic nature, but was probably occasioned by the sliding of great masses of earth and rock near the surface. When such an adjustment takes place it is followed in nearly every instance by several decades of absolute security."

Noting that, in spite of the heavy property damage, the list of fatalities in the Santa Barbara quake is "smaller than is often occasioned by a railroad wreck," the San Francisco *Chronicle* reminds us that convulsions of nature "spare no people or locality." The people of Santa Barbara took their catastrophe philosophically, remarks *The Chronicle*, but—

> "It is so that the people of the Gulf States take the tornadoes that spread death and suffering, as those of the Middle West endure cyclones, as gallant Galveston rose again from the sea that engulfed her. So in adversity Santa Barbara gives proof of two great human virtues—courage and sympathy."

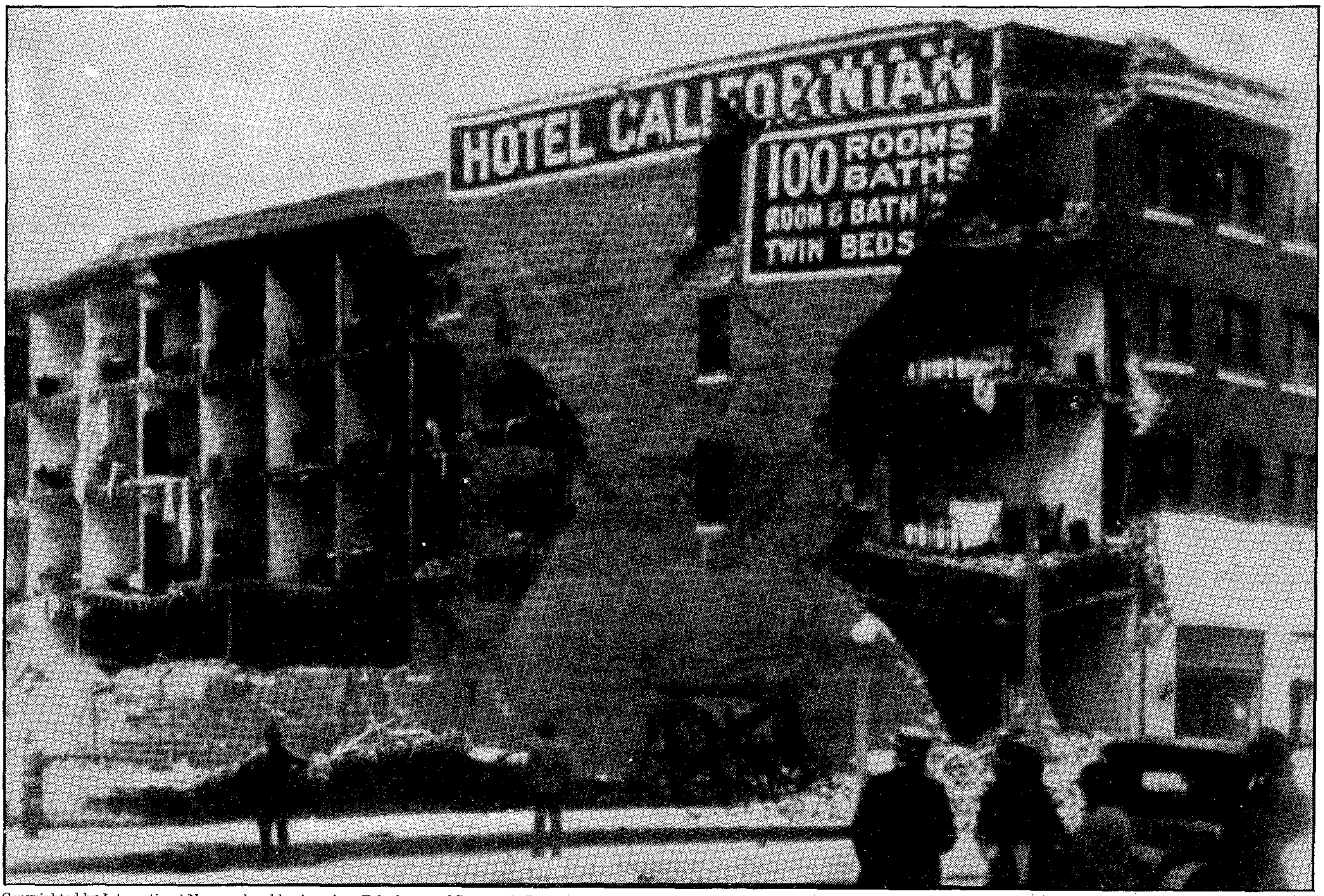
"Beautiful Santa Barbara has felt the giant tread of the earthquake," wires the San Francisco *Bulletin*, "but the community includes men of strong character and high ability whose past successes give assurance they will be able to reorganize their stricken city and give life once more a foundation of happiness."

The morning was foggy when, at 6:44, the rolling, rumbling shock hit the city, dispatches tell us. The tide receded from the beach, buildings crumbled and fell, the steel rails of the street railways were twisted and warped. Other slighter shocks followed during that day and the next. Ten persons were killed by the falling buildings, and the property loss was estimated at from $15,000,000 to $30,000,000. We read that "the only important buildings that escaped serious damage were the new high school of reenforced concrete and the Granada Building." In the telephone building a score of girls "remained at their early morning posts of duty while the exchange shook about them and the walls cracked." The rear wall of the jail fell, and the prisoners, unharmed, fled to freedom. The dispatches yield other vivid glimpses of that eventful morning. A Santa Barbara correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* quotes the experience of a guest of the California Hotel who was awakened by the shock:

> "I leapt out of bed, clad only in my pajamas, and raced down-stairs. In the lobby I overtook a man struggling toward the door with a small child. Just as the man reached the door the building gave way; débris and wreckage piled on man and child. I lost sight of them and dived through a window into the street.
>
> "Once in the street I glanced back at the new hotel. It was a mass of ruin, only the iron girders remaining upright. And standing in a heap of wreckage on the third floor I saw a man apparently dazed screaming at the top of his voice for a taxicab."

The Associated Press quotes the following account of the earthquake by Ole Hanson, former Mayor of Seattle:

> "It was about 6:44 A. M., the air was sultry, everything very quiet. I noticed as I lay on my bed that quite a large wave dashed against the beach. The ground seemed to rise up with a crunch something like a million dogs crunching a bone. I leapt out of bed and the floor seemed to rise up and hit me. I stept again and it seemed as tho I could not reach the floor.
>
> "Like all animals except the horse in time of trouble, I dashed for the open air, and began to bang on the neighboring bungalows to rouse the occupants and get them out in the open park.
>
> "Then I heard a great crash like an explosion and saw the walls of the power plant a block away fall, then a bright blue flame such as they use in movies at night lit up the heavens and then flashed out.
>
> "Right behind me I heard a rending. Two blocks away I saw the walls of the New California Hotel lean over gradually and collapse, leaving the occupants lying safely in bed, some covered and some uncovered. They all escaped.
>
> "The ground rolled like a canoe with a slight wave hitting it. There was no excitement. Crash after crash from the business



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SANTA BARBARA'S NEWEST HOTEL, NOT A WEEK OLD, AS THE EARTHQUAKE LEFT IT

"Two brick walls of the Hotel Californian, on the ocean front, sloughed off, leaving the rooms exposed like an architect's model without disturbing the furniture, except in the southeast corner, which collapsed. The floors of this section of the hotel sagged but held at one end, so that a man who was asleep in bed when the quake started was decanted gently to the sidewalk uninjured."—From a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch.

district, but the man sweeping the streets on the waterfront never quit sweeping. He shoveled and swept."

And in a United Press dispatch dated the following day we read:

> "The beautiful main thoroughfare is strewn with brick, ornate Spanish cornices and débris of every description. The side streets and avenues present a scene of equally cold devastation.
>
> "The earthquake baby made his appearance just as the first smashing shock was rocking the city. He was born to Mrs. Christena Rodriguez. The mother was removed from St. Francis Hospital as the interior of the building started to collapse, and was transferred safely to the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital.
>
> "A dog on State Street, both hind legs broken by a slab of falling concrete, dragged himself out to safety, too weak to whine. He is being accorded the same medical care as the human victims, and will live.
>
> "Nurses at the Cottage Hospital said that Mattie Temple, a patient, turned gray from fright when the first quake struck. The woman was a brunette.
>
> "Jose Dardeen, father of three children, went insane when he saw his little home washed into the Pacific Ocean by the flood from Sheffield Dam when the structure gave way. He was found walking the railroad tracks, demented."

One of the narrowest escapes recorded was that of Robert Malcolm, gardener at the Hotel Arlington. Says an Associated Press dispatch:

> "He was watering the flowers in front of the hotel when he felt the first shock. A moment later a fissure opened up in the walls of the hotel, through which a strong stream of water from a broken main issued. The stream struck Malcolm in the chest with force sufficient to throw him clear of a four-story wall which crashed to the street."

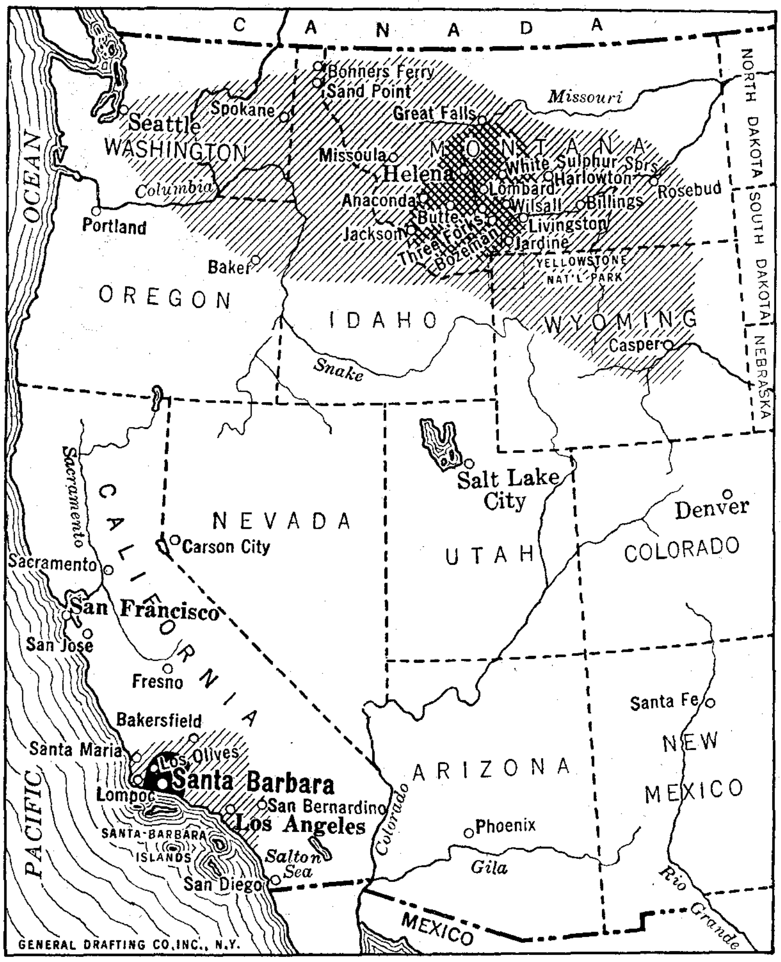
Two days before the Santa Barbara disaster Montana and the neighboring States of Wyoming, Idaho, and Washington were shaken by an earthquake even more violent, according to the seismographs, than the California temblor; and, as in California, this was followed by a succession of lesser shocks. A slipping mountain dammed the valley of a river, creating a new lake. Says a Helena dispatch to the New York *Evening World*, dated Monday, June 29:

> "Residents of the Gallatin Valley, the apparent center of the earthquake which shook four States Saturday night and yesterday, remained out in the wide open spaces to-day, looking back at about $500,000 worth of ruins—the aggregate cost of the tremor.
>
> "It was a whimsical earthquake. No one was killed. Nearly a score of buildings cracked and fell. There were a half-dozen landslides.
>
> "A crevice extending at irregular intervals from Manhattan to Three Forks, a distance of ten miles, remains as one of the scars caused by the quake.
>
> "The quakes began about 6:22 o'clock Saturday night. Thousands of persons in Butte, Great Falls, Billings, Livingston, Missoula, Helena and other cities were thrown into near-panic and rushed clear of buildings. The shocks continued intermittently until well after 10 o'clock. Yesterday there were slight recurrences at Three Forks, White Sulphur Springs and Anaconda.
>
> "Three Forks, Manhattan and Logan, all near the juncture of the Madison, Gallatin and Jefferson Rivers, which form the source of the Missouri, sustained the greatest loss. The courthouse at White Sulphur Springs fell, and several smaller structures were demolished. The loss there will exceed $100,000, and Three Forks, where the damage was greater, lost about $200,000. Three Forks residents counted forty-one distinct shocks.
>
> "The Jefferson River, a short distance above the convergence point, was lowered two feet by the quakes.
>
> "Hundreds of men were working in the mines at Butte and

Anaconda as the earth's surface trembled, but in the 1,000 miles of underground workings there was no damage, according to Butte reports. The miners rushed to the surface when they felt the shocks."

On the causes of earthquakes the Baltimore *Sun* quotes E. Lester Jones, director of the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the Department of Commerce, as follows:

"It is generally accepted that the vast majority of earthquakes are due to slipping along faults in the earth's crust and are generally associated with the adjustment of long-existing strains. Any one who has seen a concrete block crusht in a testing machine probably has seen something resembling the most common cause of earthquakes. For some reason forces exist within the earth's crust which put a great strain on certain parts of it. At times the strain becomes so great that there is actually a break along a surface (known as a fault). The two parts may then slip along this surface, either horizontally or vertically, or both.


CANADA
Bonners Ferry
Sand Point
Spokane
Seattle
WASHINGTON
Great Falls
Missouri
MONTANA
Missoula
Helena
White Sulphur Sprs.
Harlowton
Rosebud
Lombard
Billings
Wilsall
Anaconda
Butte
Livingston
Jackson
Three Forks
Bozeman
Jardine
YELLOWSTONE NAT'L PARK
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
OCEAN
Columbia
Portland
Baker
OREGON
IDAHO
WYOMING
Casper
Snake
Sacramento
Salt Lake City
Denver
NEVADA
Carson City
UTAH
COLORADO
Sacramento
CALIFORNIA
San Francisco
San Jose
Fresno
Bakersfield
Santa Maria
Los Olivos
Santa Barbara
Lompoc
San Bernardino
Los Angeles
SANTA BARBARA ISLANDS
Salton Sea
San Diego
Colorado
ARIZONA
Phoenix
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After a map in the New York *Times*

AREAS SHAKEN BY THE EARTHQUAKES

Shaded areas show where earthquake shocks brought ruin to Santa Barbara, on the California coast, and rocked towns in Montana, and made themselves felt in Wyoming, Washington and Idaho.

"Sometimes the stress accumulates without any motion at all until the breaking-point is reached, then the slip comes suddenly and an earthquake occurs whose intensity varies with the amount of the slip, the area affected, and probably the depth of the slip.

"The California earthquake and some of the Japanese earthquakes are undoubtedly of this type. In such cases the slipping usually relieves the stress and there are no further dangerous quakes until the stresses have again approached a breaking-point. This may require a long period of years, and for this reason the region of a great earthquake is expected to remain undisturbed for a long period. However, the fault remains, and if the processes go on another earthquake is likely and provision should be made for it."

The earthquake at Santa Barbara, according to Prof. T. J. See, U. S. N., in charge of the Mare Island Observatory, was due to "an ocean leakage." Most of the authorities quoted in the press, however, offer the same explanation as Mr. Jones. In the New York *Sun* we read:

"Experts are divided to-day as to the cause of the Santa Barbara earthquake. Ocean leakage, accumulated strain on the earth's crust and extreme hot weather are among the causes assigned in answer to queries by the Associated Press.

"There was also disagreement as to whether there was any relation between the tremors in Montana and those which laid Santa Barbara in ruins. Some experts said that there was no connection, while others thought that the Montana shocks pulled the trigger that caused a twelve-mile disturbance of rock strata under Santa Barbara and vicinity.

"Dr. Herman L. Fairchild, professor emeritus of geology at the University of Rochester, New York, said that the Montana tremor, traveling underground, might have touched off stored up strains in Southern California. He said that the Montana tremor might also lead to further shocks in the Western mountain States in the next few days.

"The view that the Montana and California quakes were unrelated is held by William Bowie, chief of the division of geodesy of the Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington.

"Dr. G. S. Townley of Stanford University said that experts had discovered earth strain three years ago in the Santa Barbara area, and had predicted quakes. These strains, they believed, had been gathering since the San Francisco quake of 1906.

"There has been unwonted seismic activity in North America this year, about twenty-five quakes at various points from Alaska to Mexico having been recorded since January 1 at Fordham University, New York. The Rev. J. S. O'Connor, director of the seismograph there, attributed them all to the same general unknown cause.

"'A protracted period of seismic calm is always followed by a period of activity,' he said. 'The first quake relieves the strain where it occurs, but increases the strain elsewhere, and the process continues until the surface of the earth adjusts itself to all the subterranean changes which took place during the period of calm.'

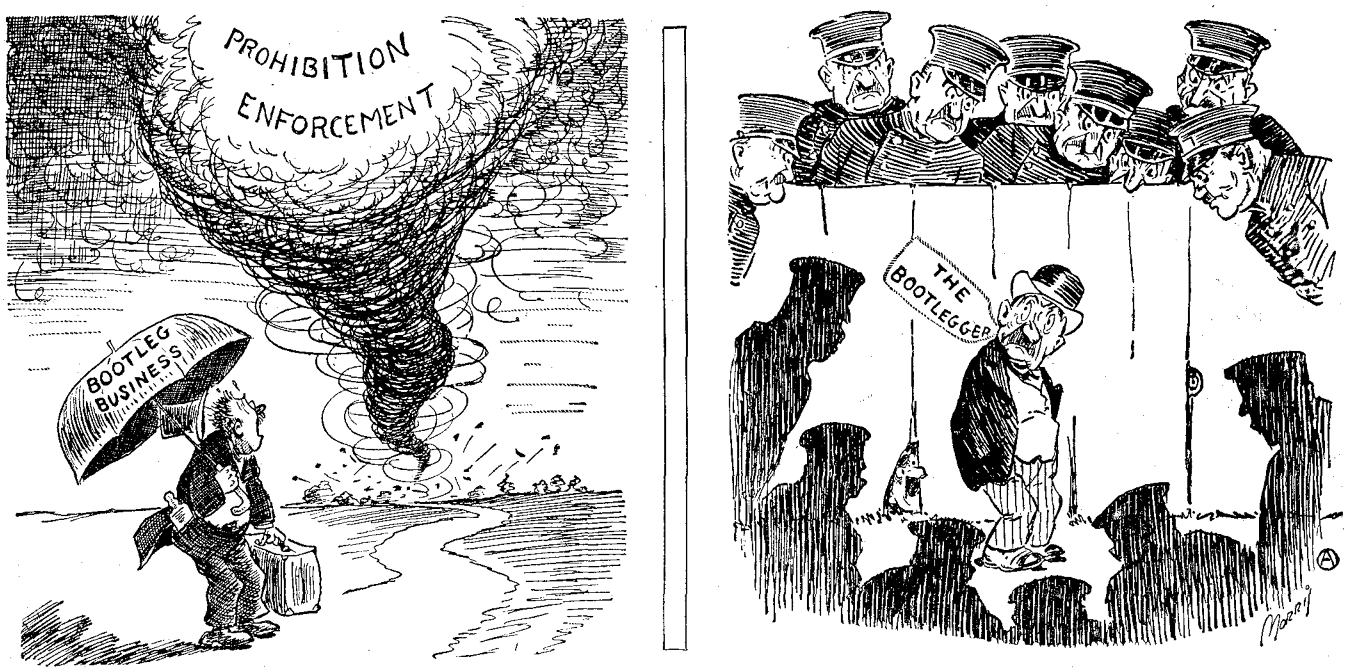
"Eastern seismographs recorded the Montana disturbances as more violent than the Santa Barbara quakes.

"'This has nothing to do with the comparative loss of life and property,' said Professor O'Connor. 'Santa Barbara was close to the epicenter of the second disturbance, while the epicenter of the Montana shocks occurred in a sparsely settled area.'"

According to Professor Bendandi of Faenza, Italy, a revival of violent seismic activity throughout the world is imminent, and "will reach its peak between July 14 and 16." This raises the question: "Can earthquakes be predicted?" Says the New York *Times:*

"There is no foretelling these visitations except in a general regional way. Statistics covering a thousand earthquakes on the Atlantic side of the continent and four thousand on the Pacific side give some basis for prophecy as to the locality of the quaking centers and as to probable intensity if the tremors do come. It is upon this scientific basis that proposals have been recently made looking to provision against this hazard, so far as that is humanly possible. We must not only prepare to meet earthquake emergencies in the way of fire fighting, panic control, transportation, food supply, water supply, lighting, and first aid such as the American Red Cross is instantly ready to give, but also learn to build according to plans that have the approval of the seismologist as well as the architect and engineer.

"Nothing can prevent earthquakes, but it is humanly possible to protect to some extent against loss and suffering from them. Man, who has faced with some success the hazards of the air and water, fire and flood, pestilence, cold and heat, will find a way to overcome even the earthquake's rage. It will be done through proper construction and such a spirit as is exprest in the challenge: 'We will rebuild.'"



ASSUMING NEW SHAPE
—Lecocq in the Des Moines *Register*.

THE BOOTLEGGER: "Gosh, it's getting so a fellow has no privacy at all."
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

THE BOOTLEGGER GETTING THE BOOT

NOW FOR "REAL ENFORCEMENT"

TO ENFORCE THE DRY LAW Brig.-Gen. L. C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, discards the State director system, and will substitute on August 1 a force of twenty-two division heads for areas corresponding to the Federal judicial districts. This change of tactics, announced with "the unqualified approval" of President Coolidge, is generally considered by the press as meaning "real enforcement." The plan, says Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, is "decentralization with a view to economy and efficiency, permitting the use of a smaller personnel with higher qualifications. Its disregard of State lines makes it more clearly a Federal organization, not unlike the customs service." District heads are to be appointed for high character and ability, and will have complete control over subordinates. All political considerations are to be eliminated.

General Andrews is reported as preferring men of Army and Navy training for these positions. At the same time he declares that the chief aim will be "to stop the sources of supply, importation, diversion of legitimately manufactured alcohol, illegitimate manufacture and transportation of alcohol and alcoholic beverages."

"Uncle Sam means business," says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, whose comment is representative of papers in many sections of the country:

> "The appointment of officials on merit, the elimination of State lines in the administration of the law, the specialization of the central Government in suppressing 'sources' rather than pursuing small bootleggers—this all looks to an earnest, efficient effort to make the Eighteenth Amendment a part of American life as well as a part of the American Constitution. The hand of politics on the enforcement machinery has been a curse from the beginning.
>
> "With the Federal Government thus preparing to do its duty more fully in the matter of seeing this law vindicated a new obligation rests on the States and on local communities to carry their share of the burden of enforcement. There is no more excuse for politics here than in the Federal Prohibition offices; no more excuse for negligence or lackadaisical administration of law."

That conditions pertaining to the enforcement of the Prohibition law could hardly be any worse than they are now is an opinion widely exprest in the editorial columns of our daily press. Thus in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* we read:

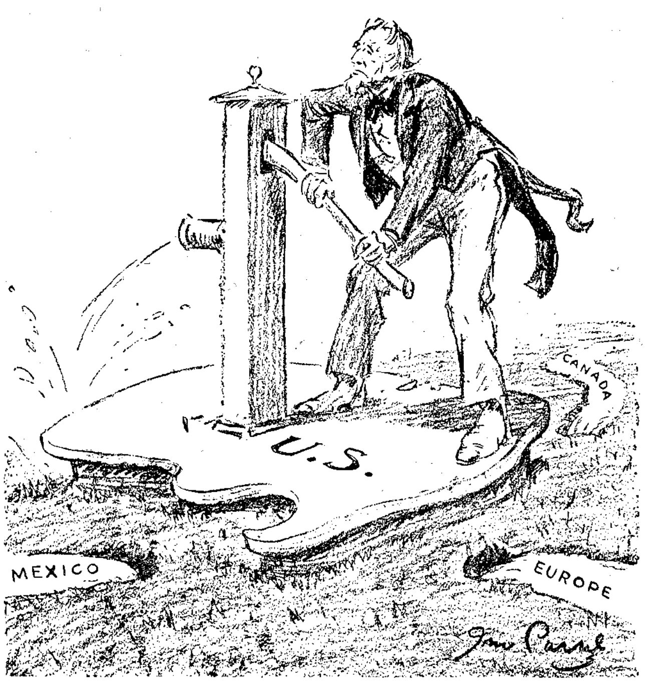
> "There is criticism of the new plan of Prohibition enforcement on the ground that the overriding of State lines will cause the States to lose interest in the warfare against bootleggers.
>
> "It is difficult to lose what you never had. Not a few of the States have been leaving the whole business pretty much to the Federal Government. And no new plan can conceivably be less effective than most of the old ones."

Abolition of State directors will remove one frequent cause of friction in the administration of the law, as *The Inquirer* sees it; the authority of the Federal administrators will not be open to dispute:

> "It may be argued that all this means an increase in Federal power at the expense of the States. But, as the President pointed out recently, what the States will not do the Federal Government must do.
>
> "The enforcement of Federal law is clearly within its province, more particularly if this law is so unpopular in some communities that local officials are affected by local feeling. . . . Andrews has undertaken enforcement as his job, and he may be trusted to do it without fear or favor, and in a wholly practical fashion."

That Andrews "has the toughest job on his hands of any man in Washington," the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Post-Standard* does not doubt. He is a soldier-administrator, not a new type, but "the type we have usually chosen for the administration of colonies. It is the type that New York chose when it wanted its streets cleaned—that was Waring—and when it wanted its police situation cleared up—that was Bingham. It was the type that Philadelphia chose to clean up a scandalous police situation—that is Butler." The Detroit *Free Press*, while refraining from prophecy concerning the probable success or failure of the new plan, observes:

> "Since the campaign about to be undertaken will necessarily be largely guerrilla and full of local problems, the colonel is doing the sound thing by giving his divisional commanders large administrative powers and responsibilities which formerly were retained by the head enforcement office in Washington. The advantage of this change, if good divisional heads can be obtained, is very plain. It corrects one of the big defects of the discarded system.
>
> "Any attempt to forecast the amount of success General



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CAN HE PUMP IT DRY?
—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*

Andrews will have in a fight to make the Eighteenth Amendment effective, as far as Federal responsibility goes, would be a vain waste of words. The most that can be said is that the President in accordance with his oath is preparing to see to it that everything possible is done. If there is a failure, the fault will not be his nor Mr. Mellon's, nor, judging by his past record, will it be General Andrews's. Failure will indicate the impossibility of dry enforcement by any means."

On the strength of General Andrews's achievements as a maker of army "morale" Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent, writes to his papers:

> "As soon as Prohibition is enforced with the effectiveness and impressiveness of a military force working scientifically toward its objective, it will follow that the bootlegger and the rum-runner will take on the color of a public enemy. From that it will follow that persons who patronize bootleggers will presently take on the color that usually attaches to those who, from behind the lines, aid and abet the enemy. A good many people are going to observe shortly that Prohibition enforcement is marching to a new and extremely different tune."

On the other hand, the Springfield (Mass.) *Union* remarks that "only a method strenuously stiffened by the psychology of war is adequate to make it even partially certain that the American people will not at some time in some place and in some circumstance get hold of something containing more than one-half of 1 per cent. by volume of one of the commonest things on the face of the fructifying earth." And the Columbia (S. C.) *Record* sees "Czars":

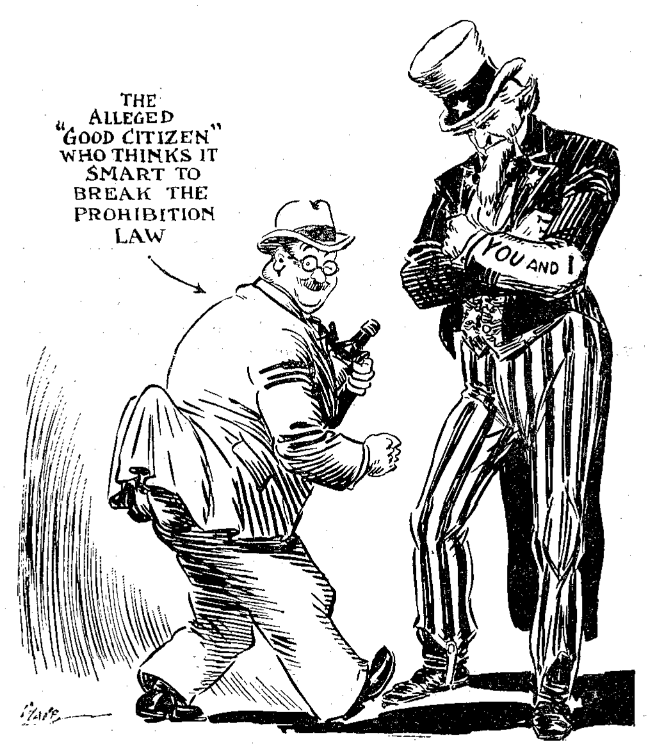
> "The 'Czar' whose scepter will be extended over the 'free' commonwealth of South Carolina will have his headquarters in that home of 100 percenters and acropolis of Nordic culture, Atlanta. From that point the *agents provocateurs*, the spies and secret emissaries of this all-powerful police department of the Federal Government will swarm through Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. Under their 'Czar' they will be the Janissaries. And the 'Czars,' we are informed, will 'be given absolute authority and held personally responsible for conditions in their respective districts.' The local police, the constabulary forces of the States and municipalities, will be swept aside so far as Prohibition enforcement is concerned.
>
> "Thus far have we gone in the determined plan to create a new autocracy in the hitherto land of the free. All that has preceded this gigantic extension of the police powers of the Federal Government has been the merest child's play. But what is happening is just what *The Record*, five years ago, predicted would happen. The end is not yet."

Turning again to those papers that look sympathetically upon the Government's efforts for enforcement, we find the Manchester *Union* calling for backing the Andrews strategy with "mobilization of conscience" of "the men and women of means whose support of rum-runners and bootleggers alone keeps this class of law-breakers employed." And the Lincoln (Neb.) *State Journal* says that under the Andrews plan—

> "The law can be enforced, if it can be enforced at all, without fear or favor. If the law can not be enforced by this method it probably can not be enforced. If a thorough trial of this plan fails to yield a reasonable success, those who argue for repeal of the Prohibition law on the ground of its inherent unenforceableness would have ground for their claim. In States such as Nebraska we know from experience that the law can be enforced about as thoroughly as any other law. Under the plans of General Andrews a different tune may be sung concerning enforcement even in the metropolitan strongholds of wetdom."

There is evidence of constant progress in the enforcement of the Volstead Law, despite sneers and jibes of its opponents, observes the Washington (D. C.) *Star*. This paper cites the campaign against the off-coast "rum row" which has not completely stopt the supply but has reduced it. *The Star* declares:

> "Enforcement is possible. It is upon that principle that the Treasury Department's new organization has been planned. Integrity on the part of enforcement officers of all degrees is an essential. It has never been believed to be impossible to organize an honest, loyal force. Hypocrisy and infidelity are not dominant characteristics of the American people.
>
> "The chief trouble about enforcement lies in the slowness and the leniency of the courts in the prosecution and punishment of liquor cases. Enormous profits are made by violators who are financially competent to fight legal proceedings, securing bonds without the least difficulty, protracting cases unduly and meanwhile continuing their practises. Bonds should increase in cost, trials should be more speedy, punishment should be more severe. The measure of enforcement is the efficiency of the courts and the cooperation of the Department of Justice in this new plan is calculated to increase the effectiveness of the judicial process."

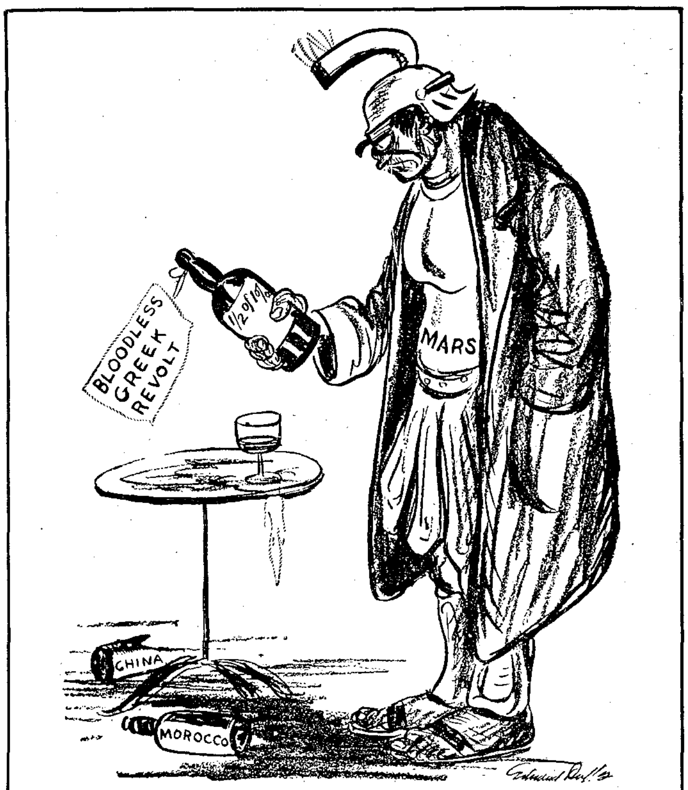

THE "ALLEGED" "GOOD CITIZEN" WHO THINKS IT SMART TO BREAK THE PROHIBITION LAW
YOU AND I
Gale

HOW ABOUT BLOCKADING THIS RUM-RUNNER?
—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.

ANOTHER GREEK TURNOVER

CALL IT NOT A "REVOLUTION," pleads General Pangalos, in behalf of his *coup d'état* in Greece, according to the news dispatches that pass censorship. Backed by the Army and Navy, Pangalos issued an ultimatum to Provisional President Counduriotis on June 25, the Papanastasiou cabinet resigned, Pangalos occupied the War Ministry with his staff, and the next day became Premier, as well as Minister of War in his new cabinet. "BLANK CARTRIDGE REVOLUTION" (Boston *Transcript*), "MORE HELL IN HELLAS" (*Virginian-Pilot*), "ANOTHER MILITARY REVOLT" (Baltimore *Sun*), "BLOODLESS REVOLUTION" (Brooklyn *Eagle*), are editorial headlines in American newspapers indicating typical offhand comment. Through American press correspondents in Athens, however, Pangalos insists that overthrowing the Government should not be described as a revolution. He says, via the Associated Press, that—

> "It was merely a political crisis. The Government was opposed to the feeling of the nation and the Army, and the latter, acting along nationalist lines, forced the Government to resign. Neither I nor anybody else intend to appear as a revolutionary leader or dictator. My program is to restore order within the bounds of law. For me are neither Venizelists nor anti-Venizelists, neither republicans nor royalists—only citizens."



GOSH, NOT A BIT OF A KICK TO THIS
—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

Pangalos also declares his intention, it seems, to retire from politics after he has achieved his "aim of reconciling the different parties and forming an Army capable of coping with any emergency." Another version by the Athens correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* Foreign Service reads:

> "General Pangalos declared that the strengthening of the Army would be his chief goal, and without threatening any neighbor of Greece he must declare emphatically Greece's intention to reestablish her former military position in the Balkans. Premier Pangalos, besides assuming the premiership, also is War Minister, and his Ministers of the Interior and Commerce are Army officers. Premier Pangalos said his coup was not a revolution, but that it represented a popular repudiation of the former Government, which had seemed bent on making Greece's position one of humility."

All accounts agree that there is no Royalist reaction behind the overturn. Pangalos was a Venizelist, altho eventually advising Venizelos to leave Athens. He has criticized the Government for laxity in foreign concessions and the handling of refugee funds, and insisted that it has been too lenient in negotiating treaties. He promises correction of Army abuses and reform of taxation "which is now crushing the middle and lower classes." State Department advices at Washington, reported in the New York *Times*, reflect the view that there has been no "revolution" in the usual meaning of that word; the *coup d'état* affects the Greek cabinet and does not endanger the form of government or the prerogatives of either the President or Parliament.

Nevertheless, the ascendency of a General bent on restoration of "Greek prestige" in the Balkans alarms correspondents in other capitals. It is recalled that Pangalos was for taking Thrace before the Lausanne Treaty with Turkey was signed. "Greek prestige" also figured in the rupture of negotiations with Jugo-Slavia which was described in the article on "Greek-Jugo-Slavia Dissension" in THE LITERARY DIGEST last week. Pangalos, as a candidate for Parliament, stood for the Hellenization of all Macedonia. The Belgrade correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* Foreign Service goes further into the same subject:

> "In the Belgrade semi-official press the question, 'Is Jugo-Slavia justified in demanding the control of Saloniki, the freedom of the Free Zone and the railroad line from the Jugo-Slav border?' is taking precedence over all news events.
>
> "The *Vreme*, the official organ of the Government, threatens Greece with isolation, if the now current public opinion, according to which any negotiations with Jugo-Slavia must end in Greece's eating dust, gets the upper hand.
>
> "'If Greece thinks this way, then the only thing to do is to leave her to her own devices,' says the *Vreme*. 'And if Greece becomes isolated it will be grievous for her. She needs Jugo-Slavia against Bulgaria and Turkey.'"

Atlantis, the New York Greek paper, which calls the present National Assembly of Greece a "fake" (because elected under the revolutionary régime of Plastiras, anti-Venizelists being disbarred and abstaining from voting), agrees with some of Pangalos's accusations: the incompetence of the former Premier, including encouragement of grafters and looters of the public treasury. But as to Pangalos's formation of an able, decent and strong government, "all the fellow workers of Pangalos are Venizelists, the result being that the same Venezelism remains in the saddle." *Atlantis* continues:

> "There is nothing truer than the statement of Pangalos to the United Press, explaining that he made his revolution because he was prompted to it by the universal agitation and displeasure of the Greek people. . . .
>
> "But in order to accomplish this last part of his program it is first necessary to restore the confidence of foreign capital in Greece. This is true, because it is only from abroad that Greece expects any loans, or the settlement of the refugee question and all kindred problems. Who, however, is the foreigner who will entrust his money to a régime, issuing out of a counter-revolution and likely to be overthrown to-morrow by another clique?"

The National Herald, the New York Greek nationalist paper, points out that Pangalos himself has only twenty followers in Parliament, and says editorially:

> "It is said that General Kondylis will support him. But this seems to us improbable. There remains Papanastasiou, but this leader insists upon conditions, among others, that within three months he submit himself to a vote of the Assembly. That is, Papanastasiou holds the sword of Damocles, and says to Pangalos, 'I promise to support you so that you may enjoy premiership for three months. But I ask your word of military honor that exactly after three months, after the articles concerning proportional representation and the Senate are decided as I want them, then you have to bow your neck obediently in order that I may cut off your head!' Since Pangalos did not intend to proclaim dictatorship, was it necessary to stage his peaceful armed show' merely that he also might be anointed Premier and especially appoint himself as such?"

A NEW POLICY TOWARD LATIN AMERICA?

"THE WORST DIPLOMATIC BLUNDER in the history of American diplomacy," is the Macon *Telegraph's* characterization of Secretary of State Kellogg's "bristling note of warning" to Mexico, which was discust in THE DIGEST for July 4. It was in the form of a public statement to the press, and editors throughout the United States and political bodies in Latin America are beginning to interpret this note as an announcement of a new policy toward republics to the southward. Heretofore our attitude toward Latin-American nations has been a protective one, but in the Kellogg note on Mexico journalists and editors profess to see the "big stick" of the Roosevelt era. And, notes the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "the picture of the American Government using a big stick to enforce its demands does not appeal to the average American." Certainly, declares the Knoxville *Sentinel*, "the threat to withdraw our support from the present Government of Mexico was a most extraordinary statement to emanate from the State Department and to be broadcast in the newspapers." In the opinion of the Georgia paper:

> "Secretary Kellogg has made it difficult for President Calles and his Administration to continue the peaceful régime that we have so earnestly hoped for in Mexico, and he issued an invitation to the malcontents of the country to stir up trouble. He has created in Mexico a decidedly unfriendly and suspicious attitude toward a nation whose people have always wanted, in their relations with other nations, to be just and humane.
>
> "All Latin-Americans will resent our attitude and conceive it to be our attitude toward them as well as toward Mexico. They will feel with Mexico that our bullyragging and our threat to overthrow the Calles Government was unwarranted and unjust and decidedly inflammatory."

"We have spent millions trying to build up commercial relations with the countries south of us," says the Wichita *Eagle*, and therefore, believes the Chicago *Evening Post*, "it is not a tactful thing for the State Department to publish rumors that our neighboring Government is threatened with overthrow." Continues the Chicago paper:

> "A parallel to such action might be found in one bank circulating stories that another is on the verge of experiencing a disastrous run. President Calles resents the possible injury to Mexican credit among the nations which may result from official expressions of doubt as to the stability of his régime. It may be that the State Department has strong grounds for apprehending a new revolutionary movement in Mexico, but if that be true it is a matter for discreet handling and not for general publication to the world.
>
> "Nor can we think it was tactful to infer rather directly that the Calles Administration, which we have recognized as the constitutional government of Mexico, is dependent to more or less degree upon our support, and can count on that support only as long as its behavior accords with what we consider to be our interests. However wise and proper such an intimation might be when designed for the ear of the Mexican Government, and directed to it through the usual diplomatic channels, it seems to us there is reason to question the delicacy of proclaiming it through the newspapers in advance of official communication."

"The immediate result of Mr. Kellogg's inept performance," concludes the Mobile *Register*, "has been to revive talk on this side of the border of intervention in Mexico. But the American people have no taste for so rash an adventure. It looks, therefore, as tho the Secretary of State were bluffing, and had made a clumsy job of it."

But Mr. Kellogg is not bluffing, intimates a widely read paper in his home State, the Minneapolis *Tribune*. "American recognition to Mexico was extended, but it can be withdrawn," significantly remarks this Minnesota daily; "and Secretary Kellogg virtually serves notice on the Calles Administration that it will be withdrawn if the Mexican Government does not mend its ways."

Mr Kellogg's chief complaint, several editors point out, is that our Ambassador to Mexico was forced to write letters to the Foreign Office at Mexico City covering five hundred or more cases of violation of American rights in Mexico, and while he received some four hundred replies, many of the most flagrant cases of infringed property rights are said to have been ignored entirely. The Ambassador also is said to have suffered personal slights, embarrassment, and humiliation. One of the major complications of the Mexican tangle, we are informed by David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch, is the fact that Great Britain has broken diplomatic relations with the Mexican Government, and the American Embassy now takes care of British interests. This, it is said, makes it all the more difficult for the American Ambassador.

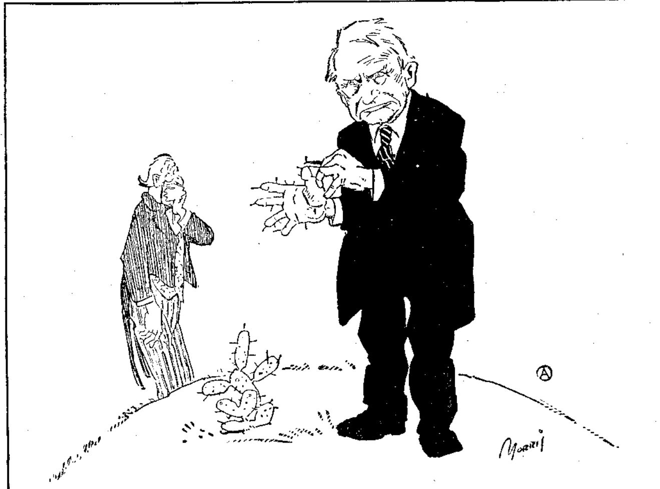
The exchange—through the press—of notes between our Secretary of State and the President of Mexico, has at least served one purpose, remarks the Asheville *Times:* "It has served to clear the atmosphere." It is clear to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that "the Mexican Government is unable to maintain order in many of the States, and that foreign residents have been plundered and killed without redress." In fact, the San Francisco *Bulletin* goes so far as to say that "we must either establish order and security in Mexico or permit others—Great Britain or Germany—to do it." The Chicago *Daily News* also finds "serious trouble in prospect in Mexico." In this paper's opinion:

> "The grievance of the American Government against the Calles Administration is cumulative rather than specific, and other foreign nations have similar grievances. Under the Constitution and laws of Mexico, lands taken from citizens of other countries and distributed among Mexicans must be paid for either by the central government or by the government of the State in which the lands are situated. Sometimes bonds are given to the dispossest owners, which is an unsatisfactory form of payment, and sometimes no payment is made. It is true, as President Calles says, that claims commissions are working on the complaints of the dispossest, but it is also true that fresh grievances of Americans in Mexico continue to accumulate.
>
> "President Calles is personally an energetic and likable man. He is trying to rule his country acceptably with an ultra-radical labor government, but he is not making much progress in the effort. Washington understands that economic chaos is growing up in Mexico because the Federal Government encourages labor's present disposition to insist on higher wages while disorganizing industry by assuming an apathetic attitude toward production."

"The Mexican President's grievance over the acid words exchanged between Secretary Kellogg and himself need not be too prolonged," one editor remarks, "for they seem to have made him the beneficiary of a great outburst of nationalistic feeling in Mexico." In fact, observes the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "this is good politics for Calles. Making faces at Uncle Sam goes well with the crowd in Mexico." "The one thing to cure these acts of misunderstanding," thinks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "is a better understanding in Latin America of our desire to get along peaceably with Mexico." As the Portland *Oregonian* explains:

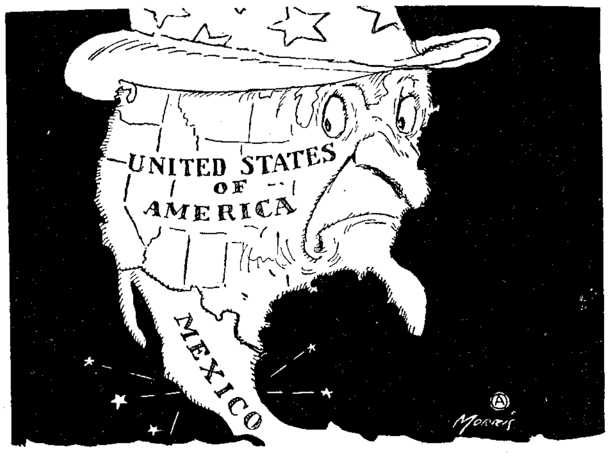
> "In dealing with Mexico, the wealth and power of the United States are a positive handicap. Long habituated to settling their political quarrels by force, the Mexicans respect nothing but force. If the United States were to send an army into Mexico, to remain until redress had been exacted for past wrongs to American citizens and until the Mexicans had been taught that they must respect the lives and property of Americans, the Mexicans would mend their ways, at least for a time. But an outcry would go up to all Latin America to join in a protest against aggression by the big bully of the North, which sought to annex its weak neighbor.
>
> "The United States does not want Mexico. It wants no more territory; it certainly does not want the Mexicans as citizens, and it does not want to inflame the always latent suspicion of other Latin-American Republics. Mexican politicians know all this, but the densely ignorant Mexican masses do not know it, therefore the politicians make a show of defying the United States and pretend that our long-suffering is due to fear of mighty Mexico."

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri



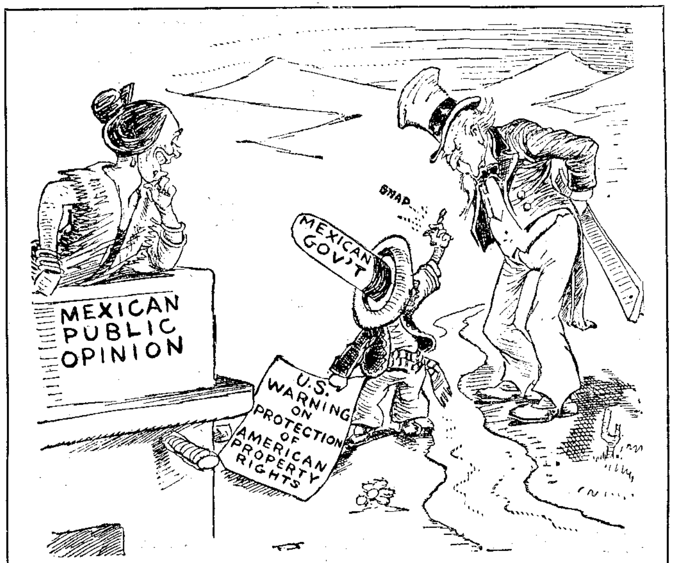
THAT MEXICAN CACTUS

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
MEXICO
Morris

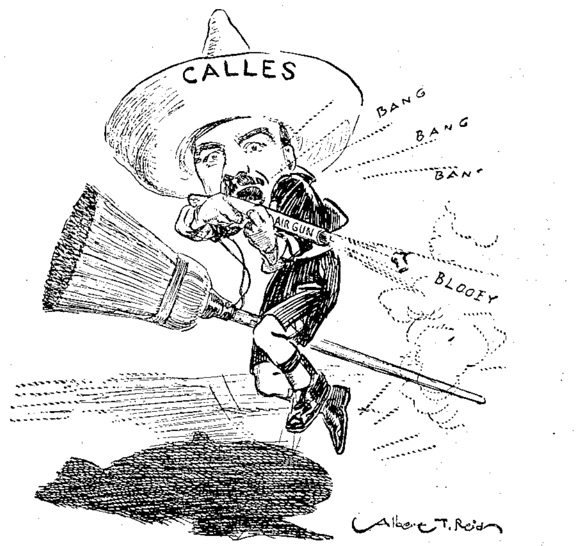
"GOSH! ! AM I IN FOR ANOTHER ATTACK OF MEXICANITIS?"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.


MEXICAN PUBLIC OPINION
SNAP
MEXICAN GOV'T
U.S. WARNING ON PROTECTION OF AMERICAN PROPERTY RIGHTS

PLAYING TO THE GALLERY, BUT ALSO FLIRTING WITH THE WOODSHED

—Lecocq in the Des Moines *Register*.


CALLES
BANG
BANG
BANG
AIR GUN
BLOOEY
Albert T. Reid

MY, MY! WE BELIEVE HE WAS SHOOTING RIGHT SMACK AT US

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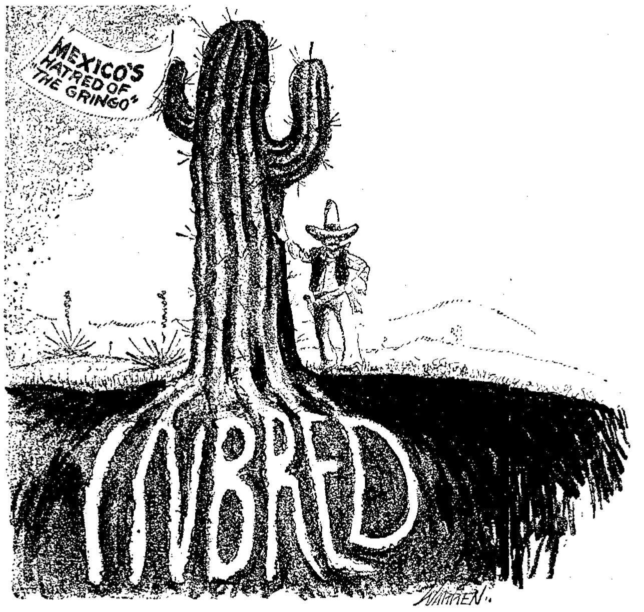
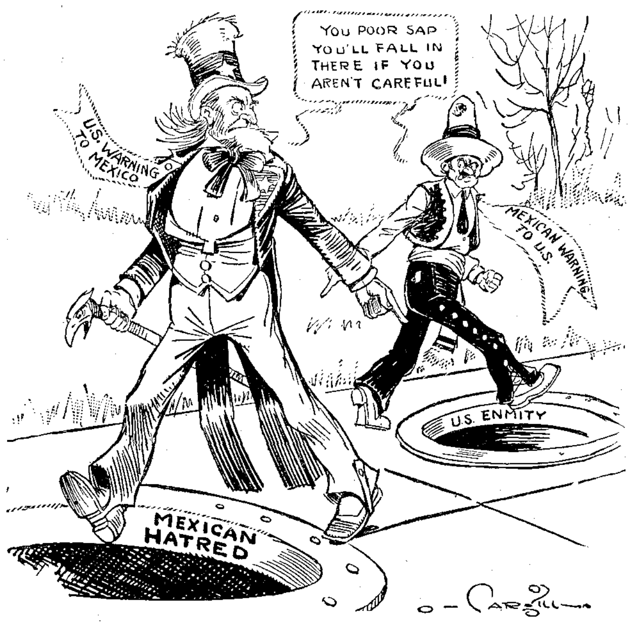

MEXICO'S HATRED OF THE GRINGO
INBRED
Warren

IT'S DEEP-ROOTED

—Warren in the Cleveland *News*.


YOU POOR SAP YOU'LL FALL IN THERE IF YOU AREN'T CAREFUL!
U.S. WARNING TO MEXICO
MEXICAN WARNING TO U.S.
U.S. ENMITY
MEXICAN HATRED
Cargill

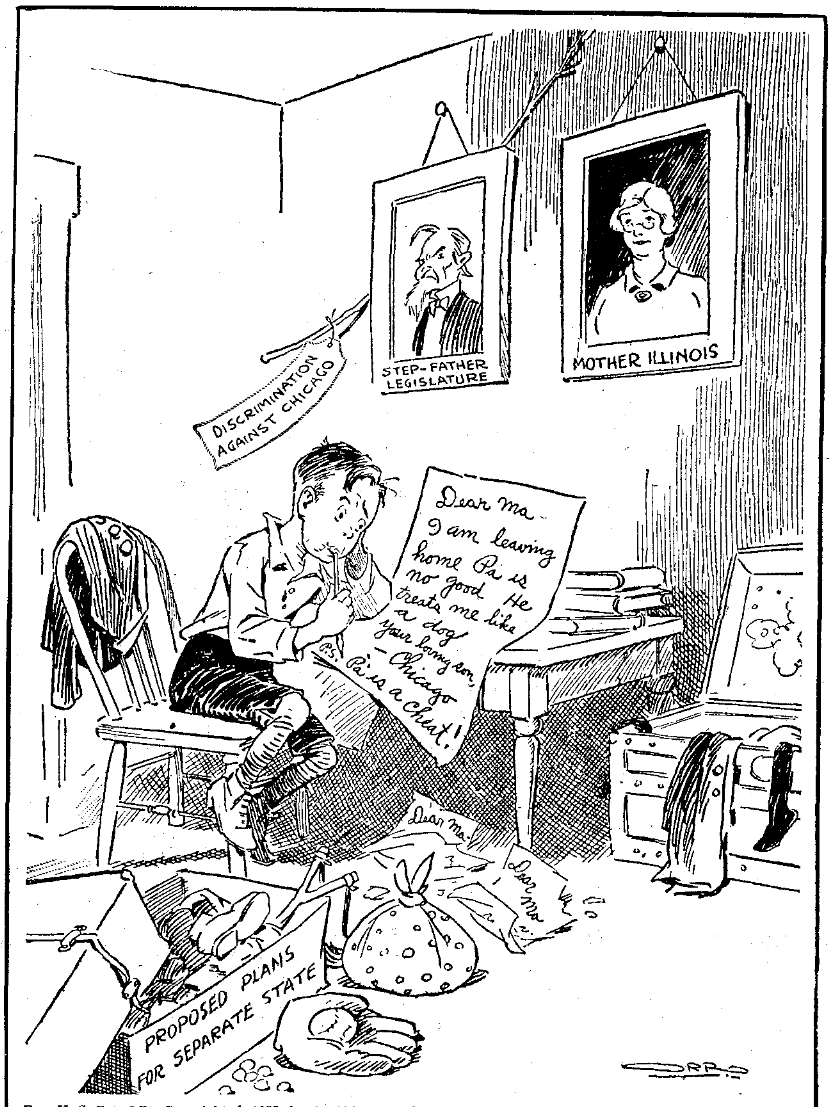
WATCH YOUR STEP!

—Cargill for the Central Press Association.

COMIC ASPECTS OF A SOLEMN OCCASION

WHY CHICAGO WANTS TO BE A STATE

RIGHT ON THE HEELS of the new revolution in Greece comes the news that Chicago, by unanimous vote of the City Council, has resolved to secede from the State of Illinois. So a Massachusetts paper thinks "the Harrison hussars, of Thompson tank corps, and the Cook County cavalry may be mobilizing" and "the work of fortifying the stockyards may be in progress." And a Michigan editor pokes fun at the "glorious gesture" of the Chicago Aldermen. But while the secession vote is called "a dream of the heated term" and no one seems to expect that a new State of Chicago will arise by the waters of Lake Michigan to be represented by the forty-ninth star in our flag, there is wide-spread editorial admission that Chicago labors under a serious grievance and that it has called the attention of the nation to a cardinal problem which exists in every State containing one or more great cities. The point is that Illinois, as the various interested editors tell the story, has not been redistricted since 1901, when Cook County contained 38 per cent. of the population of Illinois; the census of 1920 showed it to contain 47 per cent. The State legislature has refused to make a new apportionment of representation in the legislature, in spite of the fact that the State constitution requires a reapportionment after every census. So, as the Chicago *Tribune* states it, "the City Council passed a resolution of Alderman Toman directing the corporation counsel to give the Council an outline of the proper legal procedure by which Chicago could try to separate from the State of Illinois and seek admission to the Union as another State." And besides this, the authorities of Cook County have been holding up tax money due the State on the ground that these taxes are not legal in view of the State government's denial of proper representation in the legislature. A reapportionment in accordance with Chicago's desires would give Cook County five more State Senators and fifteen more Representatives.


DISCRIMINATION AGAINST CHICAGO
STEP-FATHER LEGISLATURE
MOTHER ILLINOIS
Dear Ma I am leaving home Pa is no good He treats me like a dog your loving son Chicago P.S. Pa is a cheat!
Dear Ma
Dear Ma
PROPOSED PLANS FOR SEPARATE STATE
ORR

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyrighted, 1925, by the Chicago *Tribune*

IT MIGHT PAY THE OLD FOLKS TO TAKE MORE INTEREST IN THEIR CHILD

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Now there is nothing especially novel in the Chicago plaint, comments the Manchester *Union;* "it is based upon a favored contention of urban champions that the system of representation in the State legislature discriminates in favor of the rural constituencies and that big cities fail to exercise at the State capitals the degree of influence to which their population entitles them." According to the New York *World:*

"The injustice of the Illinois situation is an old story in every part of the Nation. Every one knows that New York City, with more than half the State's population, has two-fifths of the Assembly. Missouri, St. Louis and Kansas City have long complained of rural domination. In Connecticut the four largest cities, with a combined population exceeding 400,000, have the same representation in the Lower House as four villages with 2,500 population. Detroit and Boston have uttered similar complaints. Something can be said for discrimination in one House as a protection to the rural minority and a due representation of landholders. But in two States, Rhode Island and Delaware, there is gross discrimination against the cities in both legislative chambers; and in the former, urban resentment has become dangerous."

The impossibility of such a secession as that proposed in Chicago is asserted by many papers. The Washington *Post* calls attention to the fact that the Federal Constitution provides that no new State can be formed within the jurisdiction of an existing State without the consent of that State's legislature and of the Congress at Washington—consents hardly likely to be obtained in the case of Chicago. "So, in the words of Serg. Tillman Joy, 'my gentle gazelles, thar's yer answer.'"

"We'll not get away," admits the Chicago *Tribune*, "but that is not saying we would not like to." As this journal states the case for Chicago:

"Just now it seems about the only way in which the representative form of government could be restored in this section of the United States. The people of Chicago are deprived of equal representation by the rest of the State and it is done by nullification of the State constitution. Taxation without representation is just as unsatisfactory now as it was in colonial days. The metropolitan district is taxed, but it can not protect itself against laws prejudicial to its interests. The rest of the State is not content to deprive the city of its representatives. It takes advantage of its unconstitutional voting strength to pass laws for Chicago which Chicago does not want but can not escape.

"There is one thing the metropolitan district can do if its people become sufficiently imprest by the threat against their local administration, their preferred habits of life [one bill in the legislature was to take their daylight saving from them], and by their political inferiority in the State. They can elect governors. They have the votes up here. They may not be able to elect their constitutional representatives and they may not be able to keep mischievous laws from being passed, but they can be certain that the veto will be used to protect them, and they have enough votes now to keep laws from being passed over a veto.

"When injustice has aroused the people of Chicago sufficiently there will be no more down-state governors in Springfield. The administration of the State will be from Chicago."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

From moonshine to monkeyshine in Tennessee.—*Boston Transcript.*

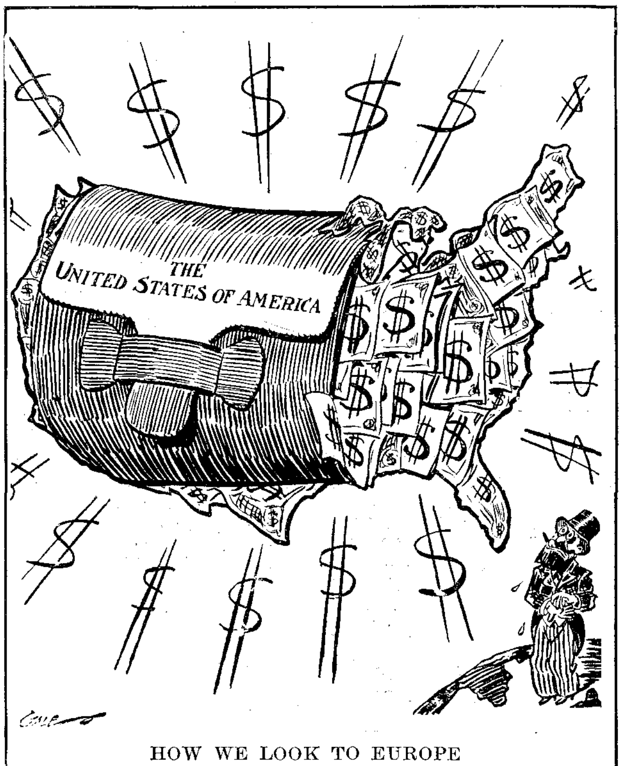
The clothes that make the women are the clothes that break the men.—*Cleveland Press.*

Mr. Bryan gets a good laugh out of the evolutionists. That's reciprocity.—*California Graphic.*

The millennium will be here soon after all uplifting begins where charity does.—*Calgary Herald.*

The Dawes plan is said to be working all right, but its author is having his troubles.—*Topeka State Journal.*

If the dry sleuths would quit shaking down the bootleggers there wouldn't be so much necessity for shaking up the Prohibition forces.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*


THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Gale

HOW WE LOOK TO EUROPE

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times.*

A lamb who has kidded himself into believing that he knows Wall Street is a goat.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

And they do say that some of the government departments need dry cleaning.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

What the average woman wants is a strong, inflexible man who can be wrapt around her finger.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

Narrow-minded people are especially annoying if your conscience agrees with what they say. —*Associated Editors* (*Chicago*).

After asking directions from several ruralities, it is hard to believe the population is less dense in the country.—*San Jose News.*

The usual system of "enforcing" Prohibition is much like mowing the lawn weeds instead of pulling them.—*Stockton Independent.*

A college education certainly does prepare a man to earn big money. A graduate of Columbia has just got a job as a bricklayer.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

A New York newspaper describes Great Britain as "a pioneer in the funding of war debts," a pioneer being an early settler.—*Detroit News.*

Now that Britain has guaranteed France against German aggression, all she needs is a guaranty against the Riffs.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Seems that harmony in the Democratic party is promoted only by keeping the leaders apart, not by bringing them together. —*Wall Street Journal.*

John T. Scopes says the Tennessee evolution row all started in a drug-store discussion. Surely not without a prescription!—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Lord Oxford says that the Liberal party is one and undivided. We think he underestimates their number. We ourselves make it as much as two, or even more.—*Punch.*

Senator Harris, in his proposal that all tax on incomes less than $5,000 be abolished, finds a ready echo from every taxpayer whose income is less than $5,000.—*Tampa Tribune.*

A headline says: "Darrow to Defend Darwin." That will be all right if he doesn't, from force of habit, wind up by trying to prove Darwin innocent on the grounds of insanity.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Calles is considerably more caloric than Cal.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

Twenty-seven nations at Geneva stept on the gas. That means progress.—*Dallas Journal.*

Women may pay more than men for their clothes, but they do not get more.—*Seattle Argus.*

War games are not realistic. They afford no practise in frisking the Government.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The war gave us many new words and a brand new definition of the word "loan."—*Brockville* (*Ont.*) *Recorder.*

We don't know everything about the next world, but we have a notion that infinite judgments will not be based on human standards.—*Cleveland Times.*

That man who drove 550 miles in a day probably was looking for a place to park his car.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

In the Old Days there was nothing that corresponded exactly to the saxophone, unless it was the heaves.—*Detroit News.*

It is estimated that 86,432 astonished stomachs are now having their first experience of brides' biscuits.—*Pasadena Post.*

There isn't much wrong in a country where 83 per cent. of the general complaint concerns women's styles.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Mr. Kellogg now knows that the old rule about grasping the nettle firmly won't work in case of the Mexican cactus.—*Dallas News.*

Relatives are people who come to visit you when the weather gets too hot for them to do their own cooking.—*Parsons* (*Kan.*) *Republican.*

It is estimated that there would be 475,687,361 acres more of standing timber to-day if the comic supplements had never been invented.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Napoleon declared himself to be his own ancestors. William Jennings Bryan should not be denied the same choice.—*California Graphic.*

The idea behind the Communist is that if the rest of the world becomes as bad as Russia then Russia will be as good as any other country.—*Punch.*

Until the slogans are published we shall be in no position to say definitely what this row in Morocco is intended to save the world for.—*Detroit News.*

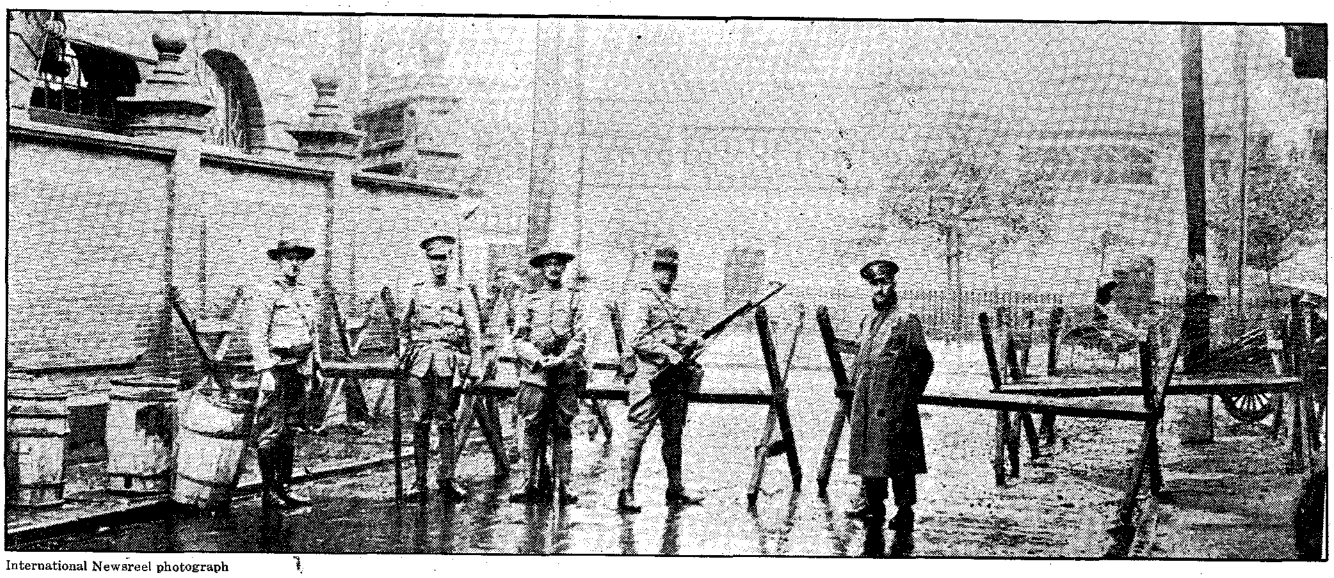
There's this to be said in favor of Mormonism: It doesn't throw the entire burden of supporting a husband upon one woman.—*Roanoke Times.*

Mr. Bryan, it is said, wants to go to the Senate. He evidently doesn't believe there is any danger of the enactment of a cloture rule.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Stewart Edward White, author and big game hunter, killed a leopard with his bare hands. The dry officials should draft him to tackle the blind tigers.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It took three surgeons in Philadelphia to get a sewing needle out of a girl's hand. But at that theirs was an easy job compared with getting a sewing needle into many another girl's hand.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



International Newsreel photograph

WHEN THE BUSINESS MAN TURNS SOLDIER

A detachment of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps guarding the international settlement in that city against rioting Chinese.

THE CHINESE UPHEAVAL

ALL THE WOES OF CHINA seem to have culminated, it is said, in the strikes and riots in various Chinese cities, but which at Shanghai took on a general anti-foreign tinge that the Japanese consider more serious than any anti-Japanese boycott. According to the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, the strikes which occurred in quick succession at Hankow, Canton, Tsingtao, Mukden, and other places, must not be regarded as independent of one another. They were started under systematic organization, we are told, and the objective of the strikers was not Japan alone—for Japan is simply an immediate objective, due to the fact that her spinning industry is in certain of these localities—but all foreign countries and interests. This newspaper avers that the Chinese strike-leaders imitate the tactics of the French Syndicalists who resort to strike, boycott, sabotage, and all other possible means. We read then:

> "Like French Syndicalists, Chinese strikers want to combat foreign capitalists, the Governments which support foreign capitalists, and the troops which those Governments send to China. It is thus evident that labor movements in China are political movements at the same time.
>
> "The Left bloc of the Chinese Nationalists and other influences which oppose Provisional Executive Tuan Chi-jui and Marshal Chang Tso-lin no doubt have a hand in such political movements. The National Army, under command of Feng Yu-hsiang, is in sympathy with them. The strikers are not, however, in a position to challenge foreign troops, and so they usually incite laboring men to start trouble as an indirect demonstration.
>
> "Political malcontents who are averse to Tuan Chi-jui and Chang Tso-lin are sympathetically supported by laboring men and students. Political movements often take the form of thought movements, which advocate anti-imperialism and the abrogation of one-sided treaties."

The *Nichi Nichi* points out also that the labor movement, the political movement, and the anti-foreign agitation are all closely connected with Russia's Communists. As it notes, the Russian Communists are "whole-hearted supporters of the proletariat in all parts of the world," but it remarks:

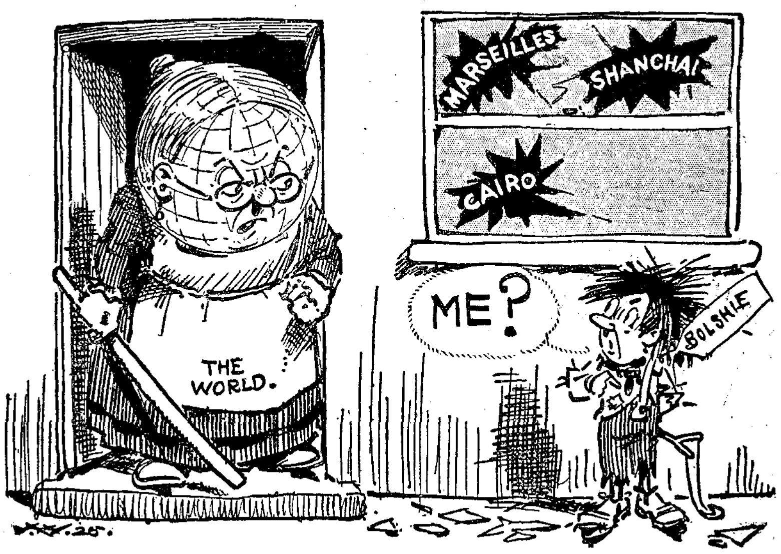
> "Russian Communists are not, however, on friendly terms with Marshal Chang Tso-lin, altho they set an example to the Chinese in the question of abrogating one-sided treaties. Thus the Chinese and the Russians are mutually sympathetic. It is necessary for the Powers interested in China to see the background of her politics and thought so that they may decide upon their policy toward that nation.
>
> "It is pity for the Powers concerned that they did not notice this important background. It is deplorable that bloodshed has ensued in the Shanghai strike. Excited at the scene of bloodshed, the susceptible Chinese, who are fond of running with mobs, now appear to be contemplating anti-foreign strikes all over China. As the Chinese are hysterical and are governed by the powerless national Government, the pacification of the present disturbance will be extremely difficult.
>
> "The Chinese merchants will not find themselves in circumstances to resist such a movement, should they lose their means of sustenance, and should their homes be disturbed by students.
>
> "Judging from these contentions, the appeasement of the riot is an onerous task. At first it was Japan alone that was involved in the strike, but now it assumes an international aspect. So the solution must be effected by the joint efforts of all the Powers concerned."

Another Japanese newspaper, the Osaka *Mainichi*, is convinced that the anti-imperialist agitation, or the movement for the restoration of national rights, is "invisibly inspired by Russia's Communists." And it adds that it is a pity China, through her own thoughtless conduct, missed the restoration of her national rights, for "if she had remained peaceful and self-controlled she might have attained her desire." Somewhat similar is the verdict of the Tokyo *Jiji*, which says:

> "As a rule, the Chinese are prone to run with the mob; they allow themselves to be carried away by excitement and are easy victims to instigators, and so it is necessary for them to be cautious lest they commit serious blunders. The Chinese must know that their State is now in a critical situation. The Powers are attentively watchful of the progress of the strike at Shanghai. Should the Chinese err, the consequences will, it is feared, be grave.
>
> "It is necessary, as a matter of fact, to repress all riots in order to maintain public peace and order and to safeguard the persons and property of foreigners resident in China. We call upon the Chinese to reflect upon their injustice. We demand that they rectify their mistakes. China suffers greatly from one-sided treaties, for which she is herself responsible. However, we can

hardly repress a feeling of sympathy with them for their suffering, altho it is due to their own fault. It is necessary for the Chinese to advance their civilization, and also to improve their national conditions in order that they may be successful in the abrogation of the one-sided treaties.

"They must first of all give reliable assurances to foreign nations that persons and property in China will be safe from all menaces and dangers. As long as anti-foreign agitation goes on in China, she will have no opportunity for the abrogation of such treaties."



AN INNOCENT ABROAD

—*The Sunday Chronicle* (Manchester).

Altho the labor disputes in China are the origin of the anti-foreign outbreaks, the Tokyo *Kokumin* asserts that ill feeling in China has long been rankling because of the one-sided treaties with other nations and their so-called "imperialistic policies." This ill-feeling, however well hidden, will show itself whenever an occasion offers, according to this newspaper, which goes on to say:

"It is a pity that the Chinese rarely have an opportunity to give vent to their dissatisfaction. It is for this reason that we sympathize with them for their ill-luck. But it is stupid that they often menace the safety of foreigners residing in their country to satisfy their discontent.

"That China is in a national crisis is a great fact of the moment, and so the attention of the competent authorities of the Imperial Government is drawn to the grave situation in our neighboring nation. They ought to take proper precautions. The strike at Tsingtao and the riot at Shanghai point to their incapability. Their indifference is the indication of their tactlessness."

It is easy, but superficial, in the judgment of the Manchester *Guardian*, to dismiss the Shanghai outbreak and other rioting in China, as due to the sinister activity of Mr. Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador. This envoy, like the Czarist representative who preceded him, says *The Guardian*, is working for the expansion of his country across Northern Asia, and for the acquisition of a status in China more favorable than that of his Western rivals. This British observer goes on to say:

"His methods are new, but his aims are those traditionally pursued by Russian Governments. That the Soviets renounced a year ago the special rights and privileges enjoyed by Czarist Russia was simply a wise move that will eventually no doubt be imitated by ourselves. For it must be clear to any one who takes a long view of our relations with China that she will one day recover her full economic and territorial autonomy, and that when she has done so she will be a better neighbor for trade and for all other purposes. But before this perhaps distant development comes about, the Powers have a duty to fulfil, as much in their own interests as in those of China. They have to stop talking nonsense about Bolshevist propaganda in an empire of peasant proprietors and begin the long, overdue task of helping China to get a stable government."

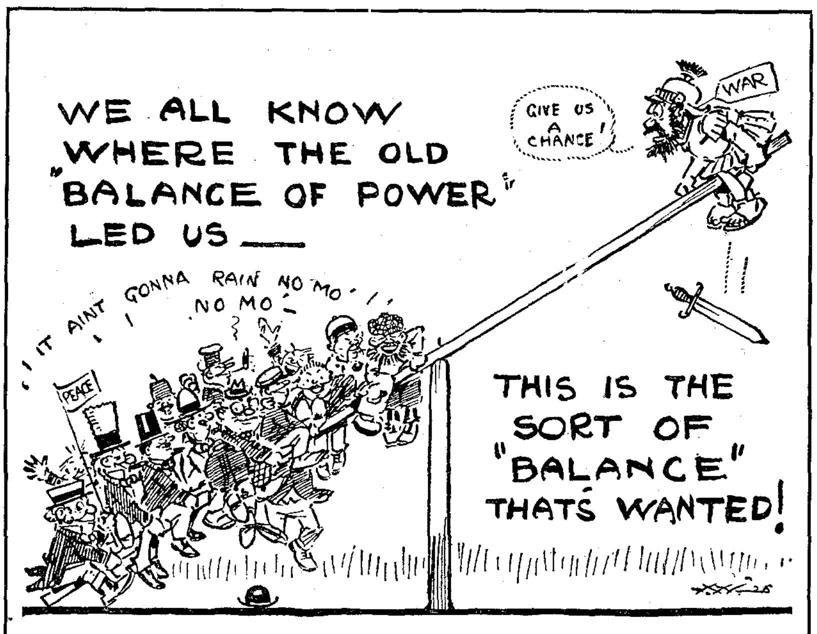
If the British are to go beyond verbal expressions of good-will, *The Guardian* remarks further, it is not enough that they should attempt promptly and firmly to restore law and order in Shanghai. That, of course, can be done, altho it is pointed out that safety to Westerners in the remote districts is not assured. What is required is a pacification more permanent than international armed forces can provide, and this newspaper continues:

"That will only come when we have helped the Chinese instead of simply exploiting them. For over three generations the Powers have been playing a game of jealousy and intrigue, each seeking to profit more than the next by the weakness of China. For over a generation the sinking of foreign capital in the internal development of China has placed her Governments at the mercy of her foreign creditors. We forced ourselves upon her in the first place, altho she felt herself self-contained and only yielded because the barbarians, as she regarded us, were materially more powerful than she. We have given her missionaries and trained some of her young people in our universities, but we have extorted concessions from her at the point of the bayonet, and when she was being preyed upon by her various 'generals' the West has impartially sold them arms. That our position is irregular and discreditable, besides not being conducive to our own prosperity, was recognized at the Washington Conference. Eight Powers then signed a treaty with China agreeing 'to respect her sovereignty, independence, and territorial and administrative integrity' and 'to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunities to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government.'

"The signatories pledged themselves, further, to refrain from taking advantage of conditions favorable to themselves and to stick to the principles of the Open Door, or equality of opportunity. This treaty was supplemented by a Customs Treaty by which a special conference to revise the tariff system was to be called."

That was about three years ago, *The Guardian* recalls, and the interval has been filled with a dreary succession of civil wars between Chang and Wu. So long as this rivalry continues, it declares, there can be no stable government in Pekin and no prosperity either for the Chinese or for foreign traders. At the moment, we are reminded, Chang's star is in the ascendant, but "the Old Testament Christian General Feng" is still powerful and a conference of Chinese leaders held earlier in the year having failed, the problem of stable government is as far as ever from being solved. We read then:

"It will remain the Chinese Sphinx brooding over the Republic and paralyzing her functions until the authority of Peking extends to the Provinces, and that can not happen until there is a full exchequer at the back of the Government. Thus the importance of Washington Customs revisions, with the increased revenues they will bring, is considerable. As France has had a quarrel with the Chinese about her share of the Boxer Indemnity, she has not yet ratified the Customs Treaty, and so the special conference it provided for has not yet been summoned. We need not, however, single out France for blame. Her attitude is typical of that of all the Western Powers, who have never brought themselves to act loyally together. The Shanghai riots, by drawing attention to the dangers implicit in the present situation, may lead to the carrying out of the long overdue reforms. We are being given now a chance of repaying China for the shabby way we have behaved in the past. A conference attended by the native leaders as well as by representatives of the Powers, if called promptly, might help to set up a stable government and also to establish the Powers on a footing more acceptable to the Chinese. Such a step would certainly win the gratitude of the tremendously strong and pacific public opinion in China which is disgusted by the prevailing disorders. We have to remember that the days of the Boxer Rebellion and the strong arm are over and that—to put the matter on its lowest basis—we can only do business profitably with China if we win her confidence and respect."


WE ALL KNOW WHERE THE OLD "BALANCE OF POWER" LED US ___
GIVE US A CHANCE!
WAR
IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MO', NO MO'
PEACE
THIS IS THE SORT OF "BALANCE" THATS WANTED!

"THE RIGHT BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE"

—*The Daily Graphic* (London).

An interesting French view of China's troubles is given in the Paris *Matin* by a contributor who says that even if the Bolsheviks fail this time at Shanghai, they will not fail to start all over again, especially as their efforts are prevalent throughout the interior of China. In any event they will exult in their cry that: "Behold the wave of the liberation of nations rolling from Shanghai to Tangier, and passing over Calcutta and Sofia on the way. This means the crushing of the Imperialists, because China, India, Java and Asia as well as Africa are escaping from their grip. Our triumph is near." This writer goes on to say:

"Will the Great Powers accept such a claim, admit such political bankruptcy which means world chaos? Will they resign themselves to chronic misery which will be the fatal result of the economic catastrophe that Russia will spread over all Asia. . . . The United States shares the menace as much as does old Europe. Japan, the friend of order and of peace, can be of great aid to us."

Meanwhile Canton Associated Press dispatches advise us that a representative of the Chinese Foreign Office arrived in Shameen, the foreign quarter, bringing five demands by the Chinese Government. They are: that the British and French Consuls apologize and be replaced by others; that the foreign gunboats leave; that Shameen be handed back to the Chinese; compensation for all deaths, and that the naval officers apologize.

We read also that the French gunboat *Marne* has arrived and landed a party of reenforcements. All foreigners stationed outside of Shameen are coming in. There are fourteen foreign gunboats in port. The British and French Consuls, it is further stated, have requested all foreigners other than British and French subjects to leave Shameen, as a measure of precaution. At the same time a New York *Evening Post* correspondent at Shanghai informs us that radical Chinese leaders under the direct influence of Moscow control the situation in China as the fifth week of the Shanghai strike begins, and he adds:

"Impartial Americans are severely criticizing the British representatives in Shanghai, who refused to consider any compromise proposition from the start, contrary to American, French and Japanese official opinion, thereby weakening the stand of the Chinese moderates and strengthening the radical position.

"A prompt Shanghai settlement undoubtedly would have permitted the moderates to prevail, which is now impossible. Shanghai, Canton and Hankow are radical camps. The Radicals are triumphant, inflaming the people and forcing moderate support for the extremist demands, which now include return of Shanghai to the Chinese and ousting of the British and French Consuls.

"Only General Chang's firmness is preventing violence in central north China. The Shanghai strike is still complete. The extreme heat is aggravating the situation."

"Elaborate preparations are being made for the memorial demonstration. The students are teaching thousands to chant 'Overthrow imperialism,' 'Cancel all unequal treaties' and 'Martyrs are immortal.' They are planning to administer an oath to all Chinese who do not use foreign goods."

SWEDEN'S MOVE TOWARD DISARMAMENT

SAVING ALL THE EXPENSES of a disarmament conference, Sweden of her own initiative has cut down her Army to one-third of its previous strength, and while some Swedish editors consider this action a risky one, it is highly praised by others. The new arrangement, we are reminded, is due to the Socialist Democratic Government in Sweden, which has reduced the Army from 363 companies of infantry to 122, from 50 troops of cavalry to 17, and from 73 batteries of artillery to 26. Of 12 Army divisions only 4 remain, it is related, and the cavalry has ceased to be an independent corps. Instead Sweden has an independent aviation corps. The term of compulsory military service is still enforced, but much curtailed, according to the new program, as may be seen from the following table:

	1914	*1919*	*1920*	*1925*
Infantry	340 days	210 days	165 days	140 days
Cavalry	365 days	365 days	225 days	200 days
Artillery	365 days	365 days	225 days	200 days
Engineer troops	365 days	365 days	225 days	200 days
Army Service Corps	240 days	210 days	165 days	140 days
College students (In Army or Navy)	500 days	500 days	330 days	260 days
Navy Service	365 days	365 days	225 days	200 days
Men, not fitted for active military service	240 days	210 days	165 days	(Not called now)

College students are trained to be officers in case of an outbreak of war. The men not fitted for active military service, we are told, were employed in various ways, such as cooking and cleaning, which did not involve fighting. Now, we are told, such work is done by regular fighting men. It appears further that the new law about compulsory military service takes into consideration those ethical and religious scruples which oppose any kind of military training.

The Conservative Swedish press is very skeptical about the Government's procedure, and the Stockholm *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* declares that it has "won its great victory at the expense of the safety of the country." This newspaper adds:

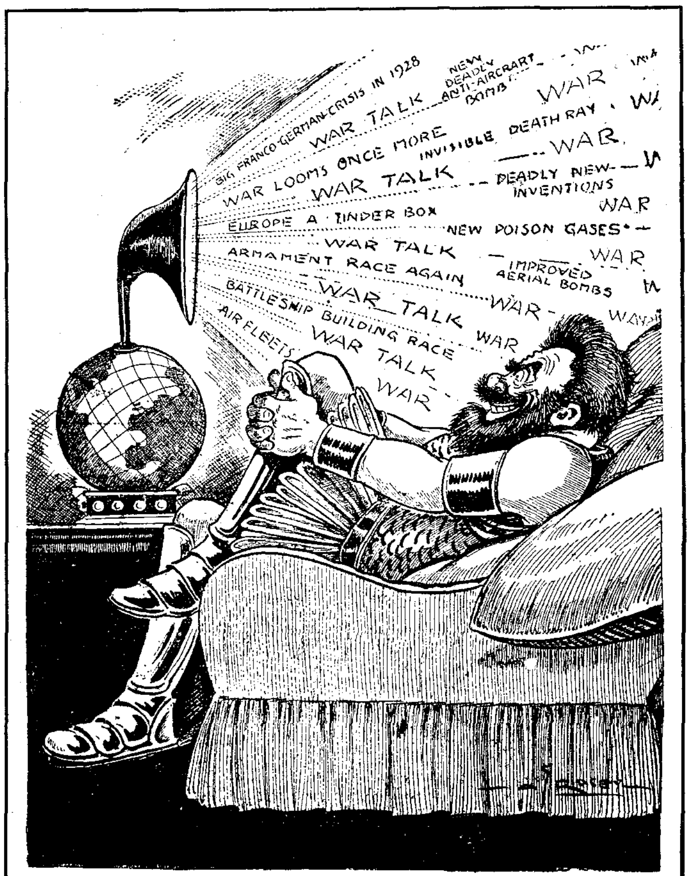
"It was not without reason that several ships in the harbor of Stockholm and numerous owners of private buildings hoisted their flags at half-mast the morning after the resolution of the Riksdag. The nation has been afflicted with such a grief as none but a victorious enemy from the outside can inflict upon a country. The step which the majority of the Swedish Riksdag has taken is bound to humiliate the nation and to lower its reputation. It shows a defective feeling of responsibility for the task of the Swedish people in an unsettled and threatening age."

The *Svenska Dagbladet*, also Conservative, is not much more satisfied with the act, but holds a more optimistic view because it feels that altho Sweden's movement toward disarmament has been supported generally in the country, the people have realized, "perhaps when it is too late," how serious an undertaking they have approved. The close working between the Riksdag and the people, it says, has been strengthened during discussions of the subject, and that is why it thinks there will be a new movement in favor of a stronger defense system and that it will come forward with great vigor. This newspaper believes that the new movement will be sponsored by the great mass of the Swedish people, and it hopes that their victory will come in safe time. Altho the majority of the Liberals supported the Government in putting through the bill, with the Conservative opposition was ranked a minor group of the Liberal party. Representing this minor group is the *Stockholms-Tidningen*, which says bitterly:

> “The deed is done. The first step toward the military defenselessness of Sweden is taken. . . . It has been said many times before, but it must be repeated now that the greater part of our Army is doomed to disappear. The rest will be too weak in its organization to incorporate the live defensive force of the country, and consequently unable to make use of this force in case of need. Military training will evidently decline and not even be given to all who are liable to and fitted for military service. The saving of expense will be trifling compared to the weakening of our defense. . . . The Navy, which during the last decade has been reduced in an incredible manner, will not be improved in any degree. But within a few years it certainly will be practically destroyed, if the most vigorous measures are not immediately taken.”

Another Liberal newspaper, the *Dagens Nyheter*, does not consider the new defense organization of Sweden as being without defects, but believes it is a solid foundation on which to build “if, contrary to all expectations, the danger to Sweden from the outside should increase in the future,” for, this daily goes on to say:

> “There are now greater possibilities than ever for the building up of Sweden's defense, namely by strengthening the Navy and the Aviation Corps. The debates on the subject of the Army have proved that all parties reverence the fatherland, including those who are back of the new system of defense and those who oppose it. Opinions are different about what is best for the protection of the country, and most useful, but the claim of patriotism does not belong to the Conservatives any more. Through the new law of this Government it has become the property of all citizens of Sweden.”



HIS FAVORITE TOPIC

“The loud-speaker in good working order at present.”

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

It appears that the organ of the present Government, the *Social Demokraten*, does not glory over the victory as loudly as was expected. We read in this journal:

> “If by any means the defense problem should have become a matter of destructive dispute for the future, it would have been practically a triumph of the spirit of 1914. But such a disaster was escaped, owing to the brave Liberals, who had enough foresight to understand that conciliation between democracy and defense can be brought about only on the basis of the confidence of the majority of the people. There is every reason to hope that the necessity for the new arrangement will penetrate even to those who feel defeat most bitterly in its acceptance. It is obvious that the only solid foundation on which a national defense can be built in a country with universal and equal suffrage is a compact which binds the majority of the people to support it. If the Conservatives should insist upon a campaign of hatred and revenge against the new order, they will not promote the interests of the nation.”

The effect of Sweden's Army reform is said to be of considerable importance to the Baltic region. Finland is especially concerned because it fears the might of Russia's Red Army.

AUSTRALIA'S NAVY

NO MENACE to any country is involved in the extensive development of Australia's Navy, we are told, which involves contracts placed in Great Britain, amounting to nearly £3,500,000 for the building of new cruisers and submarines. Nevertheless, this naval construction is interesting to many who are proponents of naval restriction, it is said; but, as the London *Daily Telegraph* points out, the Australian Government is not adding to the numerical strength of its naval forces. It possesses four cruisers, a flotilla leader and eleven destroyers, as well as three sloops and sundry auxiliary vessels: but all these ships are aging, says *The Daily Telegraph*, which goes on:

> “The cruisers *Melbourne* and *Sydney* were launched in 1912, and twelve years is regarded as the effective life of such ships, in view of the heavy wear-and-tear of service and the progress of design and construction. Officers and men, from whatever part of the Empire they may be drawn, have a right to demand that, if they accept service which may cost them their lives, they shall have placed at their disposal by those whom they defend ships as powerful and efficient as can be built. The Australian people, in facing this large new expenditure, have also shown their recognition of the fact that they can not afford to leave their coasts and, even more, their increasing ocean-borne trade unprotected. Once that conclusion was reached it was obvious that the best ships of the several classes which could be built were essential, since no Navy at all is better than an out-of-date one, which may instil a very dangerous sense of confidence unjustified by realities. The taxpayers of this young nation have accepted a naval program involving an expenditure of £1,000,000 annually for a period of five years, quite apart from the capital cost of the new ships which are about to be laid down, and in addition also to the ordinary maintenance and administrative costs of the Navy, which already amount to upward of £2,350,000. The burden is no mean one for a country of such relatively small population, and its acceptance is evidence of the spirit in which Australia, with its admirably equipped training and other establishments ashore, is confronting the future as a partner in an Empire whose fortunes must always lie on the seas.”

This London newspaper goes on to say that Australia is merely carrying into effect the policy adopted years before the war-clouds burst in Europe. As long ago as 1909, we are reminded, it was agreed that, in view of the responsibilities which the Mother Country had to bear in European waters, it was no longer possible or reasonable that Britain's taxpayers should attempt to maintain the impressive squadrons in and about the Pacific, consisting of no fewer than fifty-four ships which had hitherto been supported.

MEXICO'S PRESS ON SECRETARY KELLOGG

UNDISGUISED ASTONISHMENT and pained pride are revealed in Mexican editorial comment on the statement given to the press by Secretary of State Kellogg on June 12, which provoked a sharp reply from President Calles of Mexico on June 15. The two statements and the reactions of the American editors were recorded in last week's DIGEST, and an interesting sequel is to be found in the press beyond the Rio Grande. Among organs published in Mexico City we find *El Universal*, which is considered a moderate newspaper, saying with some heat that "even in America Mr. Kellogg's statement has been branded as astounding, and there is a strong suspicion that there is some mystery behind it which is still unknown to the American people." This newspaper goes on as follows:

> "American surprize, as well as our own, is easy to understand in view of the unprecedented change of opinion displayed by Ambassador Sheffield. When he left Mexico City, he gave no hint of any fundamental problems awaiting solution; and upon reaching New York, he was reported as saying that, altho not quite satisfactory, conditions in Mexico were good. A few days later came the unbelievable Kellogg declaration.
>
> "However much we have tried to read between the lines of Mr. Kellogg's note, we can not understand what made him write it. Its tone and asperity are not of the kind used in conversations between two friendly countries.
>
> "Furthermore, it contains not a single cold fact. A note of persistent vagueness runs through the whole document. There are numerous contradictions. In one instance, for example, it affirms that the Mixed Commissions are settling the claims of American citizens, and that verdicts will be rendered in due course. But, a few lines farther on, it says no redress is obtainable. As long as the decisions have not even been rendered, Mexico can not consistently be accused of bad faith. If it is true that, according to Mr. Kellogg's own words 'conditions in Mexico have improved,' and that Ambassador Sheffield has 'succeeded in protecting American interests as well as those of foreigners,' the whole substance of this explosive statement comes to naught."

El Universal attributes the "rashness" of Secretary Kellogg's utterance to the pressure brought to bear upon him and President Coolidge by Ambassador Sheffield, who, it says, threatened to resign unless Washington backed up his claims by such a strongly worded statement. This newspaper adds that it believes the Ambassador was thoroughly disgusted with the support Washington had been giving him, and its theory is circulated widely in Mexico, where it is accepted by many journals as sound. Not a few of them quote the acrid observation of *El Universal Ilustrado*, which follows:

> "We do not know whether his Excellency the Ambassador has succeeded in protecting the interests of his fellow citizens—which is his business—as well as those of foreigners—which is none of his business. Nor do we think the American people know what is requested and required from us."

The Mexico City *Excelsior* is no less bitter when it says that Mr. Kellogg's attitude "could not be more irksome or more disloyal," and it proceeds to use this rather strong language:

> "It looks as if the sincerity and honesty commonly attributed to President Coolidge are dead words to Mr. Kellogg, whose perfidy is well nigh incomprehensible and quite different from the policy followed by his predecessor, Mr. Hughes.
>
> "We find in the now famous declaration a hint of the most refined Machiavellism, when Mr. Kellogg declares that there may be new revolutionary outbreaks in our country. What can he mean by these words? Why such a display of bad faith? Did he intend to encourage the enemies of our Government or to discredit the latter before the world, by reporting it as liable to be overthrown?"

A notable effect of the Kellogg utterance in Mexico, we are told, is that it has unified Mexican opinion in support of President Calles. Indeed certain organs go so far as to express the view that this was the real purpose of Washington, which decided to strengthen the Mexican President at home so that he could carry on certain reforms in which he is hampered by the Agrarian convictions of some of his counselors. On the other hand *Omega* and also the *Revista de Revistas* suspect the hidden influence of foreign interests, which, they say, simply will not let Mexico work out her own salvation. Then *Omega* observes: "Because President Calles has in the National Treasury more than 36,000,000 pesos destined to establish a national bank and consolidate the finances of the country without the help of Wall Street, he has been the victim of those bankers who would like to have this money applied to the payment of Mexico's external obligations." In the judgment of the Tampico *Opinion*, the Kellogg note is due to the following four causes:

> "1. The approval of the Mexican-Japanese Treaty.
>
> "2. The fruitless pressure brought to bear upon Mexico in order to obtain a change in the Agrarian laws.
>
> "3. The British interests in Mexico.
>
> "4. The Chamizal boundary question."

If to these four reasons, it is pointed out by some Latin-American editors, we add the report that Ambassador Sheffield was offended by the attitude of the Mexican Foreign Office and that he had no particular fondness for the Mexican Secretary of State, Señor Aaron Saenz, "the motive of Mr. Kellogg's declaration remains more complicated than ever."

Meanwhile we learn from the Mexican press that altho the drastic reforms of President Calles have made many enemies for him, nevertheless on the whole his policies have won the support of many conservative and moderate organs. The financial reports recently published by the Government declared that the total budget reductions for the year 1925 would amount to 85,000,000 pesos. Moreover, 8,000,000 pesos of the 12,000,000 pesos which were owed to merchants when President Calles took office have been paid off, and imports and exports have increased 50 per cent. The new bank issue with a capital of 75,000,000 pesos is to begin operations on January 1, 1926, and 36,000,000 pesos are already accumulated in the Mexican Treasury vaults.

These optimistic figures have apparently had little weight when compared to the confiscations committed under the Agrarian laws. To some the difficulties met by President Calles in the application of such laws would seem to explain the warning contained in the Kellogg note, tho all the Mexican papers, as well as the press of such neighboring countries as Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Central America are at one in deploring the effect it will have on Pan-American relations.

A certain number of the Mexican revolutionists that fought against the Obregon Government two years ago have placed themselves at the disposition of President Calles. General Candido Aguilar, ex-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and chief of the revolution in the southern part of the country, is quoted by *El Sol*, of Havana, where he is now living in retirement, as declaring that:

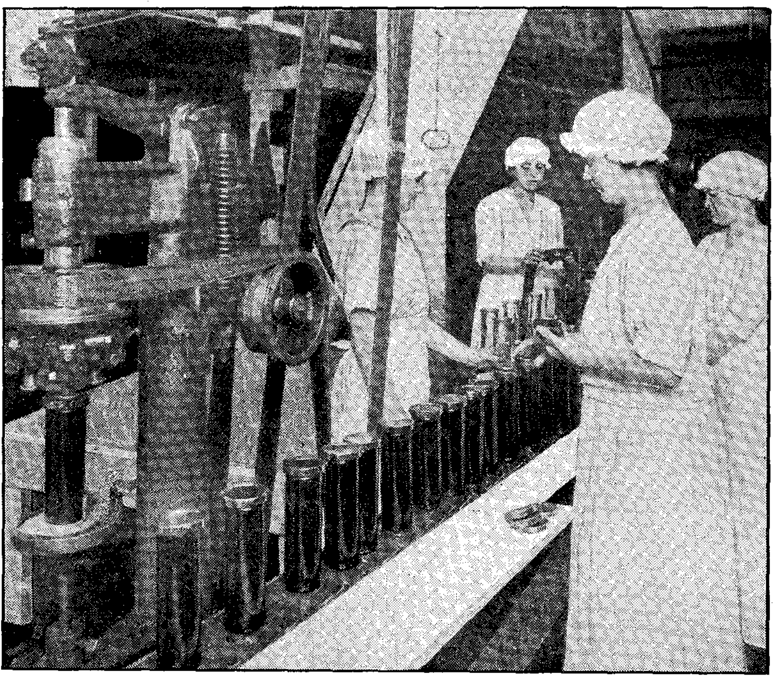
> "Mr. Kellogg's note follows a prearranged plan. Certain American interests are bent on hampering President Calles and in furthering a revolutionary movement, which, when successful, would grant said interests what they want. Wall Street is always ready to benefit by our political instability. I am not speaking by hearsay. The subject has been broached to me several times. American agents have been sent to me from San Antonio, Texas, inviting my cooperation in a revolution in favor of American financial interests."

It is noticeable, however, that the blame for the incident is not laid upon the American people, and that the Mexican press has refrained from engaging in any violent anti-American campaign. This is regarded as supporting the popular belief that the American Government has failed to interpret the sentiments of the American people, and has been led into an unhappy position through lack of understanding of the difficulties through which Mexico is still passing despite the intelligence and efficiency of the Calles Administration.

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE "AIR GIANT" ON THE DINNER-TABLE

COMPREST AIR SERVES OUR PALATES only indirectly, of course, but if it were lacking, our dinners would be very different. How different, is emphasized and illustrated by James H. Collins in *The Comprest Air Magazine* (New York), who tells of the work of the "air giant" in preserving foods and facilitating their transportation. "Talk about making the world smaller with radio and Zeppelins," he says, "if you want to, but do not forget how cold storage has shrunken continents, the old globe itself, so that New Yorkers can eat fresh California figs in summer; London can have South African peaches in February; and Argentine or Chilean grapes can be retailed in New York in mid-winter at fifty cents a pound." And refrigeration, we are reminded, is accomplished by a compression system, with ammonia for the manipulated agent. Then consider the vast canning industry:



Courtesy of *The Canning Age* (New York)

THE AIR GIANT AT WORK

Sealing and capping glass food containers by vacuum machine.

"S-s-s-s—! Did that tin can hiss when you punctured the top—or bubbles s-s-s-p in the glass jar as you finally got the trick lid off?

"Then some sort of air compressor was used in putting up the food, whether it be canned tomatoes, ripe olives, mayonnaise, chili sauce, or maraschino cherries. Most likely an air compressor in reverse, however, for while the power of air is used widely nowadays in the packing and preservation of food products, it is used oftenest as suction or vacuum. The air giant is set, again and again, the task of holding a besieged door. The door is the hermetically sealed tin, bottle, or jar, and the air giant is guarding the food inside against the never-ceasing onslaughts of bacteria that would destroy it.

"In that 's-s-s-s-s' the tin can is trying to tell a long story about air power on the dinner-table. 'Once upon a time,' it says, 'there was a Frenchman named Appert, who found that perishable food could be heated and sealed up in glass jars and kept indefinitely—sometimes. He did it by boiling the food; but this gave only 212° F. of heat, and some foods needed higher temperatures. Therefore Père Appert's preserved foods frequently spoiled, and were thrown back on his hands by indignant purchasers. Later in the "'forties," another member of his family, Raymond Chevallier-Appert, took two crude pieces of apparatus and devised steam cooking under pressure, which produced higher temperatures. One contraption was the autoclave, a closed boiler. It gave higher temperatures than could be obtained by boiling, but it was just as apt to give too much heat. The other contrivance was a manometer, a steam-boiler gage. He used the manometer to regulate the autoclave, and thus originated the modern steam processing or cooking apparatus for canned foods.'

"To-day, the closed retort with steam under pressure is used in processing or cooking many foods packed both in tin and glass. In other cases, the cooking is done in continuous retorts, open at each end, through which the containers pass slowly so many minutes. But the air giant is invariably there holding the vacuum door. Containers are filled with cold fruits, vegetables, meats, or whatever is to be conserved. Then they are given a preliminary heating without the top. This expands the food, making the container brim full. Then the top is sealed on; the final cooking is done; and, when the container cools, a vacuum is left, with the air giant on guard. In the case of many foodstuffs packed in glass—articles cooked before being put into the container, like catsup, or not cooked at all, like pickles—a vacuum is created by the machine that puts the top on. The vacuum augments the keeping qualities."

The writer goes on to say that air compression in reverse, or vacuum, is absolutely indispensable to the canner in putting up things like evaporated milk and condensed soups; that in Georgia when preserving pimentos they remove the seeds by suction; that defective peas are removed in the cannery by passing them through water agitated by comprest air; that the same agent blows the claw meat out of crabs and lobsters, aids in removing sand from spinach, tests the tin cans before they are used for preserving food, and fills hermetically sealed freight-cars with cool air to preserve such delicate fruits as the red raspberry in transcontinental journeys. Contrasting past and present, he shows that the old days were not the best:

"Until just yesterday, hardly one hundred years ago, man had only three or four ways to preserve food, and the present generation turns up its nose at most of them. There was salting. Think of the present generation tolerating salt pork! And there were pickling, smoking, crude drying, preserving in sugar or fat. Canning, cold storage, and dehydration are the modern methods, and all three of them include air power somewhere.

"Dehydration is the newest and perhaps the most promising. Man originally dried some perishable foods in the sun. Then he dried them by artificial heat in various kinds of kilns. They kept pretty well, but had a cooked flavor because the heat was too high or the drying too fast. Now, new processes of dehydration are being worked out by which gentle heat, in vacuum, extracts moisture from fresh foods without breaking down their cellular structure; or liquid foods are converted into dry powder by spraying them into heated air with comprest air. By gently drying fresh food in vacuum it is possible to turn a bushel of potatoes into ten or twelve pounds of chips, or a bushel of spinach into one pound of shavings. Soak them in water, and they 'come back' absolutely fresh if dehydration has been skilfully done.

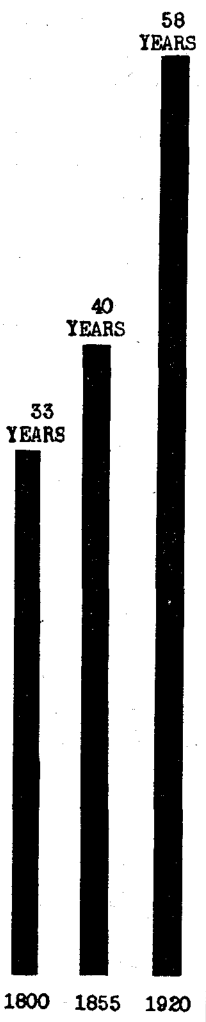
"Our British cousins are fond of marmalade, for which manufacturers in the United Kingdom import orange peel, pickled in brine. By modern dehydration, however, they can get dried orange peel from California at a great saving in freight, with less danger of spoiling, and of markedly higher quality because it is more nearly like the real thing. Our British cousins are also large consumers of meat extracts, beef boiled down to meat essence and put into jars holding a few ounces. With good dehydration processes, this same beef can be cut into meat flakes, dried, and ground into beef flour. So can any kind of meat, poultry, and fish.

"With the dehydration process that turns liquids into powder, just as surprizing things are possible. Some of them are already being done on a large scale—such, for example, as the powdering of fresh whole milk, skim milk, and buttermilk. In the future may come things like taking the juice from a surplus crop of lemons in California, converting it into lemon powder, and shipping it anywhere in the world to make lemonade or lemon drops.

"It took nearly sixty years for the world to grow accustomed to canned foods, because they were strange. This same strangeness hampers the development of dehydrated foods, but it will disappear in far less than sixty years. The apparatus is ready. Only human habit must be changed. When dehydrated food is as familiar as canned food the housewife will have on her shelves various small tins of dried chips which will, when soaked a while in water, come back as potatoes, cauliflower, string beans, prunes, pears, cherries—yes, and even meat, poultry, and fish.

"Air power in the sugar-bowl! For centuries, man used honey to sweeten his dishes; and then the art of boiling sugar from the juice of the cane was discovered. At first, the boiling was done in open pans, with waste in fuel and in juice. There was too much heat where the juice touched the pan, and the sugar got burnt. Heat was also wasted. In France, it took half a pound of coal to boil a pound of beet roots by the open-pan process. Then the simple vacuum can was substituted, and a quarter pound of coal did the same work. But the big thing in sugar-boiling was still to come—the 'triple effect' of Rillieux, a French inventor, who devised a process whereby the greater portion of the water in beet or cane juice was evaporated in a triple arrangement of vacuum pans, the steam from the boiling juice in the first heating the second, and that from the second heating the third. With the triple effect, in use all over the world to-day, the air giant has cut the ratio to less than two ounces of coal for a pound of beet-roots. The three vacuum pans of the triple effect are connected with the vacuum pump in the final pan. As the juice thickens by boiling in the first pan it is drawn into the second, where the vacuum is higher. And, as it thickens still further, it goes into the third pan—the boiled juice being periodically drawn off and fresh juice drawn into the first pan. Besides saving fuel, this process avoids spoiling the sugar by burning.

"Air power on the dinner-table is still in its babyhood. Eventually, it may prove to be as basic a giant in the preparation, delivery, and serving of our daily bread as the giant, heat."



THE LIFE-LINE

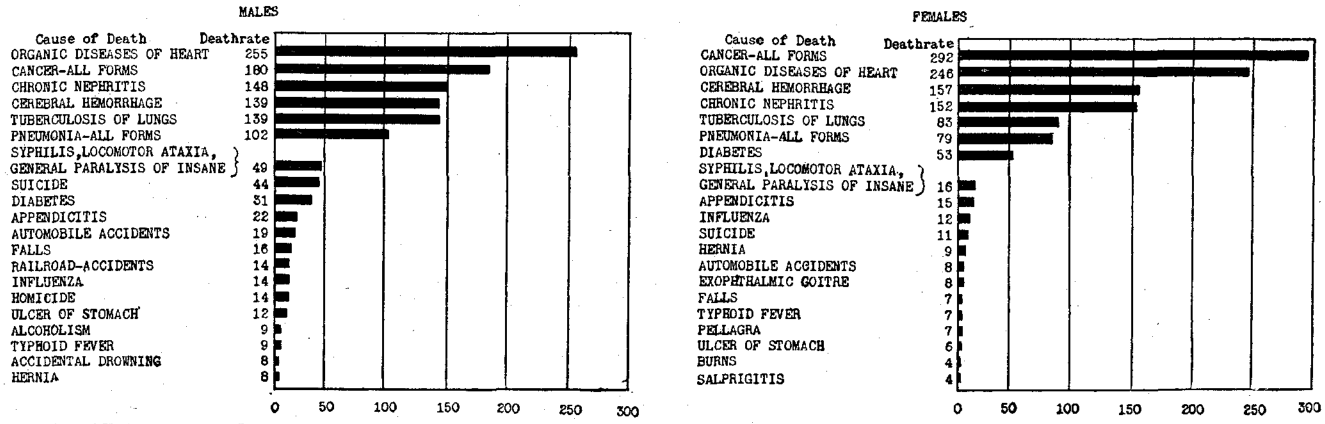
Longer—and better.

LENGTHENING THE LIFE-LINE

LIVING LONG AND LIVING WELL are not necessarily the same, declares Louis A. Hansen in *Life and Health* (Washington, D. C.), but he goes on to say that disease prevention does more than lengthen life by decreasing the death-rate. "It increases the usefulness and enjoyment of life. It enlarges our possibilities, adds to our accomplishment, and makes for progress in every way. It greatly adds to the happiness of life itself, and makes life worth living." If this estimate be accepted, we may well applaud the triumph of preventive medicine that vital statistics record. Here are certain details as Mr. Hansen presents them:

> "In 1800 the average length of life was thirty-three years, in 1855 it was forty years, and in 1920 it was fifty-eight years. Eighteen years have been added to the average duration of life since 1855. From 1910 to 1920 the increase in the life span was four years.
>
> "It is generally considered that the larger part of the world's burdens is borne by men above forty years of age. Thus in 1800 the average man died seven years before he reached the age of his greatest usefulness. In 1920 the average man lived eighteen years beyond this age.
>
> "If we take the age of twenty-one as the time that men reach their productive period, we can see that in 1800 the average man had but twelve years of productive life ahead of him, while in 1920 he had thirty-seven years of splendid usefulness before him.
>
> "These figures are for the United States. Five or six countries are ahead of the United States in the expectancy of life. New Zealand has an expectancy of sixty years. In 1910 Australia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Holland were from one to six years in advance of this country in their average of life expectancy. India stood lowest, with an average life expectancy of about twenty-two and a half years.
>
> "In 1911 a death-rate of 17 per 1,000 was generally accepted as normal. Deaths above this rate were considered abnormal or unnatural.
>
> "In 1923 the rate was reduced to 12.3 per 1,000 for the registration area of the United States, and for 1924 the estimated rate is still lower, 11.6 per 1,000. Thus in a decade have standards had to change, showing a possibility in life-saving that is very remarkable."

We are warned that such conquests of disease have been the result of knowing what to do, and doing it, that the basis of all health work is education of intellect and conscience, and that the great desideratum is "temperance in eating, drinking, work, play, and all the conduct of life."



From *Life and Health* (Washington, D. C.)

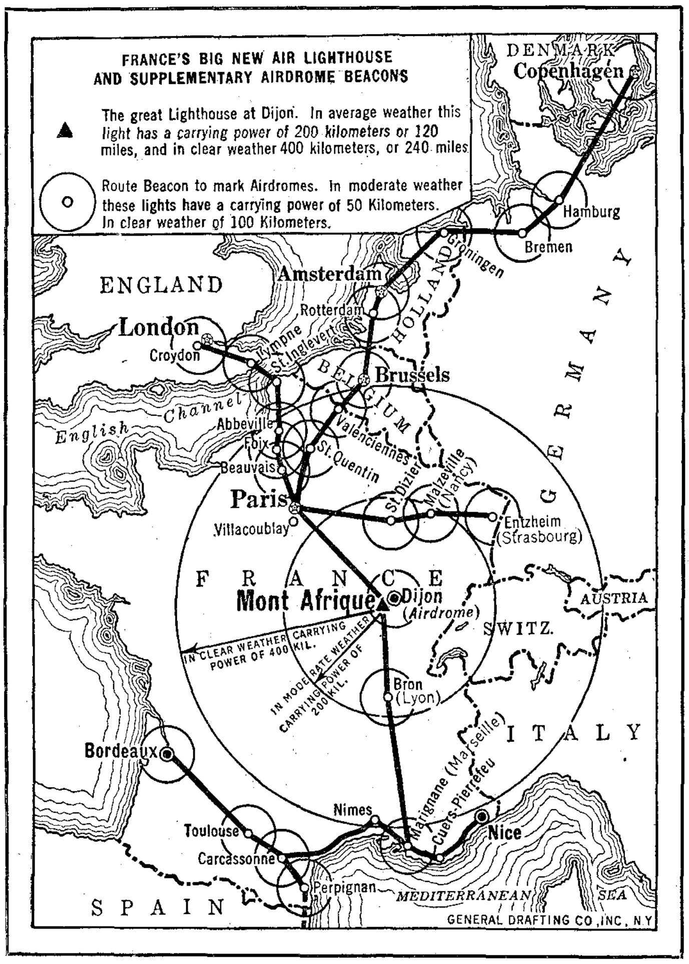
PRINCIPAL CAUSES OF DEATH IN MIDDLE LIFE

Death-rates per 100.000 from important causes of death. males and females at ages 45 to 64 years. U. S. Registration States. 1921. After age 45, death-rates of females exceed those of males for cancer, cerebral hemorrhage, chronic nephritis, diabetes, hernia, exophthalmic goiter and pellagra.

AN AIR LIGHTHOUSE OF A BILLION CANDLE-POWER

TRANSPORTATION BY AIR-PLANE is so much a matter of course in Europe that lighthouses designed solely to guide the aviator are becoming almost as familiar as their maritime prototypes. There are, for example, seven such beacons along the London-Paris aerial highway, two of these being in England, the others so distributed in France that under normal conditions one at least is always visible to the air-pilot. The air route from Paris by way of Brussels, Amsterdam and Hamburg to Copenhagen is adequately, if somewhat less liberally beaconed, as are the lines connecting Paris and Strasbourg, Bordeaux and Nice, and sundry others. The lights regularly employed, we are told by Charles d'Avron, in *Excelsior* (Paris), are either of revolving or of periodic ("eclipse") types, operated either by electricity or by acetylene gas, and having a range of from fifty to one hundred kilometers according to varying atmospheric conditions. But the best of them is feeble indeed in comparison with the gigantic beacon—declared to be the largest in the world—recently established near Dijon, in the heart of France, on an elevation known as Mont Afrique. Says M. d'Avron:

"This lighthouse is the first of a projected series designed when completed to furnish important landmarks to any aviator flying at night throughout a very wide extent of territory. It has been placed on a natural elevation, not on an aerodrome. Its beams will be visible to the aviator on clear nights to a distance of 240 miles, and under average conditions to at least half that distance. It has the power of a billion candles; whereas maritime lighthouses are usually content with lamps of thirty-million candle-power."


FRANCE'S BIG NEW AIR LIGHTHOUSE AND SUPPLEMENTARY AIRDROME BEACONS
▲ The great Lighthouse at Dijon. In average weather this light has a carrying power of 200 kilometers or 120 miles, and in clear weather 400 kilometers, or 240 miles
○ Route Beacon to mark Airdromes. In moderate weather these lights have a carrying power of 50 Kilometers. In clear weather of 100 Kilometers.
DENMARK
Copenhagen
Hamburg
Bremen
Groningen
HOLLAND
Amsterdam
Rotterdam
GERMANY
ENGLAND
London
Croydon
Lympne
St. Inglevert
BELGIUM
Brussels
English Channel
Abbeville
Foix
Beauvais
Valenciennes
St. Quentin
Paris
Villacoublay
St. Dizier
Malzeville (Nancy)
Entzheim (Strasbourg)
FRANCE
Mont Afrique
Dijon (Airdrome)
AUSTRIA
SWITZ.
IN CLEAR WEATHER CARRYING POWER OF 400 KIL.
IN MODERATE WEATHER CARRYING POWER OF 200 KIL.
Bron (Lyon)
ITALY
Bordeaux
Marignane (Marseille)
Cuers-Pierrefeu
Nimes
Nice
Toulouse
Carcassonne
Perpignan
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
GENERAL DRAFTING CO., INC., N.Y.

Some details of construction and operation of the new lighthouse are given in *Le Quotidien* (Paris) by J. Bichet, who states that the project dates from 1918, when a beacon to guide squadrons of military aviators making nocturnal bombardment tours was contemplated. After peace came, the work was interrupted for a time, until the growing needs of commercial aviation led to its renewal. The entire installation, costing more than a million and a half francs, was completed a good many months since, but awaited electrification. Stating that the lighthouse stands at an elevation of 625 meters, M. Bichet continues:

"The visibility of a beacon-light is not limited solely by the curvature of the earth, for, owing to atmospheric refraction, the beam of light itself curves toward the earth. Moreover, the aviator's elevated position is an obvious aid, and in addition the engineers have aimed to direct the beams to the best possible advantage by a system of adjustable lenses.

"The lighthouse itself is 14 meters high, in three stories, of which the upper two are occupied by eight optical apparatuses, each composed of an arc-lamp and an arrangement of thirteen lenses more than two meters in diameter. The eight lamps operate in groups of four. The entire projection apparatus is pivoted in mobile equilibrium, to be turned at a fixt rate by electric power."

A RADIO-HYPOTHESIS OF LIFE'S ORIGIN

DID LIFE SPRING INTO BEING on earth under the stimulus of radioactivity? Did the radiations from radium minerals, which have either stimulant or deadening power on vital processes, according to the extent to which they are used, once act in just such proportion and under just such circumstances that the chemical atoms combined into living protoplasm? This hypothesis is advanced by Paul Becquerel, writing on "The Problem of the Origin of Life" in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires, Artistiques et Scientifiques* (Paris). Asks Mr. Becquerel:

"What do we know of life's origin? Have we some vague idea of the way in which it appeared on the surface of the globe?

"At what epoch did this prodigious event occur? Which came first, plants or animals? Since the earliest ages, the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Latins, to satisfy their curiosity, devised an incalculable number of sacred legends and natural hypotheses. Has modern science got any further than they?

"Now the great debates on the generation of infusoria during the eighteenth century, and on the alteration of fermentable liquids during the latter half of the nineteenth, in which Pasteur took such an illustrious part, appeared for the moment to solve this question. They proved conclusively that there is no spontaneous generation on earth at the present time. Whenever life appears in a sterile medium, some cellular germ must have been brought to it from outside.

"Hence dead matter can not acquire life apart from already living matter. This, for the moment, is a law without exception.

"In these circumstances, if we wish to explain the origin of life on the earth's surface without recourse either to spontaneous generation or to supernatural creation, there is only one likely solution. It is that the earth, like an ordinary bouillon of cultures, has been 'saved' with germs from another inhabited planet. Have meteors, cosmic dust, the propulsive force of stellar radiation, or universal attraction, brought such germs hither? My conclusion is very clear. Terrestrial life did not come from another world. As my experiments on the microbicidal action of ultraviolet rays at low temperatures have shown, no germ can traverse the interstellar void without being killed by the sun's ultraviolet radiation.

"But there are forces yet more dangerous in the high atmosphere! They are the cathodic rays, which, striking upon the fine crystallized dust of frozen nitrogen, produce the magnificent boreal auroras! Not only are these rays fatal to germs, but after absorption they produce the X-rays, whose redoubtable powers we know only too well.

"These X-rays would reach the interstellar germs adhering to the nitrogen crystals, and even those lurking in the interior of cosmic dust-particles, where they might have penetrated if these were porous; and there the germs would be inevitably annihilated.

"As for transportation by meteorites, Pasteur himself demonstrated that these are sterile. In the present state of science we must then be content to concentrate our researches upon the earth. To regard the origin of life as having taken place elsewhere is to elude the problem.

"Besides, cosmic forces were formerly quite sufficient to form on our planet organic substances and bring about, under

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Springfield, Missouri

conditions of which we still are ignorant, the synthesis of living protoplasm.

"The beautiful experiments of Daniel Berthelot and of Hoxlasa on the synthesis of sugars and starchy substances are most hopeful. They make possible a theory of 'radio-biogenesis'!

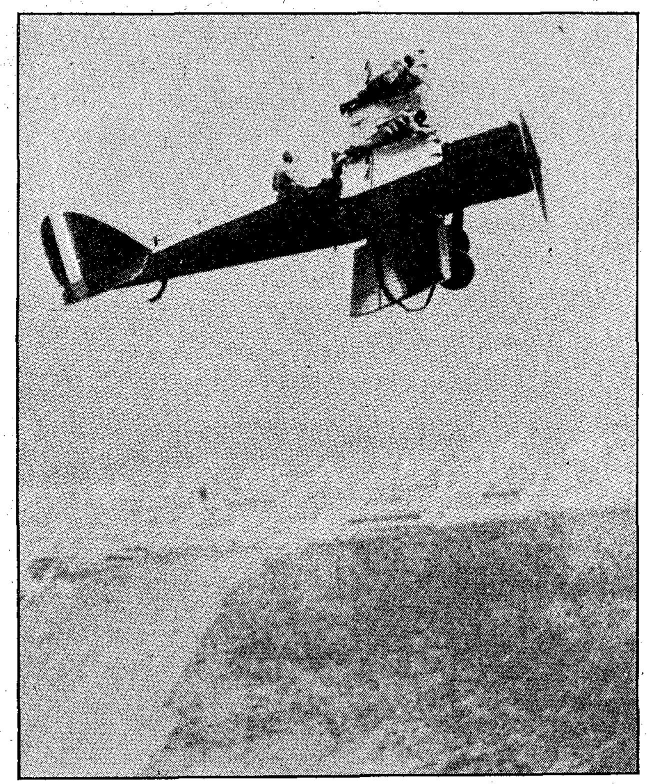
"According to this conception, which I have been the first to develop, it is possible that, at an extremely remote era, possibly ten million centuries ago—for the evolution of terrestrial life has taken much longer than is generally supposed—the sun gave out much more ultraviolet radiation than now. Besides, sedimentary strata being rare, the crystalline rocks forming the greater part of the ocean bottom must have been much more radioactive than at present. Under the action of these physical forces on the waters charged with mineral substances and carbonic acid, in conditions yet unknown, there is nothing improbable in supposing that there may have been formed colloidal organic substances, complex systems of albuminoids, and from these, protoplasms—living germs.

"Carried to other regions covered with protective sediments, these germs then developed apart from the influence of these dangerous radiations. It was thus that probably began in the Archean seas, the reign of the microscopic protozöophytes—those strange cellular mixtures that were neither animals nor plants, whence issued, by way of differentiation, the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

"Let us hope that science with the astonishing means now at its disposal, may in the not far distant future corroborate this hypothesis experimentally."

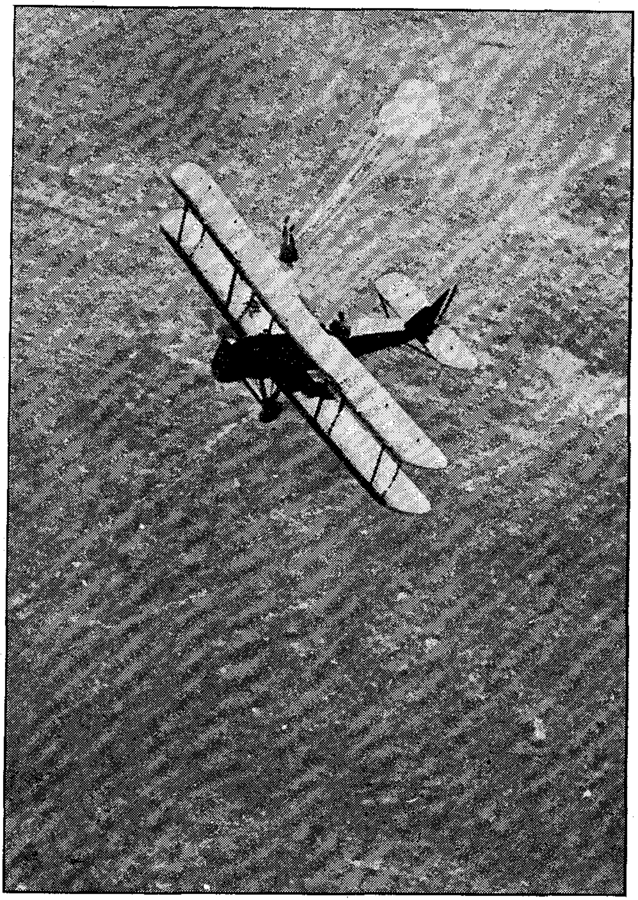
FALLING A MILE FOR A DIPLOMA

NEEDLESS TO SAY, the fall of a mile or so required of the student who seeks the diploma is not made without mechanical aid. The student is attached to a parachute. He is not really learning how to fall—that hardly requires teaching—but how to float gently downward from an air-plane, and land without accident. Nor is this quite so easy as it might seem, for it appears that the parachute user drops at the rate of about sixteen feet per second in still air, and that to land when the wind blows, say, twenty miles an hour, is equivalent to jumping from a train moving at the same speed. The trick of easy landing, we are told by a writer in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago), is to draw up the feet and bend the knees. But this obviously must be done at the right time; so must the earlier maneuver of opening the parachute; and in this, as in other matters, practise is desirable if there is any chance that you may ever be called on to use a parachute in an emergency. Wherefore Uncle Sam has a school devoted to that end, concerning which we read in the *Popular Mechanics* article:



Courtesy of U. S. Army Air Service

LYING ON THE WINGS, READY TO JUMP



Courtesy of U. S. Army Air Service

DROPPING OFF INTO SPACE TO FALL A MILE

"For unequaled simplicity in graduation exercises, the U. S. Army parachute school at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois, probably takes the world's prize. To win the coveted diploma at the end of a six weeks' intensive course, the student is required to do but two things—and neither of them is writing an essay or speaking a piece.

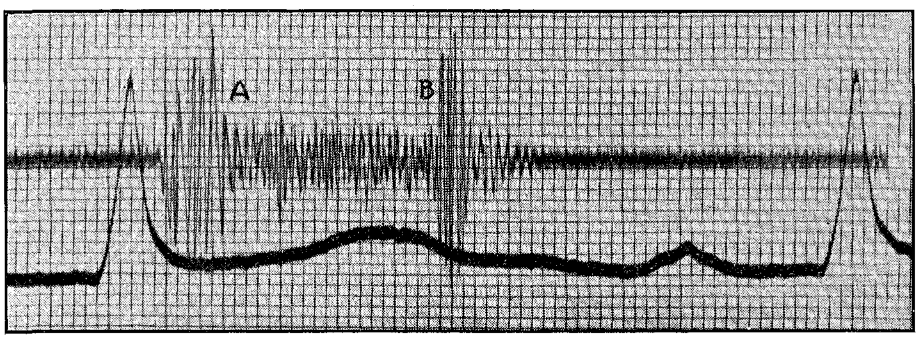
"Instead he folds up a parachute and takes his stand on the wing of a giant Martin bomber. The plane climbs a mile in the air, and, at a signal from the instructor, the student pulls the rip cord of his chute and is yanked off into space. Some two minutes later the ground rises up and bumps him—and the first half of his graduation exercises are over. The second half consists of refolding the parachute and taking a seat in the after cockpit of a DeHaviland plane. The craft goes up a mile, and at a signal from the pilot, the student climbs over the side of the fuselage, takes a deep breath, lets go of the ship, gives a lusty kick with his feet and falls backward into space. After sufficient time has passed to insure that he is clear of the air-plane's tail, he pulls the rip cord, the parachute, if properly folded, opens, and some two minutes later the ground rises up and hits the student again. Parachute jumping is not dangerous, at least any one connected with the school will tell you so, and some of them have jumped so many times they have lost count of the total. There is no loss of consciousness at any time during a jump, even on the first trial. The sensation, all jumpers agree, is that of settling back into an incredibly deep and soft featherbed. No feeling of falling accompanies the drop, and when the parachute snaps open there is no jerk. Instead the harness tightens and the jumper, who is usually falling in a horizontal position or head down, is righted. A slow oscillation, like that of a giant clock pendulum, follows.

"The Army parachute costs $620, measures twenty-four feet across when open, and is attached to the wearer by twenty-five stout silk ropes, twelve of the shrouds going down to one shoulder, where they are sewn in the harness, and thirteen to the other. The thirteenth is red, while all the others are white, the red one being used as a dividing mark in folding the parachute, and also to 'spill' the wind out of it after a landing.

"Everything depends upon the way in which the chute is folded. The parachute is stretched out on a fifty-foot table, with the pack and harness at one end, and the little pilot chute hanging over the other. The pilot chute, two feet across, is built with ribs like an umbrella, but with a spring arrangement which causes it to fly open unless held under pressure. When the rip cord is pulled and the pack opened, the little chute flies out, catches the wind and pulls the big parachute after it."

LONG-RANGE DIAGNOSIS OF THE HEART

IF YOUR HEART IS MISBEHAVING, and your local doctor thinks it well to get the opinion of a specialist, this may be done, thanks to modern electrical methods, in about seven minutes, tho you chance to be in Atlantic City, New Jersey, at the time, and the heart specialist is in his office at Chicago, almost a thousand miles away. Merely a case of utilizing the electric stethoscope and the cathode ray oscillograph adjusted to the telephone wire. The stethoscope makes the heart-beat audible, while the oscillograph gives graphic presentation of its action, in the form of a "stethogram" that may be transmitted by the new method of sending pictures by wire. So the specialist out there in Chicago listens to your heart, checks his auditory findings by visual study of the diagram, and telephones his diagnosis while you wait. All this, naturally, on the assumption that your local physician is equipped with the necessary apparatus for putting heart-sounds and heart-picture on the wire. And we may assume that he soon will be so equipped, for the official stamp of approval was put upon the method, and a demonstration of its possibilities publicly made at the recent meeting of that august body, the American Medical Association, when, according to the press accounts, fifteen hundred physicians attended what the New York *Times* describes as a long-distance clinic on the Steel Pier. The *Times* correspondent continues:



Copyrighted by Bell Telephone Laboratories

THIS IS THE "STETHOGRAM" SENT TO CHICAGO FROM ATLANTIC CITY

The upper line shows the waves set up by the sounds. The abnormality lies in the presence of high pitched sounds between "A" and "B." The curve at that point should be a straight heavy line, as it is at the ends of the record. This particular case was diagnosed as a contraction of the passageway between the two sections of the heart, causing a hissing sound as the blood rushed through. One division equals .01 second.

"Two photographs of heart-beats which had been sent to Chicago by the new telephoto process for diagnosis were shown on a screen while the gathering listened to a Chicago physician's diagnosis coming over 1,000 miles of telephone wires and amplified so that the voice could be heard throughout the entire hall. It was announced as the first event of its kind in history and as bearing great possibilities for development in the quick diagnosis of cases when the diagnostic specialist is many miles away from the patient.

"One of the photographs represented the heart-beat of a patient who was examined with a stethoscope here this morning. By means of a new apparatus developed by Dr. H. B. Williams of Columbia University and the Bell Telephone Laboratories a 'stethogram' or chart of his heart-beat was produced here. This was mailed to the American Telephone and Telegraph office in New York City, whence it was communicated to Chicago by the new method of sending pictures by wire.

"Dr. James R. Greer of Chicago made the diagnosis this afternoon. Shortly after six o'clock to-night, after the stethogram had been thrown on the screen here, Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, the New York heart specialist, called up Dr. Greer from a telephone in the hall. Altho separated by 1,000 miles, the two physicians and the patient and the physicians attending the clinic were virtually brought together by the long-distance clinic.

"The stethogram was discust at length by Drs. Lambert and Greer. Dr. Greer gave his diagnosis as irregularity of every other beat, with a bad prognosis, unless the irregularity was caused by the use of digitalis.

"The two physicians also conferred about a stethogram showing a systolic murmur of the heart, which had been sent by telephoto process to Chicago earlier in the week. In this case, Dr. Greer's diagnosis had been written out, photographed and sent back to New York by the telephoto process, and it was thrown on the screen along with the stethogram. Dr. Lambert agreed with Dr. Greer's diagnosis in each case. It was explained that it had taken only seven minutes to send each stethogram from New York to Chicago. The audience appeared much imprest by the demonstration and applauded it vigorously."

A bulletin from the Bell Telephone Laboratories gives further information as to the nature and use of the equipment used at the Atlantic City demonstration. We read:

"The basic elements of the electric stethoscope include a vacuum tube amplifier, similar in a general way to those which speed your voice over long-distance telephone lines; a group of wave filters which eliminate undesired sounds, and transmitter and receivers of special design. In the telephone plant, filters are extensively used to enable more than one conversation to be carried over the same long-distance circuit. Differing in the requirement that it must pick up sounds from the body rather than from the air, the stethoscopic transmitter hardly resembles the familiar telephone transmitter. Its rubber button is prest against the patient's body; a rubber rim cuts down vibration from the hand which holds it. Since extreme quiet is essential to pick up the tiny sounds of greatest importance room noises are shut out by fitting the receivers with stethoscope tubes which enter the physician's ears in the familiar manner.

"To assemble and coordinate all these elements, several of them entirely new designs, has been the responsibility of Halsey A. Frederick, D. G. Blattner and their associates in the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in collaboration with Dr. H. B. Williams, prominent cardiographer of New York. Principally due to the latter is a device for making permanent records of the sounds. Passing through a wire lying in a magnetic field, the amplified sound currents set the wire into vibration and move a spot of light across a photo film. The wavy line traced on the film gives positive evidence of most abnormal conditions. Physicians have found records made at intervals of value in tracing the progress of treatment.

"However, the latest and perhaps the most impressive application of the stethoscope is in connection with the cathode ray oscillograph which makes it possible to actually see the graphic representation of the pulsating heart. Aside from the spectacular aspect of this feature, it promises to become an invaluable aid in auscultatory diagnosis. It will enable the diagnosing physician, or group of physicians, to check hearing against sight. Simultaneously with hearing the heart-beats they may see the pulsations and detect the variations in time and intensity, if any, with more certainty than by hearing alone.

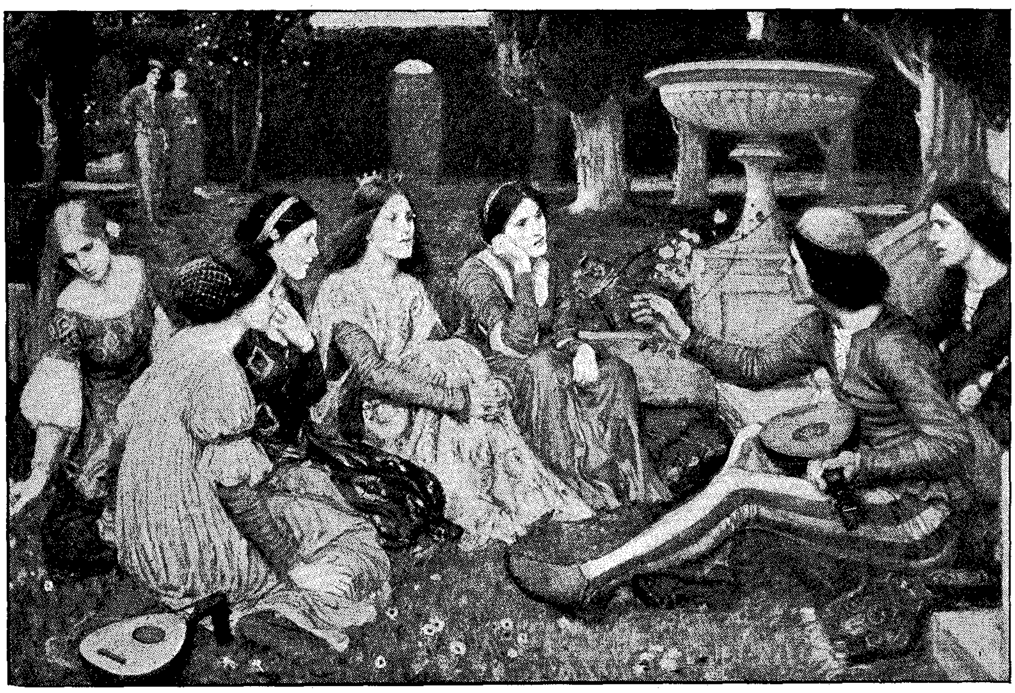
"A further and very important use for the electric stethoscope is in connection with physicians whose hearing has become somewhat impaired. It has been found that when people reach the age of about forty that in many cases some impairment of hearing begins, and this impairment usually increases with advancing age. By the time physicians have acquired some experience and have developed some judgment in auscultation, they often find that they have some impairment in hearing and can not be sure that they are able to hear all the heart and chest sounds that they should hear in auscultatory diagnosis."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

AN ENGLISH MÆCENAS

LORD LEVERHULME was the English Henry Ford—or if sensibilities are shocked, it may be stated the other way round, tho it was an English journalist who made the comparison. Much has been written about the business acumen of the maker of Sunlight Soap, but in the notices of the man who died May 7 it is often overlooked that he had other sides; that he was fond of dancing, which he didn't do very well; that he told excellent stories, and kept the floor because he was stone deaf. "He was a very good speaker, full of good stories, especially after dinner," says Harold Spender in *The Contemporary Review* (London). "But he was at his best when he was talking of his people at Port Sunlight. He loved his people." He collected a large and interesting gallery of pictures at his Hampstead house, tho Mr. Spender speaks doubtfully of some of these. "His rough treatment of the Orpen and Johns pictures really showed his view of modern English portraiture. He could never understand the modern artist's idea of seizing a portrait commission as an opportunity of insulting his victim." He also formed a picture collection which is "the most English museum in England." It is a memorial to his wife, and is called the Lady Lever Art Gallery, situated at Port Sunlight, across the Mersey from Liverpool. "Lord Leverhulme had an unquenchable passion for English art, not only for paintings, but for every sort of work of art that reflected in any degree the spirit of the English race." Doubtless many modern critics who condemn English "story-telling" painting, will not be grateful to him for his versatility. A long account of the museum is printed in the June 13 number of *The Art News* (New York), where we read that "attention has been concentrated on endeavoring to bring together the finest specimens of a limited number of especially interesting types of art, and in this way a series of collections has been accumulated, of which several are almost unrivaled in their particular spheres." English paintings of equal number and value may be found in other English collections, but their advantage here is that they do not compete with foreign schools. Quoting from R. R. Tatlock's article in *The Art News:*



Pictures by courtesy of *The Art News*, New York

"THE STORY OF THE DECAMERON"

J. W. Waterhouse paints the picture of the group who seek, by poetic and musical diversion, to forget the plague that rages in Florence near by. It is one of the "story-telling" pictures in the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight so characteristic of nineteenth century English art.

"The eighteenth century is fairly well represented by portraits. Sir Joshua Reynolds has the delightful double portrait of 'Miss Paine and Miss Polly Paine,' daughters of James Paine, the architect. It shows, on the spectator's right, two young ladies seated at a musical instrument, while on the left is a window through which the sky is seen. A tit-bit of information connected with the window may be sufficiently entertaining to record. While preparing a catalog of the pictures for Lord Leverhulme I was struck by the oddity of the composition of the picture, with both of the figures on one side of the canvas, which is unusual in Reynolds's work. Close examination of the pigment revealed traces of another figure occupying the part of the canvas now occupied by the window, and investigation in early literary sources proved that Reynolds had originally painted the two beautiful young ladies in the company of their mother. Obviously some former owner of the picture found it more agreeable or more remunerative to eliminate the old lady. Perhaps Lord Leverhulme's trustees will consent to restore the painting to its original condition, which in all probability would not be very difficult.

"At least one other example of Reynolds is noteworthy. Every one has heard of the painting by Reynolds of Elizabeth, one of the beautiful Misses Gunning of Georgian times; and most people have heard of Gainsborough's charming late portrait of Princess Augusta Sophia, second daughter of George III; of Romney's 'Sarah Rodbard,' of Hoppner's 'Lady Elizabeth Howard,' of Lawrence's 'Elizabeth, Countess of Derby,' and of Wilkie's portrait of Queen Victoria. Wilson, Turner, Girtin, Cozens, and Etty are all well represented. There is a magnificent example of John Crome, 'Marlingford Grove'; and a fine Constable, 'East Bergholt Mill.' The latter has also a modest but wonderfully beautiful water-color drawing of East Bergholt Church, which has a curious and touching history. When it was painted in 1810, Constable, as a youth, was deep in love with Miss Bicknell, the granddaughter of the rector of East Bergholt, who, skeptical of the young genius's prospects, made it his business to separate the pair. Constable having departed to London, sent the drawing of the church to his mother who, with or without a hint from her son, presented it to the rector in Constable's name. The only result was a cold letter of acknowledgment and a banknote to cover the value. As everybody knows, Constable, who was a man not only of quality but of character, eventually 'made good,' married the girl, and received a legacy from his wife's grandfather of £4,000. These are but examples picked almost at random from the more important eighteenth-century exhibits."

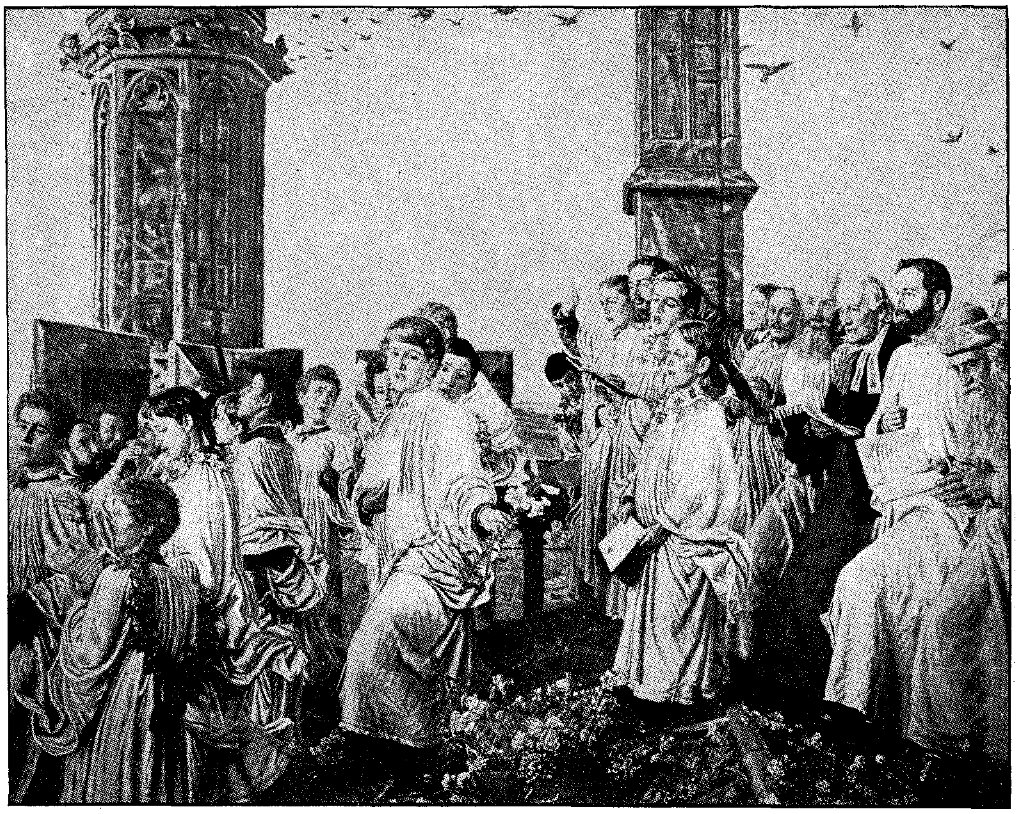
The Preraffaelite pictures form the most striking part of the collection. And here to foreigners is the most "English" part of it. We read:

"Those who are old enough to remember the magnificent advocacy of John Ruskin, the hostility of the daily, weekly and monthly press, the spirited letters to editors, the impassioned replies and defenses, the heated discussions in exhibition rooms, the disturbing advent of Whistler, when wit and cynicism crossed swords with the fervent religious estheticism of the day, will find in the Port Sunlight Gallery a collection of Preraffaelite pictures once so notorious that they will appear as the embodiment in solid pigment of the phantasmagoria of the distant past. There is Ford Madox Brown's allegorical and yet peculiarly literal 'Cromwell on his Farm,' which occupied the artist no less than twenty-two years; there is Rossetti's poetic vision of 'The Blessed Damozel,' there is Holman Hunt's 'Scapegoat' to paint which he felt compelled, as now seems so unnecessary to us, to pay a special visit to the Holy Land. (What believers in 'local color' in the literary sense the Preraffaelites were!) There is the same artist's tremendous *tour-de-force*, 'May Morning on Magdalen Tower,' with its wonderful row of chubby and angelic choir boys and its startlingly rosy morning sky; there is Millais's 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' shown together with the original sketch, with the famous *Punch* cartoon of it, and with the sham antique poem that was the heart of the whole amazing undertaking; there is, last but not least, the once much-criticized 'Beguiling of Merlin,' by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Besides these extraordinary works, which represent one of the most celebrated and the oddest movements in the whole history of modern art, there are many lesser Preraffaelite and related pictures and a number of drawings of the period, special emphasis being put on a series of studies by Burne-Jones.

"Whistler, unfortunately, is not represented, except by a small drawing. Lord Leverhulme latterly greatly desired to obtain at least one example of Whistler's art, for he saw that altho Whistler was an American, he so profoundly influenced English painting and so splendidly contributed to it, that no collection of English paintings is complete without an example of Whistler's art. However, except for the Whistlers in English public galleries, such as the Tate, England has few examples, and these scarcely ever appear in the sale rooms. America possesses by far the greater number and the best.

"Formerly the gallery did not contain any notable examples of Turner, but shortly before Lord Leverhulme's regrettable death last May, he had the good fortune to acquire a magnificent series of Turner water-colors which go far to fill a serious gap in the catalog. The remainder of the picture section of the gallery is occupied by a very large number of more modern paintings. These include, again, numerous well-known pictures, such as Pinwell's 'Gilbert à Beckett's Troth—The Saracen Maid,' Lord Leighton's gigantic 'The Daphnephoria,' Orchardson's 'The Young Duke,' and Hubert von Herkomer's highly descriptive 'The Last Master,' while more recent artists like Strang, Farquerson, and others, are well represented.

"In the modern work there is little included that is novel or experimental, but the modern pictures if they do not stand for artistic originality, certainly represent in a remarkable way the currents of taste that have, until quite recently, prevailed in England. Thus, as history, the whole collection may be regarded as both accurate and, humanly speaking, complete."



"MAY MORNING ON MAGDALEN TOWER"

Druid and Christian England are thus merged each first of May when carols are sung from the top of Magdalen Tower in Oxford. Holman Hunt painted this *tour-de-force* with its "chubby and angelic choir boys."

TRAILING "MADAME SANS-GENE"

MOVIE FANS HAVE CONCEIVABLY FOUND Gloria Swanson masquerading under a puzzling, not to say jaw-breaking name, "Madame Sans-Gêne!" How to pronounce it, and what it may mean, even devotees of the silver sheet may come away not much wiser. If any are disposed to run down the mystery there is much assistance rendered by a Hollywood publication called *Story World*, described as "a magazine of interpretation for writers." Here Mr. Paul Hugon leads a trail that runs through "English, French, Greek, Hebrew, history, the Bible, Shakespeare, and a few other topics." His starting-point is the dictionary—"the bigger the better":

"To the dictionary, then, we turn to find all about *Madame Sans-Gêne*, and there she is, in all her shameless glory. First the pronunciation; foreign sounds can never be shown accurately in a national system, but we may try:

"Madame is very much like 'Madam,' except that the two a's receive equal emphasis, and that they are spoken with the mouth a little more widely open.

"Sans contains a nose-sound not found in English. Try to say 'sawn' without sounding the *n*, or 'sâng' without sounding the *g*.

"Gêne. First say the words *measure, treasure, vision;* do you hear that sound *zh?* The *ê* of *gêne* is pronounced half-way between the *e* in *set* and the *ai* in *fair*—zhen.

"Now we have the whole bag of tricks: 'Mad-am sân(g) zhen.' What does it mean? We find: 'sans-gêne,' adjective, 'without constraint or embarrassment; easy'; and underneath, 'Madame Sans-Gêne, Catherine, wife of Marshal Lefebvre, she having been the company washerwoman when he, a sergeant, married her; a nickname alluding to her simple and rough manners and free language.' (Webster's New International.)

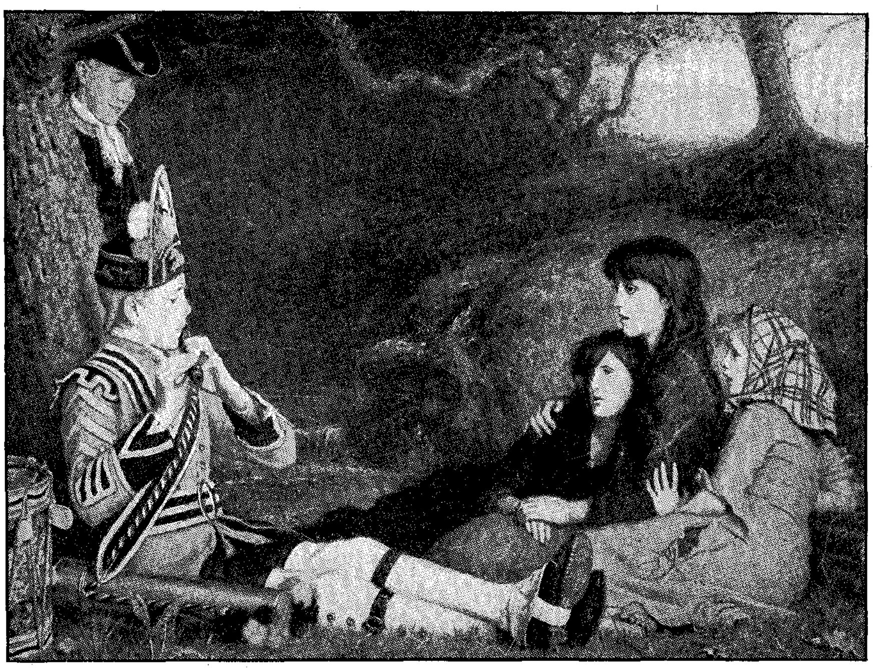
"There it stops, and there most people will stop, because they are too (shall we say?) careless to search any further. But that is just where the real fun begins. Unless we take the habit of going beyond Webster, we shall not acquire much original knowledge.

"Therefore we look for a Pedigree-Book of English Words, and we are instantly rewarded, for in Weekley's 'Etymological Dictionary' we find 'French gêne, constraint; see *gehenna.*'

"Gehenna! We are getting somewhere; we have found a word commonly used in English. Back, this time to the English dictionary, to the Bible concordance, to the Teacher's Bible, to any one of a dozen books. Gehenna! Twelve times we find the word in the American Standard Bible, but not once in the King James (Authorized) version. Why is that? We search further, and find that Gehenna is a Greek word. Greek was the language of Palestine two thousand years ago. In that Greek word Gehenna, we recognize a double Hebrew name Ge-Hinnom (the valley or canyon of a man named Hinnom). It was in Ge-Hinnom or Gehenna, just outside Jerusalem, that the worshipers of Baal and Moloch used to offer human sacrifices, killing their children to honor their gods.

"Two thousand years ago, Ge-Hinnom, or Gehenna, had become the city garbage dump, the place where the fires burned perpetually, to destroy the ill-smelling piles—'Garbage Canyon' or 'Skunk Canyon,' as we would call it in California. Hence it came to signify a place of torture. . . .

"Now we know why Gehenna is found in the modern Bible, and not in the old one: because it can not be accurately translated, and because the old word 'hell' means something quite different, and indeed is often used to render the word 'Sheol' (the place of the departed), where both the good and the bad were supposed to go after death, to be sorted out according to their deeds.



"AN IDYL OF THE '45"

One of Sir John E. Millais's pictures now in the Lady Lever Gallery, Port Sunlight. Millais was elected president of the Royal Academy in 1896.

"'Madam Without-Gehenna,' 'Madam No-Hell'—what has that to do with Devil-May-Care?"

Whereupon the writer refers us to "a historical book like the New English Dictionary, or the French Littré, both of which give actual quotations from authors of every consecutive period." Then we go on:

"Gêne (formerly spelled *gehine, jaine, gehenne, gesne, geyne*) was first used when speaking of the torture of prisoners to extract confessions: 'to submit a prisoner to gehenna' meant to put him through the third degree. Later it meant blackmail; later still, great pains, mental agony, physical suffering or even mere inconvenience. In that sense it is still used in modern French, where the phrase 'I am not comfortable in this hat' would be rendered, 'This hat *gêne* me.'

"After a while, the word was used particularly when referring to the annoyance (as it is, in one of those tiny flats in Paris) of having house-guests; and a guest was said to be without gêne when he made himself so much at home that he did not care how much he inconvenienced the others. A man who comes into your office when you are out, sits at your desk and smokes your cigars is *sans-gêne* or has a degree of *sans-gêne*. A butter-in is a *sans-gêne* person; one who borrows your car without permission shows his *sans-gêne*.

"Thus it was that Madame Sans-Gêne horrified Paris by bringing the manners of the laundry into the drawing-room. We should never have understood the full meaning of the phrase, however, if we had been content to stop at the dictionary."

RECALLING "LORNA DOONE"

WHO READS "LORNA DOONE"? Modern fiction probably makes it seem paler than it otherwise would, but it no doubt has its devotees still. The centenary of its author, occurring on June 7, 1925, turns the attention to this if to any of Richard Blackmore's novels, and we find the curious story of its rise to fame in the columns of the London *Observer*, written by Mr. J. L. Garvin. Blackmore did not begin writing fiction until his fortieth year and then he "wrote for over half a decade without making his name." Mr. Garvin adds:

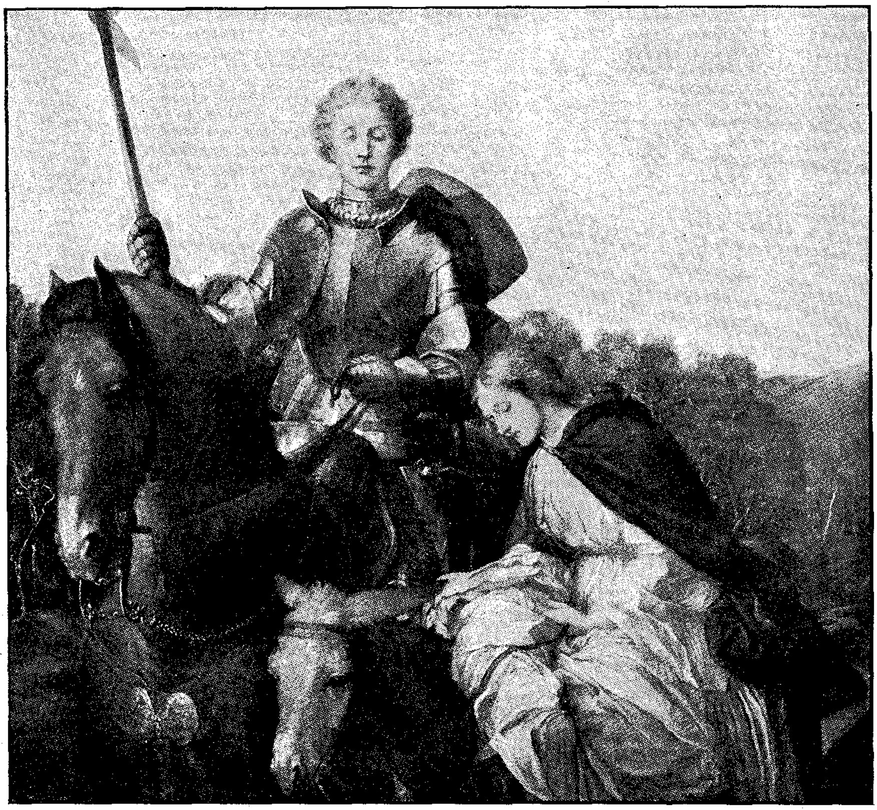
"He might never have made it but for an irrelevant stroke of luck, surpassing any improbability that a modern novelist dare bring into his plot. At the end of the '60s he wrote 'Lorna Doone.' It was destined to run into scores of editions and millions of copies, to be read throughout the English-speaking world, and to become as inseparable from the western moors as Dunkery Beacon. No such success of its kind has been achieved since Scott. Among historical novels 'Lorna Doone' has had more readers than 'Esmond' or 'The Cloister and the Hearth.'

"But for eighteen months after it appeared, the book seemed a dead failure. The publishers lost money. The critics shrugged. The chief journals damned it with faint praise. Then, in the spring of 1871, Princess Louise married the Marquis of Lorne, with whose title Blackmore had imagined his heroine to be connected. He had not the faintest suspicion that what he meant for pure fantasy would come to be associated by the incomprehensible public with a national event then altogether unforeseen. Popular sentiment had been carried away by this royal wedding. As Blackmore himself said, it gave his novel 'golden wings.' 'So grand,' he added, in his sturdy way, 'is the luck of time and name, failing which more solid beings melt into oblivion's depth.' He resented the manner of his good fortune, and it made him unfair to his own creation. For a long time he profest to think that 'Lorna Doone' would soon be forgotten. He maintained that two at least of his other novels, especially 'The Maid of Sker' and 'Springhaven,' were superior. Of course, he was wrong. There is hardly one of his novels that the present writer has not read with pleasure; there is something as wholesome as a fresh morning in every one of them. They breathe wide air. He knows the earth and the elements like a naturalist, a sportsman and a farmer. But they do not live of themselves.

"'Lorna Doone' took the world by storm after the world's attention was accidentally drawn to it, and is still alive and gay after half a century. There is a bunch of good reasons for that sequel. It is not great, but apart from being delightful it is considerable indeed. It has some long-winded pages which you can skip with impunity. Any honest reader pursuing his enjoyment knows how to take short-cuts at certain windings of the road in most of the classical novelists. The romance is as irresponsible as a fairy-tale, which is just what makes it taking. Every effect is heightened. If you tramp up Badgeworthy stream to find the hold of the Doones, you will not see the sinister waters nor the rock-walled valley of your dreams. In these matters 'Lorna Doone' cares no more for realism than does the 'Arabian Nights.' For sentiment Blackmore belongs to the age of innocence by comparison with modern novelists. Perhaps he errs on that side not more than they do on the other. A genuine romantic in his heart of hearts, he made a venturesome love match of his own in his twenties, and when his wife died forty years after he met her, he tried to the end of his longer days to keep the house as she left it."

MISS LOWELL'S HEART-BREAKS

MISS AMY LOWELL was subject to heart-break. It was one of her feminine traits to express herself that way. She suffered the same calamity when she saw that her subjunctive had been abolished by the proof-reader, so Dr. Clifford Smyth points out in *The Literary Digest International Book Review*. Therefore the evidence of her letter to Mr. Clement Shorter of the London *Sphere* that Gosse's review of her "John Keats" "broke her heart" proves more than the facts, as well as more than she intended. Dr. Smyth takes the same ground regarding her that she took regarding Keats, that it was no "article" that could snuff her out. Mr. Shorter made a very gallant defense of Miss Lowell and her "Keats" against the London critics, as we showed in our issue of June 27; but he was too wrought up over Miss Lowell's extravagant representation of her feelings, and didn't know her as the fighter she was. Thus Dr. Smyth:



"UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT"

G. F. Watts, the painter, was one of the greatest figures in British art of the nineteenth century. This painting is now in the Lady Lever Gallery.

"Doubtless Mr. Shorter writes in this melodramatic vein from a sincerely friendly attitude toward Miss Lowell herself, and a correspondingly indignant feeling aroused by those reviewers who, as he sees it, have failed in their appreciation of her 'John Keats.' Thus to write of Miss Lowell, however, is to impute to her a weakness of character, a lack of critical fortitude and tenacity, that were the very reverse of the strength and fearlessness which were always prominent qualities in her brilliant and often stormy literary career. If there ever was a writer who most decidedly could not be 'snuffed out by an article,' it was assuredly this woman who, through creative talents of a high order linked with a critical faculty singularly efficient in its constructiveness, has won for herself an altogether unique position in her country's literature. Had she been otherwise, had she been handicapped with the morbidly sensitive nature attributed to her by Mr. Shorter, a nature vulnerable to every chance criticism that the makers of literature must inevitably encounter, it is hardly conceivable that she would have chosen deliberately to champion the cause from the very first of so radical a departure from comfortable conservatism as that offered by the so-called New Poetry movement, or that she would have undertaken the writing of a life of Keats that ran counter, as she better than any one else must have known it would, to the accepted Keats tradition. Doubtless, in common with every sincere writer and teacher, Miss Lowell valued and welcomed whatever conversions she might win to her way of thinking. But if she failed of popular approval, or if the average critic scoffed at her ideals and theories (as they have done time and again) she was not one to bewail her fate or spinelessly to shrink from further combat."

She took her literary work "with an intense and whole-hearted seriousness" that had nothing of the dilettante about it, Dr. Smyth declares. In fact—

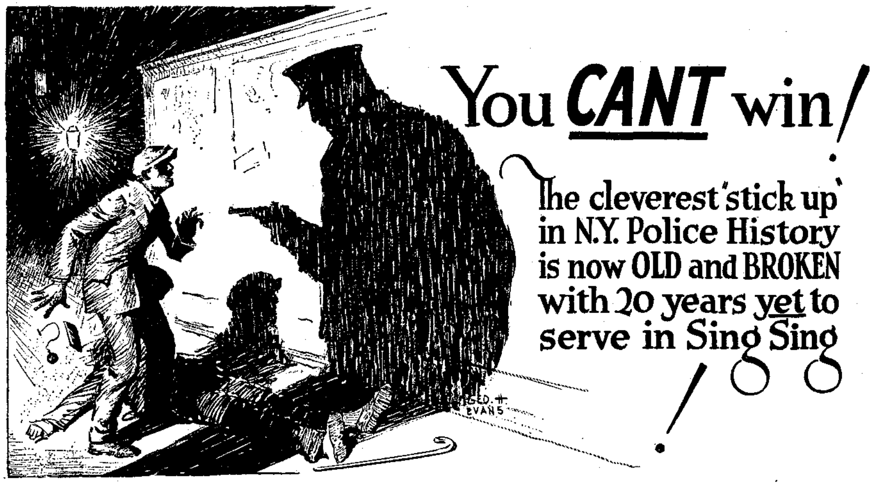
"She lived in and for her ideas, and this passionate absorption was impress in almost her every written and spoken word. In a long series of her letters, extending over a period of some six years, and having to do, in the main, with the publication of occasional articles, poems, reviews, etc., I find recurring evidence of this attitude, as for instance when she writes, characteristically, regarding a review she had just sent me: 'If you want it shortened, I can shorten it, but I must ask you to let me make any changes myself, if there are any, which I hope there will not be. I never consent to have any one else change a word in what I have written, not even a title, a rule of mine which is unalterable and which I am sure you will not object to,' etc. Later on, and in regard to the printing of another article, a verbal change did manage to creep in without her or my knowledge. Here is her comment—and, be it noted, she concludes with the same despairing phrase in regard to this matter that Mr. Shorter reports her to have used in connection with Gosse's review of her 'John Keats': 'You made one mistake in the second paragraph. I wrote "if our knowledge *include* the work of such men," your proof-reader put "if our knowledge *includes* the work of such men." May I suggest that "suppositions contrary to fact take the subjunctive," this being the one grammatical rule I have remembered from my school days. In other words, sentences beginning with "if" should take the subjunctive. My heart broke when I saw that. You see what a terrible person you have to deal with.'

"A number of years after this 'heart-breaking' grammatical slip there occurred the accidental and unfortunate transposition of certain lines in Miss Lowell's poem, 'The Congressional Library,' published in the initial number of the *International Book Review*. Miss Lowell had very graciously and particularly wanted to appear among the first contributors to this magazine, and her poem for the occasion was especially welcome in view of the fact that she had announced her intention of writing nothing further for magazines or newspapers until her 'John Keats' was finished and published. That any accident should have befallen her admirable poem, 'The Congressional Library,' therefore, was felt quite as keenly by me as it was by her, and I was only too glad to make whatever reparation was possible. I doubted the wisdom, however, of republishing the poem in its entirety, fearing, for her sake, that it would afford her critics too easy an opportunity for ridicule. To this she made the following significant reply: 'I am awfully sorry to bother you in this way, but it means a lot to me. I am not in the least afraid of the "columnists"; they have done their worst with me for ten years, and I seem uninjured. You see, there may conscionably be some among your readers who would like to have the poem right, and, as I told you, I am not preparing a volume of miscellaneous poems for some time, so that, in all probability (barring anthologies) yours will be the only version in print for some time, and naturally I want that version to be without mistakes.'"

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

ADVERTISING AGAINST CRIMINALITY

ADVERTISING LENDS ITSELF to new uses every day, and now it takes a sharp and dramatic turn by showing the potential criminal what he really is and pointing out to him the dangers inherent to himself in a life of crime. He who rides in New York now may read the warning, "You CANT Win," in the subway, on the L, in every surface car and in all the commuters' trains. The phrase is printed on a series of advertising cards which depict also the figure of a policeman, alert, ready, with gun in hand, and, at the end, a dread climax. The campaign is being carried on by Barron G. Collier, president of Barron G. Collier, Inc., and a Special Deputy Commissioner of the New York Police Department, as a result of the success of his safety campaign, which, it is estimated, saves hundreds of lives every year. The situation, writes Frank Hough in *The Advertising and Selling Fortnightly* (New York), has been studied with all the care of a merchandising campaign. Neglecting the theories of heredity, environment and mental derangement as causes of criminality, in an attempt to deal with a new condition, the advertiser strikes at the situation from a more direct and pertinent angle. A man is a criminal, says Mr. Hough, for two reasons: (1) He believes that the world owes him a better living than he can earn honestly; (2) he is innately a gambler—believing that he can "beat the game." A paradoxical twist in human nature causes many people to cast the halo of romance over the "super-crook"—the "master mind." This advertising campaign, therefore, seeks to show the criminal to himself as he actually is—not the "dashing, romantic adventurer, but the furtive, sneaking, cringing thing, living always in fear of the law." He is not a superman, says Mr. Hough. He is seldom better than a moron. As Mr. Hough describes the anti-crime campaign,


You CANT win!
The cleverest 'stick up' in N.Y. Police History is now OLD and BROKEN with 20 years yet to serve in Sing Sing!
ED. + EVANS

Copyrighted by Barron Collier

A PICTORIAL WARNING TO THE YOUNG CRIMINAL

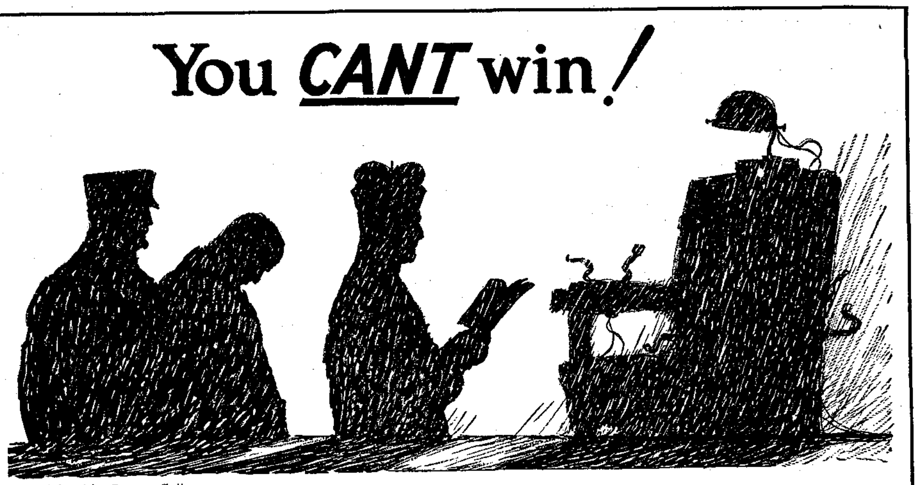
"The cards are eighteen in number and run in two parallel series which constitute the positive and negative arguments of the case. The first series is addrest to the criminal himself; or more directly to the young criminal, the potential criminal who is beginning to look with hungry eyes upon the seemingly lucrative returns of a life of crime. This series shows the criminal in the various phases of his calling; the yeggman 'cracking' a safe, the thug 'rolling' his victim, the gangster gunman in a running fight. In each picture animation has been suspended at the most dramatic point. The criminal is shown caught like a cornered rat, his features stamped with animal terror. Looming over him is the law, here represented by the towering shadow silhouette which falls on the wall beside him; the police officer with drawn revolver; dark, ruggedly heroic, indomitable. There is little of glamor or romance about the situation; rather a sordid, haunting fear.

"The text is short and to the point, and admirable in its poignant suggestiveness. 'The cleverest "stick up" in New York police history is now old and broken, with twenty years yet to serve in Sing Sing!' —'13,000 police are sworn to "get you"—alive or dead!' The head of each, the keynote of the series, leaps at the reader, 'You *CANT* win!' The 'CANT' strikes sharply. It is printed in large, bold-faced capital italics and is heavily underlined in black. Even the apostrophe has been omitted to give it greater force and sharper appeal. The criminal is gambling at tremendously long odds—and the cards are stacked against him."

The last card of the series shows the last act of the life of crime. Powerful in itself, it is doubly so when it is considered in its relation to the series, of which it is the inevitable finale. A potential gangster might well shudder as he looks at this:

"Four shadow silhouettes against a blank wall: the chaplain with open prayer-book, the criminal, the electric chair; and in the rear of the procession the omnipresent, rugged figure of the policeman. No text, simply the poignant caption, 'You *CANT* Win!'

"The second series, which runs parallel with the first, constitutes the negative appeal where the criminal is concerned. It shows him how strong are the police and how weak he is by comparison, and has the further objects of breeding greater respect for and appreciation of the police in the minds of the people of New York, and of heightening the morale of these police through this very admiration and appreciation."


You CANT win!

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ANOTHER WARNING: "THE INEVITABLE FINALE"

DEADHEADS IN THE CHURCH

MANY CHURCH MEMBERS expect to get a free ticket to heaven, for, if they were examined, says *The Baptist,* the rosters of the churches would reveal the names of a startlingly large number of deadheads who get for nothing what the self-respecting members pay for. These deadheads, we are told, are sometimes officers in the church, and at times they have been known to hold positions of leadership in denominational councils. It is beyond the farthest stretch of *The Baptist's* logic "to reason out the mental gyrations and the ethical standards of a church member who rubs his face with a brass candlestick and goes through on his cheek." Unable to get any satisfactory explanation of this situation by studying the deadhead, *The Baptist* turns to the church itself as an organization and there finds the cause that accounts for it. All denominations are affected, and *The Baptist's* findings are probably true of all:

> "Thousands of members are taken into the churches annually without any due process of instruction in the fiscal affairs of the organization, and without enlightenment as to their own relation to the financial support of the kingdom of God. They receive the right hand of fellowship, but fellowship in giving for the relief of the unfortunate, for the support of the local church and for the maintenance of the missionary, educational and philanthropic enterprises of the denomination is seldom explained. The stewardship of money is a high-sounding phrase to many members of our churches, and they do not know that it simply means in plain words the giving of at least 10 per cent. of their income to the support of the church and benevolences of various kinds regularly each week by the envelop system or some other system equally good. Most church organizations are sadly behind the times in the matter of developing the members in the duty of giving. Each member is left to his own impulse to give what he thinks is his share without knowing what the officers of the church regard as his share. Indeed there are multitudes of churches which never check on the members to determine what is the equitable share of each for the support of the church and its missionary obligations.
>
> "We heard of a church the other day which reported a $2,500 surplus in the treasury with all bills paid and all obligations met in full. On inquiry we found that the pastor and officers have worked out a system by which the financial ability of each member or each family in the church is ascertained, and on this basis the tentative amount which each should pledge annually for current expenses and benevolences is determined. When the every-member canvass is made at the beginning of the fiscal year this tentative amount is wisely suggested to each person or family solicited for a pledge, and in almost every case the suggestion is cheerfully accepted and the subscription signed accordingly. There is not a single deadhead in this particular church, because no member is permitted to go through on his face. A check is kept on his account quarterly, and discipline follows in due time if he fails to meet his financial obligations to the church."

CHURCH UNITY IN CALIFORNIA—The West attempts another solution of the old problem of church competition which is particularly interesting in that unity is to be effected without loss of denominational identity. The plan comes from the Presbytery of Sacramento, which covers the whole of what is called Superior California, which has an area of 37,000 square miles and a population of more than 337,000. Under the direction of the Rev. Ralph W. Bayless, we read in *The Presbyterian Advance,* the presbytery has taken action against competition with other evangelical churches by proposing the following alternatives of unifying worship and service in small communities:

> "1. Union services on the part of competing churches already on the ground, with a union Sunday school and, if possible, one pastor.
>
> "2. That there be 'trades' between the denominations concerned by which the church of a particular denomination in one community shall be discontinued and the church of that same denomination in another community shall be strengthened by the discontinuance of a competing church.
>
> "3. The federation of churches, the several congregations maintaining their integrity and contributions, but being united in worship and local service under a single minister.
>
> "4. The formation of affiliated churches. Such churches shall belong to one or the other of the denominations, but members of still other denominations shall become affiliated members, contributing to local support and having a right to vote in the congregation, but without severing their relations with their communions.
>
> "Through the operation of one or another of the four plans just outlined the presbytery is hoping that each community shall come to have just one church which shall serve the whole community and which shall have a resident pastor with an adequate salary, together with an expense allowance for use in the service of the community. Such community churches are coming to be very common in the West, and this seems to be the only way to solve the problem which grows out of a number of small competing churches, no one of which is able to do efficiently the work which ought to be done."

WHAT FUNDAMENTALISM AND EVOLUTION STAND FOR

MEN MAY DIFFER, but truth must be constant and facts agree. Yet a hypothetical disinterested person, when considering the claims of theology and evolution, may ask, with Pilate, "What is truth?" The Fundamentalist finds it in the Word of God, and the evolutionist finds it in the book of nature, tho, to be exact, each finds some truth in the other's field. To set forth clearly what each finds is the aim of the Rev. J. Gresham Machen and Vernon Kellogg in statements prepared by them and published in the New York *Times.* Dr. Machen, who is one of the leaders of the Presbyterian Fundamentalists and Assistant Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in Princeton Theological Seminary, writes on "What Fundamentalism Stands for Now," and Mr. Kellogg, who is a zoologist and writer and permanent secretary and chairman of educational relations of the Natural Research Council, writes on "What Evolution Stands for Now." The articles are not written in a spirit of controversy—in fact, we are told, Dr. Machen refused to discuss evolution—but with the purpose of giving definite information on an issue which is on everybody's lips.

To begin with, Dr. Machen objects to the term fundamentalism as suggesting that Fundamentalists are adherents of some strange new sect, whereas, in point of fact, they "are conscious simply of maintaining the historic Christian faith and of moving in the great central current of Christian life." The historic continuity of Christianity, he tells us, is based upon its appeal to a body of facts about God, about man, and about the way in which, at a definite point in the world's history, some nineteen hundred years ago, a new relationship was set up between God and man by the work of Jesus Christ. Dr. Machen says that the conservatives decline to abandon to the student of natural science the entire realm of fact in order to reserve to religion merely a realm of ideals, and recites:

> "The body of truth upon which the Christian religion is based may be divided into three parts. There is, first, the doctrine of God (or theology proper); second, the doctrine of man; and, third, the doctrine of the Christian relationship between God and man. These three divisions may now be considered briefly in turn.
>
> "The basis of the Christian view of God—by no means all of it, but the basis of it—is simply theism; the belief, namely, that the universe was created, and is now upheld by a personal Being upon whom it is dependent but who is not dependent upon it. This view is opposed to all forms of the prevalent pantheism, which either makes 'God' merely a collective name for the world process itself, or else regards Him as related to the world process as the soul of man is related to his body.
>
> "The Christian doctrine of man is partly involved in the Christian doctrine of God; theism, with its distinction between God and the world, humbles man as creature under the almighty

hand of God, while the current pantheism exalts man because his life is regarded as being a part of all the God there is."

The two great historic presuppositions, in the Fundamentalist view, are "God enveloped in a terrible righteousness, man an offender against His law and under His just wrath." We deserved eternal death, says the Fundamentalist; but we may be saved by the redeeming power of Christ on the Cross and Christ resurrected. Acceptance of the supernatural, argues Dr. Machen, does not destroy the basis of science; "it does not introduce an element of arbitrariness which would make impossible any exhibition of regular sequences in nature. On the contrary, a miracle, according to the Christian view, is not an arbitrary or purposeless event, but proceeds from the very source of all the order that there is in the world, namely, from the will of God." And, says Dr. Machen,

> "We are not saying that while miracles were accomplished by God ordinary events are not accomplished by Him, but only that in the case of ordinary events He uses means, or 'second causes,' while in the case of miracles He puts forth His creative power. A miracle, then, is an event wrought by the immediate, as distinguished from the mediate power of God; it is not a work of Providence, but is akin to the work of creation.
>
> "The outstanding miracle narrated in the New Testament is the emergence of the body of Jesus from the tomb. Upon that miracle the Christian Church was founded, and the evidence for it is of a singularly varied and cumulative kind. But that event is not isolated; it is connected with a consistent representation of Jesus in the New Testament as a supernatural person—not the fairest flower of humanity, the finest thing the world has to show, not divine only because divinity courses through all things, not God only because He was the highest development of man, but the eternal Son of God who came voluntarily into the world for our redemption."

To describe Jesus merely as a teacher does not fit in with what is taught in the New Testament, we are told, for Jesus is "not merely an example for faith but primarily the object of faith," and the means which God uses in making men Christian is faith. There is no permanent hope for society in the mere "principles of Jesus," says Dr. Machen. It is found only in the new birth of individual souls, and he goes on:

> "Such is the way of salvation as it is set forth in the Bible and in historic Christianity. . . . The world, according to our view, is lost in sin; the Gospel provides the only way of escape; and the blackest guilt into which any Christian can fall is to deceive dying souls into thinking that some other way will answer as well.
>
> "If these views of ours are wrong, they should be refuted; but it is unreasonable to ask us to hold these views and then act as tho we did not hold them. If these views are true, they must determine our every action, in our capacity both as men and as ministers in the Church. God has placed us in the world as witnesses, and we can not, in the interests of ecclesiastical harmony, or for any other reason, allow our witness to become untrue. We can not consent to deceive men into thinking that they can be saved in any other way than through the Gospel that is set forth in the Word of God."

Turning now to Mr. Kellogg, he remarks that while evolution is defined in many ways, to him it is "something of an explanation of why and how there are so many kinds of living creatures with all their varied forms and manners, yet all striving for similar ends and with much commonness of method." It is not an ultimate explanation of any of these things; it is not an explanation of life itself and the final cause of the variety and yet identity of all life. "It is an explanation of process, not of primitive cause." He goes on:

> "Evolution means outrolling, unfolding. It means a reasonable, satisfying, ennobling conception of life, a conception that gives life infinite promise. Organic evolution is the outrolling of the plan of life, the unfolding of the possibilities of life. It runs naturally and logically from simple to complex, from the general to the special, from the lowly to the high, from ameba—and simpler—to man.
>
> "Evolution means continuity, means transmutation, the origin of the new from the old; means change, continuous movement, gradatory development. It means genetic relationship, blood cousinhood an all-embracing genealogy of life. It means the fundamental unity of all life, however varied the appearance and the manner of it in different living kinds and individuals It means a continuous living stream varying in appearance in its different parts, but never really broken or with its parts really separated.
>
> "Every living creature, large or small, long-lived or ephemeral, active or quiescent, myriad-celled or single-celled, is in certain fundamental structure and behavior like every other living creature. To remain alive it has need of certain physical and chemical surroundings which every other living creature has to have, and it does certain things which every other creature does
>
> "We are one of these living creatures, and what has just been said is as true of us as it is of the rest. And just as evolution offers reasonable answers to the questions we ask about plants and animals, so also it answers many of our questions about ourselves."

And the evidence of evolution from comparative anatomy, paleontology and the geographical distributions of plants and animals is increasing, says Mr. Kellogg. In connection with human evolution notable advance in knowledge has come from the many new finds of human and near-human fossils in Europe, Asia and Africa, and of hundreds of thousands of specimens of the handiwork of prehistoric men. Mr. Kellogg stresses the similarities in the blood of human beings and the anthropoid apes and the evidences from embryology, which, he says, have greatly increased in number and definiteness since Darwin's time. He traces in some detail the evolutionary process as witnessed in embryonic development, and says that natural selection, tho it has lost some of its validity since Darwin's time, is still recognized as the prime determiner of what lines of evolution may persist and what may not. Species-forming by mutations—suddenly appearing as lesser or greater changes among individuals of an existing species that are inheritable, and hence fixt from the time of their first appearance, thus adding new kinds of plants and animals to the already existing kinds—shows us evolution, says Mr. Kellogg, actually and visibly occurring under our eyes To the doubter Mr. Kellogg presents as examples the mutation of the evening primroses and the fruit flies, which he says have already become classics in the history of our understanding of evolution. He concludes:

> "Evolution is an accepted reality among biologists. These men, thousands of them, trained in a technique which enables them to study penetratingly the phenomena of life, and devoted to a disinterested search for truth, find these phenomena consonant with the conception of evolution. As the examination of these phenomena extends and grows in precision, the evidence for evolution cumulates both as to quantity and quality. The more we know about living things the more nearly absolute becomes our conviction of the reality of evolution. Whether we want to believe in evolution or not, we simply have to.
>
> "The world seems eager to hear from the technical men of science what they can learn and tell of the causes and cures of disease, the handling of electricity and radioactivity, the analysis and synthesis of chemical compounds, the biological basis of plant and animal breeding and of agriculture and forestry and fisheries, of heredity and variation, of environmental influence, of glands and hormones, of calories and vitamines. And the world accepts gladly and confidently what the scientific men tell it about these things.
>
> "But when the scientific man finds and declares the reality of evolution by using the same methods by which he finds out these other things, and by finding the same kind of proofs on which his declarations regarding these things are based, then the world, or a certain part of it, cries: 'No, we do not want evolution; we will not have it.' What can the scientific man do in these circumstances? He can only say: 'Well, there is evolution.'
>
> "This may seem like obstinacy or dogmatism. But it is only the compulsion of truth. It is not that the scientific man is intent on proving evolution. He is not intent on proving anything. He is only intent on finding out what really is. As he studies life, plant, animal and human, he simply and unescapably finds out that evolution really is. And then he says so."

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AND
BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
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BEANS
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Do you know what it is?

It's a simple easy way to let your appetite guide you on the flavor and nourishing quality of beans. Try it and you will know which beans you will want to eat every time.

Get a can of Campbell's at your grocer's today. When you have a real appetite, when you're hungry and keen for substantial food, eat Campbell's Beans.

Notice how tempting the flavor is, how good the beans taste, from the very first one to the very last. You will fairly revel in the added zest given by the tomato sauce.

When you've finished, you'll know that you have had a meal—and a good one! Let your own appetite—your own sense of taste—select your beans!

Serve hot
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The great popular summer dish!

So delicious
So nourishing
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12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States
and in Canada

Any grocer will tell you that right now people are buying beans in even larger quantities than ever. Beans are popular always. But in the summer people spend more time outdoors, their appetites are keener, they insist on having good food that is easily prepared. Beans are already cooked. They require almost no home preparation. Yet they are so substantial that they are often served as the main dish of the meal. Supply yourself today!

Campbell's BEANS
SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

CURRENT ◆ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THO this appears in *The Sunday Times* (London), the locale places it in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. And certainly the name is Indian.

SOME TIME AGO

By Radclyffe Hall

I remember on a morning
How I drove to Wissihicken;
On a pleasant autumn morning,
When the woods were red and brown;
How my little mare went flying
With the frost upon her fetlocks,
Striking sparks from off the cobbles
Of the road beyond the town.

How she strove and fought against me,
For the joy she had in living,
For the ancient joy of combat
Pulling hard upon the reins,
Till my muscles stretched and quickened,
And the blood went leaping through me,
With the pleasure of adventure
In the power that restrains.

I remember that a bird sang
In defiant jubilation,
From the windy topmost branches
Came the cadence loud and long;
And I slowed the pace to listen
From a very sense of wonder
At the gladness, and the valour,
And the beauty of his song.

I remember Wissihicken
With the mists above the river,
How they folded me and hid me
In a swirl of chilly grey,
Then I struck a winding cart-track
Leading up beyond the valley,
Through the dimness of the pine trees,
And came out into the day.

Oh, that day at Wissihicken!
All the joy of it and vigour,
All the racing, stinging vigour
Of the swiftly moving air!
I remember I was young, too,
When I drove to Wissihicken,
In my black and yellow buggy
With the little chestnut mare.

June is passed, but the memory of her roses is not dead. So here from *The Commonweal* (New York) are hostages to memory.

ROSES

By J. Corson Miller

Last night, against the wall of the moon,
I heard a crowd of roses speak—
If you will listen at the lips of June,
Oh, you will hear what the roses seek.
For Spring comes late, but Summer soon,
And a red rose lives for a lover's cheek.

'Twas under the roof of the radiant moon
I heard a white rose softly sing
A strange, wild song with a ghostly tune,
Of a girl's white feet gone wandering.
For never a white rose weaves a rune,
But the ear of a dead girl's listening.

Though Spring come late, and Summer soon,
And June make Summer's gift complete,
The life of a rose is sadly fleet,
And fleet are the dancing feet of June.
If you will listen when the wind is sweet,
You'll hear the roses speak to the moon.

FOLLY

By William Berry

Take only a rose from the bowl—
The dream of a scented night,
Take only one blossom—and go,
Thou hast loved—and, oh, well I know
The sadness of thy good-night.

The plight of thy heart—is it mine?
Tears—and the mutterings too?
Thou lovedst—the rose is thy kiss
Pressed in a passion of bliss.
—My bowl holds a thousand like you.

Thy rose—did it bloom with the rest?
Well, caress it under the light.
It is broken and bruised, do you say?
—Dawn heals the soft petals' decay,
Just take it—thy rose—and good-night!

This seems a restatement put into concrete form of George Eliot's doctrine of heaven in "The Choir Invisible." It is printed in *The Mesa* (Colorado Springs):

MOTHER

By Milton S. Rose

They tell me she is dead; and that I knew;
For who than I should hold her dying hand
To steady the brave spirit to its peace?
But when she died the sense of her in me
Became another self, a soul in soul
Tenderly held as once was mine in her—
A joy in pain that takes me to the verge
Of being where is only death beyond.

Only the future dies;—the past lives on;
So the mind lies in saying she is dead.
The love that holds her imaged in its own light
Needs not God to make her beautiful;
Nor heaven to lend a happiness apart
From the warm dream that wraps her in my breast.

The Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem, printed in *The Saturday Review* (New York) is too long to quote in full. But it contains a certain creed of youth, as well as the usual complaints of the "betrayed generation." Don Quixote is the chosen hero, and he leads to what romance the times afford:

NOCTURNE IN A LIBRARY

By Arthur Davison Ficke

* * * * *

IV

We, the so-doubtful heroes of today—
We children of all irony, all despair,—
We proud explorers who have missed our way—
We, Icarus-brood hurled headlong through the air,
For us, what guide and leader can suffice?
What champion or what prophet or what sage?
What herald of an Earthly Paradise?
What golden hero from the Golden Age? . . .
Who—save the ancient, tattered, unhorsed knight—
The renowned windmill-warrior, sore and spent—
That luckless champion who in every fight
Proved his cause lost beyond all argument. . . .
Yes! deck the lean horse! Bring the rusty lance!—
And let Don Quixote ride forth toward romance!

See how he rides, that battered ancient shade—
(Our hero, or else hero have we none—)
Don Quixote, vanquished, and by fate betrayed,
The sorriest scarecrow underneath the sun:
Intent upon an adventure of no ending—
Passionate on a quest without a goal—
To the dull prose of tavern-keepers lending
The flaming poetry of his giddy soul—
Careering through a world that has no place
For the quaint chivalry that the legends told—
Seeing brass basins turn to helms of gold—
Finding the Virgin in the harlot's face:
The dupe of an archaic lying vision—
Time's fool. . . . the ages' jest . . . . the oaf's derision. . . .

See how he rides! Indomitable still,
With Roland's horn still echoing in his breast—
Spending the riches of his knightly will
On mirthful lords, and hussies sore-distressed—
And by an hundred unperceived defeats
Proving what his old heart will never learn.
The lesson each ironic day repeats
Is nothing to him; for his hopes still burn
High, steadfast, starry in the heavens ahead;
And giants must be slain, still, in the dark;
If chivalry from this grim world has fled,
He will lift up his pennon, as a mark
For every shaft of pitiless destiny,
Though laughter shake the earth and rock the sky.

O dauntless hero of the rusty mail!
You knew the appalling truth before you died—
Knew that your knighthood was of no avail,
And that the old romancers all had lied.
Yet shall your followers, to the farthest age,
Still saddle the lean horse and grasp the lance,
And seek your dusty highroads of romance,
And your vain wars against the giants wage.
For comedy is in our deepest blood;
We breathe frustration from the very air.
O great Don Quixote! Let your reckless mood
Still be our light, through midnights of despair—
That we, though knowing all that once you knew,
Hopeless and grim, adventure forth with you!

One recalls "John Anderson My Jo"; but here is no idyl of mutual love such as Burns produces. Perhaps we must call him romantic and this in the London *Morning Post* realistic:

HER LAST WISH

By I. C.

The wind was soochin, the wind was sighin'
As Janet Purdie lay a' dyin'.
Her man, he sat at her bedside,
"Weel John," says she, "I canna' bide
I hae been a guid wife to ye."
"Middlin'," says John, "middlin'," says he.

"See that the lass when I am dead
Na soops the dirt ablow the bed,
An', John, I hae an unco' cravin'
To lay me in the mools o' Stra'von;
For, man, I couldna' rest a week
In Glesca' glaur an' Glesca' reek
So lay me John where the gowans are wavin'
In the bonnier auld kirkyard o' Stra'von."

"A weel," says John, "a weel," says he,
"We'll see, guid wife, we'll see, we'll see."
But Janet turned an' Janet tossed,
An' threepit aye atween her hoast,
"Ay, John, if ye wud na' see my wraith
Come back to haunt ye after daith,
Promise me, man, I ask nae mair
Than be laid tae rest i' the kirkyard there."

"Weel wife," says John, "I canna' see
What differ it wud mak' to ye;
But we'll dae, Janet, what we can,
For I'm a reasonable man.
So when we've kisted ye and hearsed,
We'll pit ye in the Gorbals first,
And if we find ye're no behavin'
Quiet, we'll try ye syne at Stra'von."

There is no effort at poetic diction here, but, perhaps, the thought comes out stronger for it. It occurs in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

SHE WAS A NEVER-FAILING WELL

By Ruth Fitch Bartlett

She was a never-failing well.
The tragedy—if tragedy there was—
Was only this;
He had no need, nor liking even,
For things too permanent,
The brook that would run dry before September,
But make a crazy rumpus in the spring,
Could break his heart—and did.

And she, who had no fountain suddenness,
No turns and tricks of rivers,
No great waves to comfort him,
Could only stand
A never-failing well beside his door,
Knowing that her tranquillity
Would never even overturn a pebble
To catch the eye of his distracted grief.

FLINT, MICHIGAN—Where the 'round-the-world Buick started and finished. Tens of thousands of the million and more Buicks in use today show mileage in excess of the earth's circumference on their speedometers.

A Buick Has Circled the Globe!

A Standard Buick touring car has made the hazardous trip around the world under conditions that will convince anyone of the dependability of this famous motor car.

It went alone—without driver or mechanic. One Buick dealer drove it to the next—350 different drivers handled it during its travels. It went on a schedule and met that schedule to the dot — never missing an arrival date. And finished its circle of the globe in less time than the Round-the-World Fliers.

A Buick did this without repair or replacement. Buick's world-wide Authorized Service never was needed, although the car was within the sales and service territory of some Buick dealer at every point in its route across the continents it traversed.

You may never decide to drive around the earth but you will always know you have a car that will take you—a car that has a safeguard of world-wide service—*if you own a Buick.*

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Branches in all Principal Cities
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Pioneer Builders
of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

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When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

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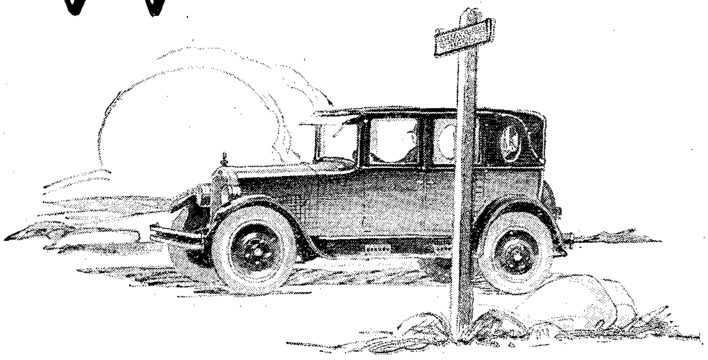

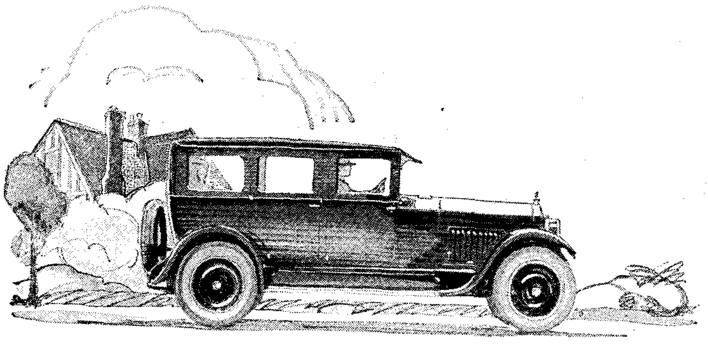

OAKLAND

IN the Oakland model 6-54 we have an example of the high power, high speed, six cylinder, water cooled, L-head type of engine, developing well over 40 H. P. at 2600 revolutions per minute.

Except for the first few engines in which aluminum alloy pistons were used, all engines of this model are equipped with semi-steel pistons fitted with three piston rings above the piston pin. The bottom ring is designed to scrape the surplus oil from the cylinder wall and return it to the crankcase through twelve small holes provided in the bottom of the ring groove for this purpose.

The force feed type of lubricating system is employed in Oakland engines. A gear pump located in the bottom of the oil reservoir, forces oil to the crankshaft bearings and through drillings in the crankshaft webs to the connecting rod bearings. The camshaft bearings are also pressure lubricated. The cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings and piston pin bearings receive their oil supply from the spray thrown by the connecting rod bearings.

Being of the high speed, high compression type, the operating temperatures of these engines are moderately high; hence, a fairly rich lubricating oil is desirable. The system of lubrication employed insures effective distribution of such an oil under summer operating temperatures.

As the pistons and connecting rod bearings are designed to prevent surplus oil from reaching the combustion chambers, an oil rich in lubricating value can be used without liability of detrimental carbon deposits.

With the piston ring equipment of these engines, such an oil will effectively seal the rings against blow-by.

Because it is particularly suited to these conditions, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended for model 6-54 Oakland engines when operated in summer.

During cold weather, due to the connecting rod bearings of these engines being designed to avoid excess oil being thrown from them, an oil that is fluid at low temperatures should be used, in order to insure an adequate supply to the cylinder walls when the oil is chilled.

To meet this winter condition Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for the period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

For Oakland engines of the earlier valve-in-head type, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended both summer and winter, except for temperatures below zero when Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used.

HUDSON

THE engine used in your Hudson car is of the L-head cylinder, water cooled type. Maintenance of effici engine temperatures is provided for by means of manua operated radiator shutters. The pistons employed are of aluminum constant clearance type, fitted with three narr piston rings above the piston pin, the lower ring acting a scraper ring.

A splash circulating oiling system is employed, the oil bei circulated by a variable stroke plunger pump driven from distributor shaft. This pump delivers oil to the splash troug under the connecting rod bearings by means of a series V-shaped troughs on the inner crankcase wall. Dippers on connecting rod bottoms dip into and break up the oil int fine mist which is distributed over the interior of the engine a lubricates the pistons, piston pins, cylinder walls, camshaft a connecting rod bearings.

All of these features have a bearing on the selection of correct oil for Hudson engines. With oil distributed by spla it is essential that the oil be of the proper body to atomize fre under the action of the connecting rod dippers. The tenden for carbon deposits to develop in an engine is influenced larg by the quantity of oil entering the combustion chambers. Hudson engines the variable stroke pump, the close clearar and design of the constant clearance aluminum pistons and effectiveness of the bottom piston ring in preventing over-oili of the cylinder walls, are features which minimize oil pumpi tendencies and permit the use of a fairly rich lubricating under summer operating conditions.

To meet the requirements of Hudson engines, we recomme the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" during summer weather cars produced during 1923, 1924, and 1925. For those man factured previous to 1923 and not equipped with aluminum p tons, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended. When freezi temperatures are encountered, however, Gargoyle Mobil Arctic should be used in all models in order to assure relial distribution of the oil when chilled and effect ease of starting.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

When you see this flange sign you will find at hand exactly the RIGHT oil for your car

Branches in principal cities.
Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

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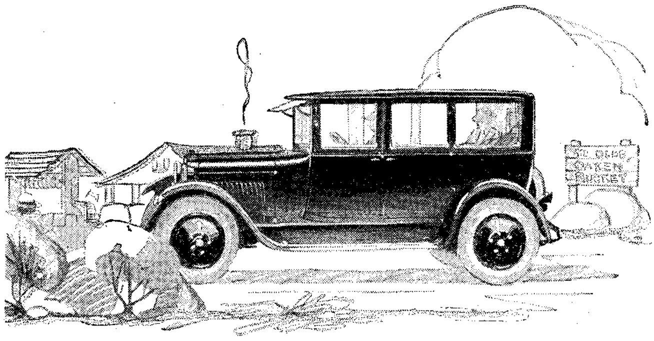


DODGE

[E engine in your Dodge car is noted for its exceptional erformance and dependability. It is of the four cylinder, ıl, L-head type, being 3⅞″ bore and 4½″ stroke and ying pump circulation of the cooling water. The com- ɔn pressure is approximately 65 pounds per sq. in.

y constant clearance type pistons are now employed and ıre fitted with four piston rings, all above the piston pin. ɔttom ring serves to scrape any surplus oil from cylinder returning it to the crankcase through slots cut in the . Close clearance limits are maintained in the piston fits.

ıbricating system employed is of the splash circulating A vane type pump at the front of the engine delivers the wells over the crankshaft bearings and to troughs under nnecting rods. Dippers on the lower ends of the connect- ds dip into the oil in the splash troughs and generate an st which lubricates the cylinders, also the camshaft, cting rod and piston pin bearings.

lge piston design and con- ion tend to prevent over- ation and the consequent tion of carbon deposits. In on the use of aluminum as on material has a marked ıcy to reduce knocking or ıg.

ısequently a rich lubricat- . may be used to advantage. an oil will afford very effec- ealing of the rings and will stributed perfectly by the ating system during warm ıer. When freezing tem- ıres are encountered a more ɔil is required to insure dis- ion.

best results in Dodge en- in summer, Gargoyle Mo- "A" should be used for all produced since 1923. For manufactured previous to and having cast iron pistons ɔyle Mobiloil Arctic is rec- ended. In winter Gargoyle loil Arctic should be used in odels.

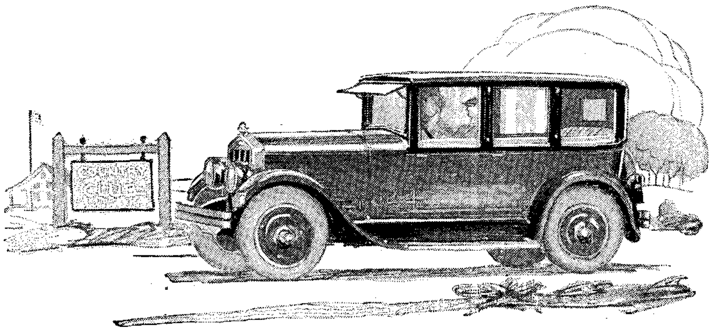
MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	...	...
" (*other mod's.*)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...



FRANKLIN

YOUR Franklin car is unique in its use of an air-cooled engine, the present design being the result of prolonged development of this type. The engine is a "Six" with cylinders of the valve-in-head type, the bore and stroke being 3¼″ and 4″ respectively.

Each cylinder is cast as a unit with a series of vertical copper ribs, these being so shaped that they form a number of closed passages along the cylinder wall. Cooling is effected by a blower which forces a current of air over the valve mechanism and then vertically downward through the spaces between the ribs.

The constant clearance, aluminum pistons of Franklin engines are equipped with four piston rings above the piston pin. Slots are cut in the piston skirt through which the oil scraped from the cylinder walls by the lower ring is returned to the crankcase. This construction effectively controls oil pumping and thereby reduces the possibilities for detrimental carbon deposits.

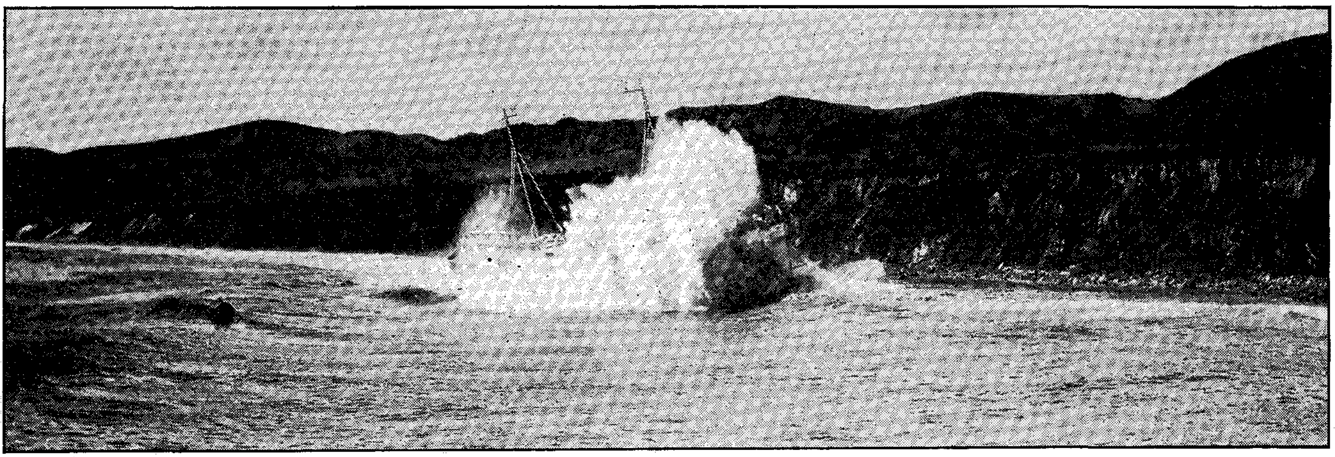
The Franklin lubricating system is especially designed to distribute heavy bodied oils under all operating conditions. It is of the force feed type, employing a gear pump, so designed that while making one revolution, it delivers under high pressure a measured jet of oil to each of the seven crankshaft bearings. From these the oil is led through drillings in the crankshaft to the connecting rod bearings. The oil thrown from these lubricates the camshaft bearings, cylinder walls, piston rings and piston pins.

The operating temperature of the Franklin engine is somewhat higher than normally encountered, consequently a heavier bodied and richer lubricant than commonly used is preferred in order to provide adequate lubrication under all conditions of service. In the Franklin design the possibilities for detrimental carbon deposits are minimized by the very effective oil control. The amount of oil thrown to the cylinders is definitely regulated by the metered pump feed; while the constant clearance design of the aluminum pistons permits close clearances and affords a very effective oil return through the slots below the piston rings.

To meet these and other lubricating requirements of the Franklin engine, we advise the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB" in the 1922 and subsequent models for both summer and winter operation. For models prior to 1922 use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and winter. When temperatures below zero are encountered, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in all models.

M OIL COMPANY

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES



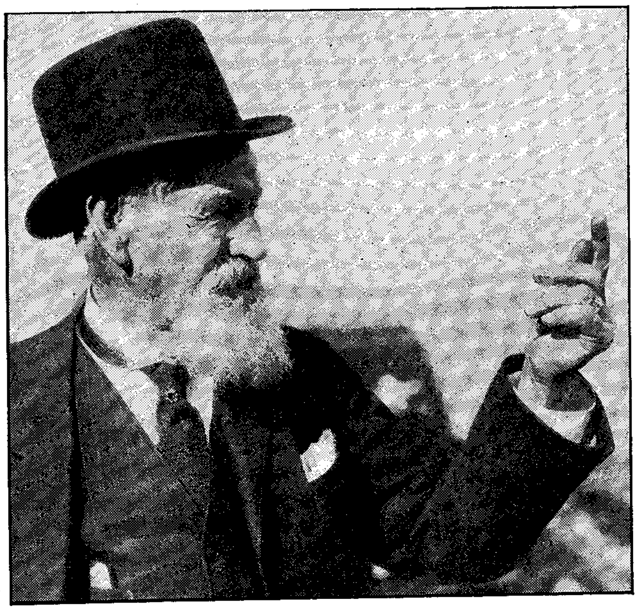
Photographs with this article by courtesy of *The American Magazine*

"IT WAS FREELY PREDICTED THAT THE *ROSECRANS* WOULD NEVER BE SAVED"

In pulling the big $250,000 oil-tanker off the rocks he came near losing his own vessel, and possibly his life as well. Wreckers "never know how a vessel will behave," and "that is one of the things that make the job interesting."

THE PERILOUS JOB OF RAISING WRECKED SHIPS

"HOW DO YOU GET 'EM UP?" It was Magner White speaking, and an aged wrecker who replied: "Every job presents a different puzzle. The underlying principle, however, is to create an artificial buoyancy—to make the ship lighter than the water it displaces." He added: "Sunken ships are first patched by divers; they are then closed up as nearly water-tight as possible, and are pumped out. This makes the vessel behave like a bubble. And bubbles can't stay under water." The wrecker, Capt. Thomas P. H. Whitelaw, of San Francisco, is now seventy-eight years old, but Mr. White tells us that "he is as spry as many men thirty years younger," and that "he has to his credit the remarkable record of raising 289 vessels from the sea—vessels ranging from fishing-smacks to giant freighters. San Francisco water-front experts estimate he has saved more than $12,000,000 worth of ships and property from merciless destruction by the sea." Writing in *The American Magazine*, Mr. White recounts various and sundry of the Captain's experiences—among them this:



HE "HAS SAVED MORE THAN $12,000,000 WORTH OF SHIPS AND PROPERTY"

Capt. Thomas P. H. Whitelaw, now seventy-eight, "is as spry as many men thirty years younger." He has to his credit the remarkable record of raising 289 vessels from the sea.

> The *Respigerdo*, a coal freighter, had gone aground on Point Montara, off the California coast. She was stuck fast, but apparently was not beyond saving, provided the salvage crew could work fast enough to lift the vessel free before the tides and the winds got in their destructive work.
>
> And already the salvage crew was on hand preparing to float the *Respigerdo*. The sea was calm, so there was no great hurry or excitement. In fact, when the noon-hour came all of the workers except one left the wreck, and went back to their own ship for lunch. The man who remained was in charge of the job. He was a veteran in this kind of work, but still he wanted to study this wreck a little more, and make sure that his plans for floating her were right.
>
> He sat down on a hatch about midway of the wreck, and began to think. The vessel creaked a little, and then groaned. There was nothing unusual in this. But suddenly something unusual did happen! There was a terrific ripping sound, a great smashing and splintering. A volcano, or some other great force, seemed to be heaving the wreck from underneath, and the *Respigerdo*, a two-hundred-and-twenty-foot ship, broke in half.
>
> "What did you do?" I asked Captain Whitelaw.
>
> "I jumped!" said the veteran ship salvor. "That was the greatest thrill of all my fifty-six years of salvaging wrecked ships!
>
> "The *Respigerdo* had cracked squarely in two—as if a jagged, invisible knife had fallen across her," he continued. "An awful moment followed. The seaward half of the boat—the half I was on—started away. It threatened to flop over any second. The grounded half was steadier. I started to step across the crack—and it suddenly widened from a few inches to five feet! So I backed up, ran several feet and jumped. I made the grounded half of the wreck; but the instant I landed there was a clatter more terrifying than even the splitting of the ship. It was the yards and masts falling down all around me! Imagine yourself in the midst of a lot of tumbling telephone poles, and you get an idea of my fix.
>
> "My men came in a big hurry, expecting to find me mangled beneath the wreckage. But the heavy timbers were held off me by a sudden list that swung them across the rails, allowing me plenty of room beneath. I wasn't even scratched!"

If this experience gave Captain Whitelaw his greatest thrill, it was nothing to boast of, whereas he recalls with pride and

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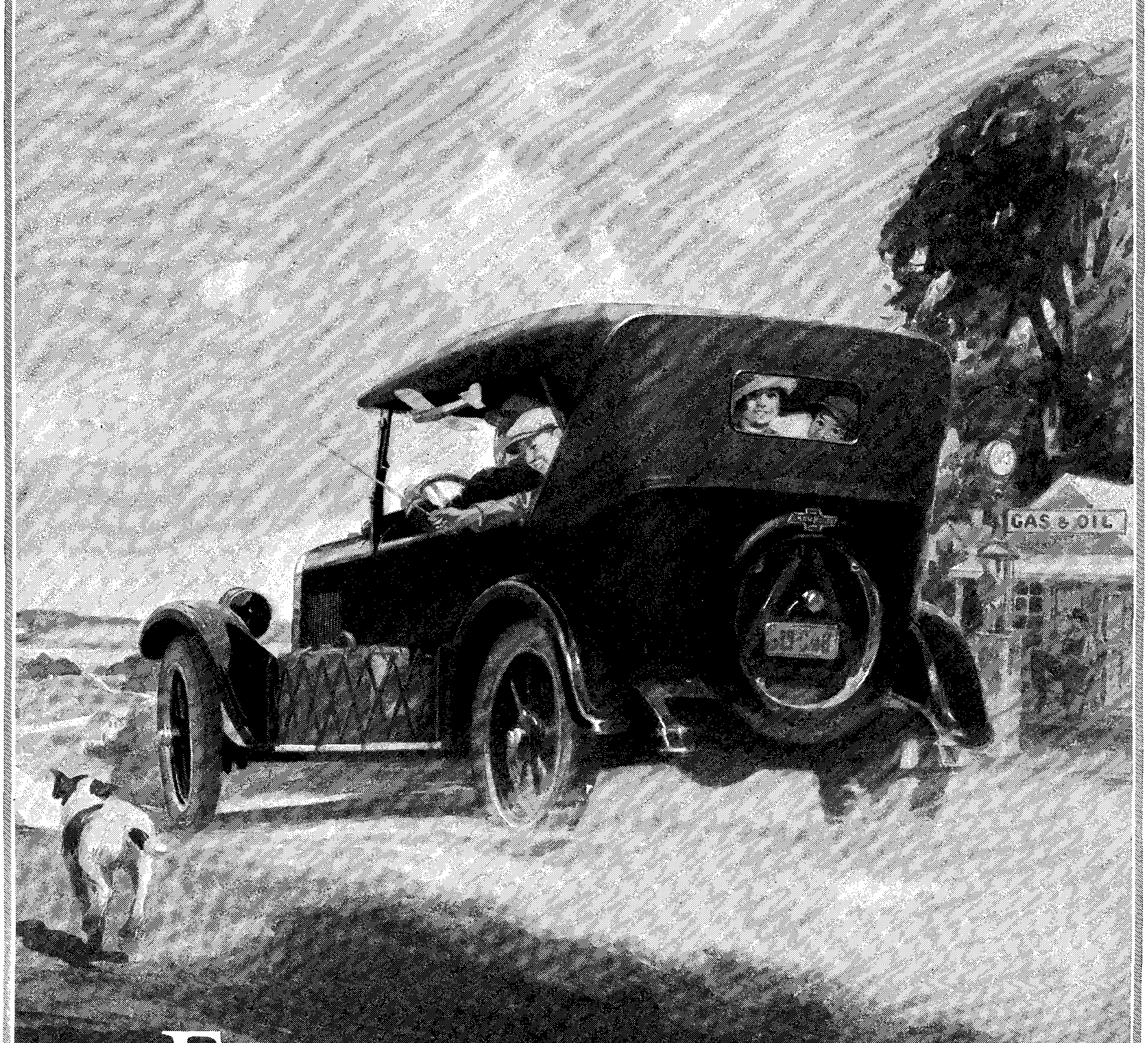

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

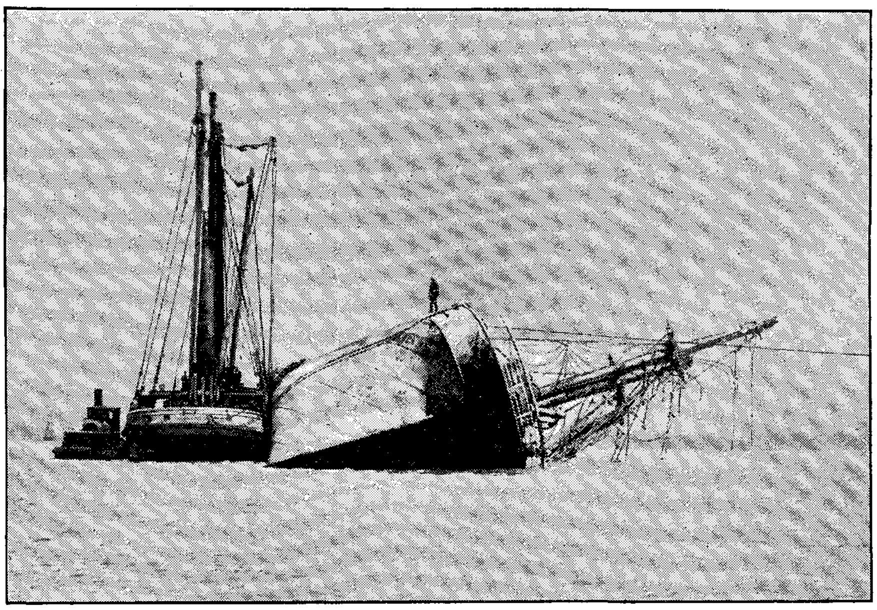
jubilation his adventures when the steamer *Umatilla* had been wrecked on Cape Flattery. He tells us:

Altho this happened years ago, I consider the raising of the *Umatilla* one of my greatest accomplishments, because it was done under such difficulties, and at a time when ship-salvaging methods were not as advanced as they are to-day.

"The vessel had first gone on the rocks, and after being pulled off she was towed to Esquimalt Harbor. Immediately she sank in fifty-four feet of water, settling in such a way that her port side was twenty-one feet from the rail to the surface, and her starboard side thirty-two feet.

"What I did in this case—after my divers had gone down and patched her holes with boards—was to build a cofferdam all around the top deck of the ship. That is, I simply extended her sides up to a foot above the surface.

"Now, you must understand that, before we could pump the water out from between the walls of the cofferdam, we had to brace them very carefully, with a system of crossbeams and braces. Without these braces, the sides would have been crumpled in like paper, by the pressure of the water from without.



ANOTHER "INTERESTING JOB" WAS RAISING THE *BLAIRMORE*

Five men had lost their lives when she turned upside down in San Francisco harbor. In the accompanying article Captain Whitelaw tells how he swung the vessel right side up. He is seen standing on the hull.

"When we were ready to begin actual raising operations, pontoons were sunk on each side of the *Umatilla*. Pontoons are rafts, hollow inside. To sink them we placed rocks on them and pumped water inside. Next, divers passed chains under the vessel from one pontoon to the other.

"Then we pumped the water out of the vessel and the cofferdam. At the same time, we pumped the water out of the pontoons and threw the rocks off. This caused the pontoons to lift powerfully under the vessel. She bobbed up to the surface like a cork. It took five months and ten days to make preparations for the raising, and only twenty minutes to get the vessel to the top after arrangements were complete.

"Patching of the *Umatilla* was an interesting job. She had struck the rocks in such a way that her prow was twisted back and upward until it almost touched the 'tween decks hatch. In other words, her nose was 'busted in.'

"Divers simply built another nose inside for her. They bolted carefully cut timbers across the hole, and the vessel was water-tight once more.

"After a vessel is patched, she may float a little lopsided. All we try to do, of course, is just to fix her up so she can make it to the dry dock for permanent repairs."

Another "interesting job," as Captain Whitelaw relates, presented itself when the *Blairmore*, a full-rigged English sailing vessel, came into San Francisco Bay. He says:

"To make room for a cargo her crew threw off some of her ballast. They miscalculated a bit, and threw off so much that the ship became topheavy. While she was in this dangerous condition, a big wave and a strong wind hit her simultaneously. Without warning, she turned upside down. Five men lost their lives.

"The deck was entirely under water. A portion of her side nearer the keel than the rail was all that was exposed. The problem was to put enough weight on the exposed side near the keel to swing her back into position.

"I built a platform lengthwise of the ship, and extending from the portion nearest the submerged rail out over the keel at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This made a sort of lever which, when weighted at the outer end, would help to swing the ship right side up. At the end of the platform we built four open water-tanks.

"All we now needed to work out our little problem in counter-balancing was weight in those tanks. It worked like magic. We pumped water into the tanks; my barges worked on lines attached to masts and to parts of the vessel under the water; pontoons lifted up from beneath. But the job wasn't accomplished in one lift. After the vessel was almost upright, it was necessary to move the platform and water-tanks higher up the side and repeat the process, the barges holding the capsized vessel steady while the shift was being made.

"When she was nearly upright, we pumped the water out of her hold, dragged her into shallower water, to avoid the danger of her pulling away and getting upside down again, and grounded her. After she was made seaworthy, we attached hawsers and eased her back into the water, all ready to sail again."

Captain Whitelaw tells also the story of how he salvaged the oil-tanker *Rosecrans*. It was his two-hundredth job, and a tough one:

"The *Rosecrans* buckled on a rock of a spit on the Oregon coast, in a fifty-five-mile gale, the night of January 7, 1913. Twenty-three men lost their lives in trying to get away from the vessel after it struck.

"It was freely predicted that the *Rosecrans* never would be saved. The surf pounded over her, sometimes hiding her from view. When you consider that it was one hundred and forty feet from her keel to the top of the highest mast, you can realize how hard the sea was striking the ship when it shut her from view with spray.

"Sticking up into the *Rosecrans's* hull was a rock higher than your head. The divers could reach this rock from the outside, but the only available opening inside was too small to permit the passage of a diver with his suit on.

"To remedy this, I put a blast under the steel plates of the deck which covered the part we wanted to reach. The explosion lifted the plates and loosened the bolts, so that it was possible for us to take off a whole plate. It was just like lifting part of a roof from a house. This let the divers down to the rock. A 'shot' was then placed on the rock, and it was blasted with such great success that it went *up inside the ship!*

"Using magnetized bolt-holders, which held the bolts in place while the divers guided them into the holes, steel plates were bolted across the holes the rock had made. These plates were placed rather high inside, so there would be no danger of leaks if the weakened sides should give way. Cracks where the plates didn't fit were filled with cement. The cement was in half-filled sacks, which the divers prest into place with their feet.

"It sounds easy, but here is where the trouble came in: The tides were heaving in and out that hole all the time. To keep them from washing the cement away, we had to keep the pumps going, to equalize the pressure. First, we pumped the water into the ship, then we pumped it out. This was kept up until the cement had set.

"When we pulled her back into deep water we had a thrilling experience. After the cement hardened and the patches were sufficiently water-tight to be effective, chains and hawsers were attached to the *Rosecrans* and passed to the salvage ship, the *Greenwood*, which did the pulling.

"Now, it is surprizing what a powerful pull a little ship can exert through a rope or chain.

"The *Greenwood* stretched the lines taut. For a second, the big two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar oil-tanker hesitated in the bed where she had lain for seventeen days while we worked on her. Then she came. She was literally yanked out! As full of life as a tornado, and without a thing to control her, she sprang straight at the little *Greenwood*.

"'Cut those lines quick!' I ordered.

"The helmsman twirled the *Greenwood's* wheel until it wouldn't

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turn any more. The *Rosecrans*, the spray breaking beautifully over her prow, glided by not twenty-five feet from us! We chased her, overtook her, and towed her to the dry dock."

Wreckers "never know how a vessel will behave," and that is "one of the things that make the job interesting." Says Captain Whitelaw:

"Remember that a ship on the rocks is hauled and tugged at ceaselessly by the tides. This racking goes on every fraction of a second, day and night, as long as a single stick of the vessel remains upright.

"A vessel on a rock will sometimes age twenty years in one week. Every beam, every bolt, every joint is disarranged. There is no mercy in the power of the sea. A vessel may look practically safe, and yet be only five minutes from disintegration. This adds a sporting element to the business of salvaging a wreck.

"I recall, with good reason, the case of the *Drumburton*, wrecked off Point Pedro, in a fog eleven years ago. Four men were working with me. The first hint of danger we had was when the sea began picking pieces off the ship; a cabin went away, then a part of the rail on one side, the pilot-house—every wave seemed to be taking something.

"We watched the process about a minute, then, just as there came a final big pop, we went over the side into a boat. We pulled away just in time to keep from being splattered with a lot of flying wood. Thirty minutes later, you wouldn't have known there ever had been a vessel on the spot."

Captain Whitelaw has not always been successful in his attempts to raise ships. He has had eight failures, "and when you fail in this business, you fail hard." He continues:

"The worst failure I ever had was with the schooner *H. J. Lunsmann*, rammed one summer several years ago by a steamer. It cost me eight thousand dollars over and above the fixtures I salvaged to find out that I couldn't save that vessel.

"Her masts were under water when we took her over. By patching her and pumping her out, we got her floating with her rails barely out of the water. We towed her seven hundred feet shoreward and left her for the night, intending the next morning to pump her out more.

"Next morning the ship was nowhere in sight! Altho we had grounded her at fairly high tide with her rails showing, now, when she was under water, the tide was lower.

"My diver quickly found the answer to this puzzle: We had grounded her on the only patch of quicksand ever found on that piece of coast!

"Then my troubles did begin. Soon the ship's patches burst open, and quicksand flowed in. We would patch and pump, patch and pump—but we never did seem to get ahead of the quicksand. She went deeper and deeper. Finally, I was forced to give her up.

"That quicksand came near being the death of one of my divers. It was necessary to keep the pumps working while he was near the holes he was patching. Once the men on top stopt the pumps a few minutes. The diver began signaling frantically to be drawn up. They pulled, but he didn't come!

"The men thought that he was pinned under the vessel by a slight list. He was caught all right, but by the quicksand. When the pumps stopt the treacherous stuff had flooded in on him, burying him against the side of the ship. Not until the pumps were started again and kept going some minutes was it possible to haul the exhausted diver up.

"One morning, when we were trying to drag the *Lunsmann* off, we had an unexpected and thrilling experience.

"The steamer *Harvard* passed into the bay, throwing a series of huge waves. After several bumpy ones, along came a big fellow that struck the poor old wrecked schooner a terrific whack. I saw it coming, yelled at my two nephews, who happened to be working with me, and then climbed up the rigging. In a moment I looked down upon a horrifying scene.

"Jack Whitelaw, one of my nephews, was hurled twenty feet. He landed, safe but unconscious, on his back on a raft going shoreward. Thomas Whitelaw, the other nephew, was swept overboard into an eddy. He managed to swim to the stump of the vessel's mainmast, which was now over in the water, slapping up and down.

"Jack seemed to be out of immediate danger, so I turned my attention to Thomas. I climbed down, grabbed a line, and tried to get it to him. My footing was unsteady and the waves were sweeping all around me. I couldn't get the line to him.

"One of my men took the line from me, walked the slippery rail and handed it to Tom. Then he turned around, walked the rail back, and helped pull Tom in.

"In this business, rescues of drowning persons are common, but that was one of the bravest things I have ever seen. Only supreme courage kept that man's feet steady as he tiptoed across the plunging rail."

Of all his jobs, the oddest, thinks Captain Whitelaw, was that of "diving for a fifty-thousand-dollar gold brick"—not a figurative gold brick, but the real shing, a brick of solid gold:

"A smelting company of Selby, California, had turned the brick out of its retorts and it was being slid down a gangplank into a steamer.

"A longshoreman standing by saw the glittering fortune going by, and leaned over to give it a gentle tap of affection. To his astonishment, it was still intensely hot with the heat of the furnace, and, in his surprize, he gave it a vicious shove. It slid off the gangplank and disappeared into the water with a dramatic sizzle.

"We were working near by, and I was called to retrieve the brick. I went down, expecting to find it where it had disappeared only a short time before. It was nowhere in sight. It couldn't have been stolen; the spot had been carefully guarded. It was too heavy to have been moved far by the tide. Nevertheless, except for a big dent in the mud, there was no trace of it.

"I ordered my divers to dig. They dug and dug and dug. They kept at it five days, moving barrels and barrels of mud. On the fifth day, the diver who happened to be at work signaled his victory.

"He had found the brick thirty feet below the surface of the oozy bottom. It had apparently escaped the divers by a few inches each time they got near it, sinking a little farther every time they opened the hole a few inches more, until finally it rested on hardpan and could go no deeper.

"We had a somewhat similar experience at Utsaladdy Island, Washington. A workman was going aboard a steamer with two sacks of silver, each containing one thousand dollars. The gangplank was frosty that morning, and the workman's feet shot out from under him. He fell back on his elbows. The heavy sacks jerked his wrists down hard over the edges of the gangplank, and he let go of them.

"I went down and found one sack immediately. 'In luck to-day,' I thought to myself. The agreement I had with the owners was that they were to get the first sack, and I was to have the second.

"I went down again for my sack. Well, sir, I dived there for two whole days looking for that other sack. I crawled on my hands and knees, and felt every inch of ground around there—but no sack.

"After every other possibility had been exhausted, I noticed, a few feet from the spot, a lot of old water-logged slabwood. I began to shift it around. Nobody ever stacked wood with more interest in the operation. I had dropt into a sort of routine at the work, when up came a board that had been covering the sack of silver. The silver couldn't have been hidden much better if some one had put it there.

People are always asking the Captain about sharks—whether divers are not in danger of being devoured by them—and he replies:

"Our records show that up to the close of 1924 we had made 15,814 divings. In all that list, I never heard of a diver being molested by a shark.

"But while sharks are leery of divers, octopuses are not. When we were raising the *Umatilla*, one of my divers had a thrilling encounter with one of these dreadful creatures.

"We had lowered a pontoon, as I told you before, covered with rocks. The diver descended to the pontoon to begin his work, and was moving across the rocks when suddenly a long, gray, powerful, snaky arm reached out and grabbed him around the leg, almost knocking him down. Realizing his danger at once, he jerked out his knife. The octopus countered this move by seizing the arm that wielded the knife!

"Moving as swiftly as his heavy suit would allow, the diver twisted his pinioned arm behind his back and transferred the knife to his left hand. By this time, more tentacles were reaching for him. He began to slash. With one slice he severed the tentacle that was freezing onto his leg. With another he freed his right hand. Now he was slashing in all directions! Did he signal to come up? He did not! He was mad! He signaled for the harpoon. Guessing that something important was going on below, we sent down the harpoon quickly.

"The water surged and boiled, and in a few minutes the diver signaled to be hauled up. He came up with the octopus hooked onto the harpoon!

"Stretched out on the deck the monster was a fearsome sight—great beak, ugly domish head, and terrible arms. It measured fourteen feet across."

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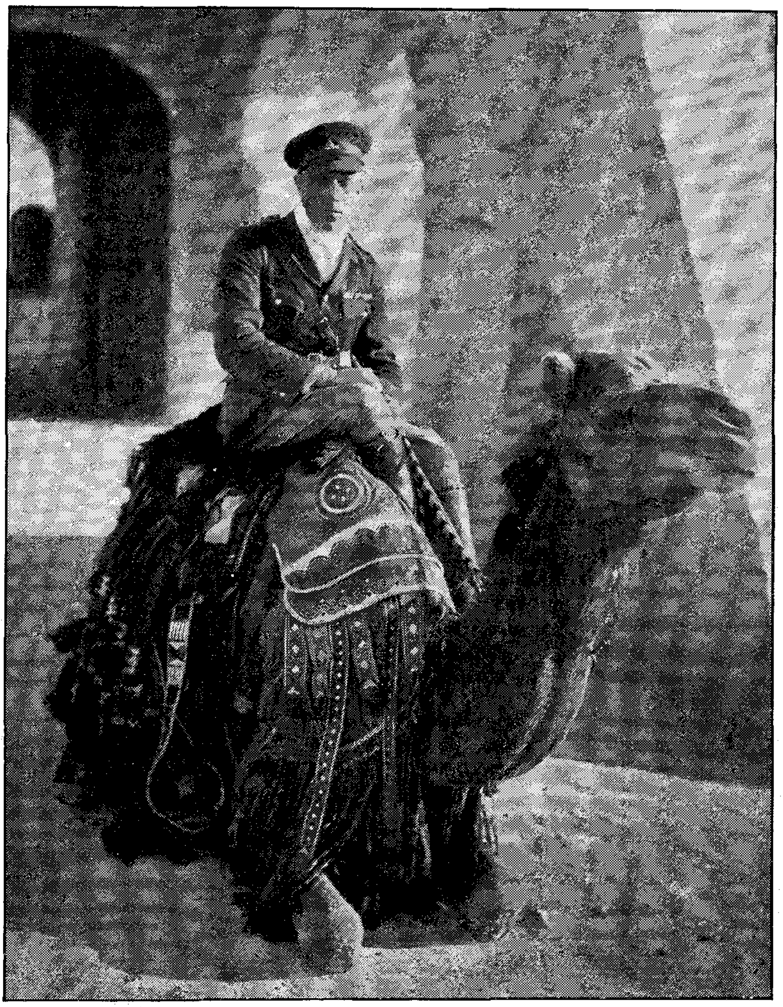
THE DESERT PATROL'S COMMANDER

YOUNG CAPTAIN BUTTOLPH WILL LAUGH when he reads this, we are told, for, like "most Englishmen whom you find ruling primitive or turbulent peoples somewhere beyond the last outskirts of civilization," he "takes his job lightly." Nevertheless, it must be recorded that, as head of the Desert Patrol, he has "taken a road that was the pet raiding ground of every wild Bedouin sheik in northern Arabia and has made it just about as safe as Fifth Avenue." Twelve years ago, "any man who ventured here risked purse and neck," but Ernest B. Schroedsack tells us in *Asia*: "Last year three of us, Marguerite Harrison, Merian C. Cooper and I went leisurely down the road in two Ford automobiles. We had no guards and we ran absolutely no risk. If making roads safe means civilization, this man, Buttolph, ought to have his name written somewhere on the scrolls." Continuing Mr. Schroedsack says:



Photograph by courtesy of *ASIA*

"RULER OF THE ROAD" WHERE "WILD BEDOUIN SHEIKS"—

Terrorized northern Arabia only a few years ago. "Any man who ventured here risked purse and neck," but Captain Buttolph, as chief of the Irak Desert Patrol, has made the road "about as safe as Fifth Avenue."

> I met Buttolph at the little Arab town of Ramadi. We had reached the place after a hundred miles over the most desolate waste we had encountered along the route from Aleppo to Bagdad. Ramadi is almost suburban; for it is within two or three hours of Bagdad by motor. On the outskirts of Ramadi the British have a wireless station—one link in the air-plane-wireless communication between Cairo and Bagdad. Close by is one of the landing-fields for the Bagdad-Cairo air mail. Cairo is within seven or eight flying-hours from this place, which was once many weeks away!
>
> But it was not here at Ramadi that we got to know Buttolph, who incidentally is in command of the gendarmerie of the larger towns along the Euphrates. It was over a hundred miles out in the blue of the desert itself, at El Ghaim, a lonely outpost of the Irak Desert Patrol where we went to make a motion-picture of the patrol in action.
>
> I say that we got to know him. We lived with him for a week and watched the attitude of others toward him. But Buttolph was the original English sphinx about himself. He was a wonderful host, an inescapable personality, but to get from him any great amount of information about himself or even his job was an impossibility. We would ask about his men, for instance. "Good men," he would reply—and smile.
>
> He was much more interested at the moment in the welfare of a jazz band of two pieces with which he and Hall, the young English lieutenant in charge of the wireless station, planned to make night life on the desert somewhat resemble the London equivalent of Broadway. They had, besides a saxophone and a drum, their hopes that some day they were going to be able to play jazz there on the edge of the desert. The night before we had left Ramadi for El Ghaim, Buttolph and Hall had tried out some of their jazz stuff on us after dinner. I wondered what some of the Arab sheiks, whose raids Buttolph had put down with such a stern hand, would have said had they seen the "ruler of the road" with a drumstick in each hand, pounding away at "Yes, We Have No Bananas"—a tune that was then having a whirl over the Arabian and Syrian deserts prior to our introduction of the celebrated ditty among Haidar's Bakhtiari tribe in Persia. But Buttolph always made the jazz band his refuge from inquiries about himself.

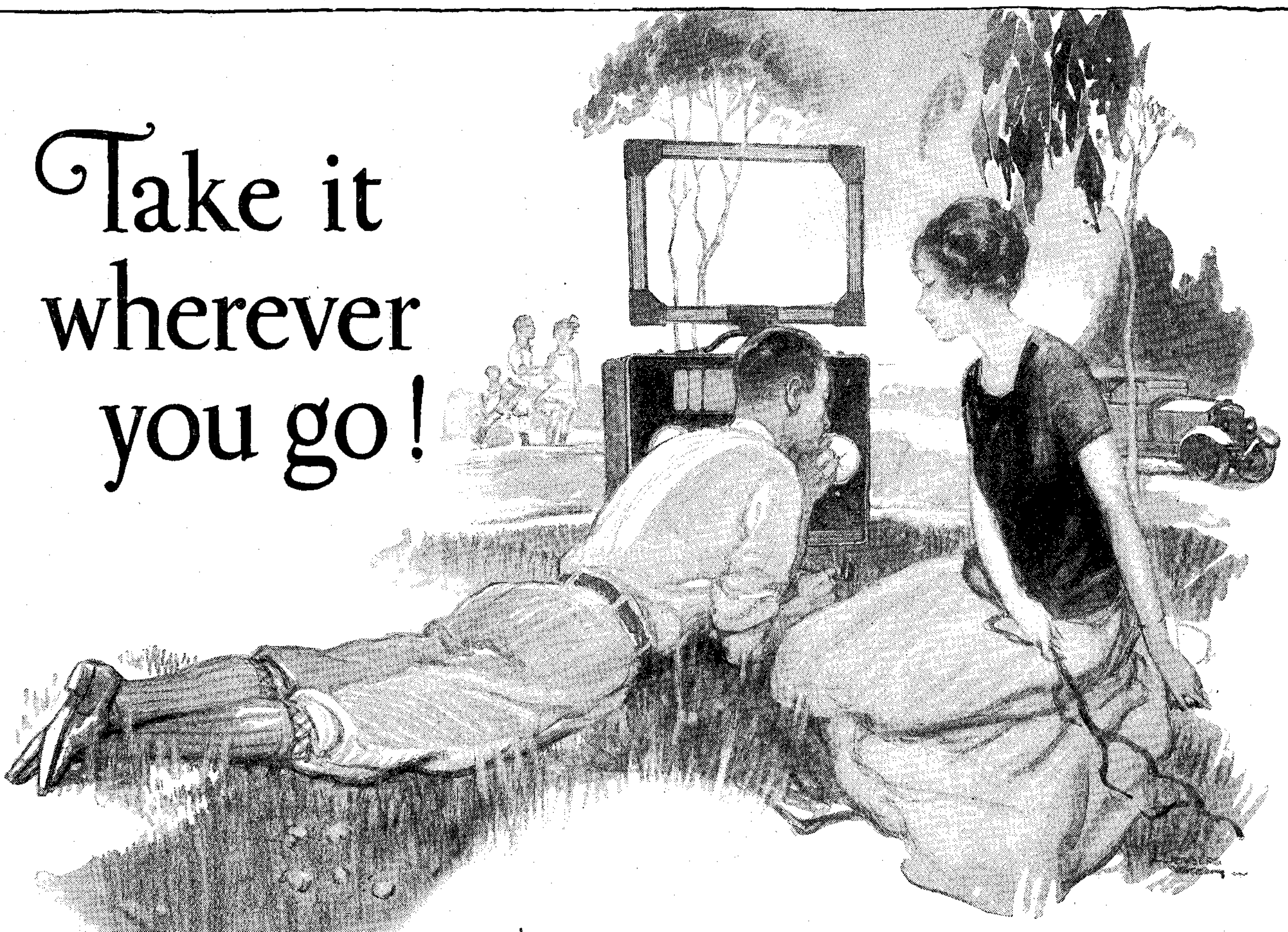
Buttolph is only twenty-nine, and he protects "a stretch of country as big as some American States." Reading on—

> His job requires delicately balanced judgment and a powerful show of strength in handling an inflammable people. Buttolph must be not only soldier, governor, executive, adventurer—capable of going any of his men one better in a display of nerve and daring—but he must be an anthropologist and psychologist as well. Buttolph gets his anthropology and psychology by instinct, and he practises on the Arabs of his district and those of his Desert Patrol, temperamental lovers of fights, adventure and independence.
>
> "How is it that, with only a handful of Arabs and one or two Englishmen, Buttolph commands the wholesome respect of this region?" I have asked myself repeatedly. The Arabs of the trail are armed as effectively as the patrol. The tribesmen carry modern rifles—most of them a war legacy from German, Turk or Ally. Yet these ninety men in the patrol at El Ghaim, half of whom are camel men and the other half horse, are all-powerful on the desert.
>
> Personality, organization, prestige. Here are the answers.
>
> On the way to El Ghaim we saw what Buttolph had made these three things do for the name of the patrol. Whole towns snapt to attention as he went through. In 1920 there was a rebellion of the tribes in this district. A good deal of the trouble centered in the little town of Hit, not far from Ramadi. Buttolph, according to the story I was told—but whether it is true or not, I can not say, for Buttolph himself would not talk—walked into a roomful of sheiks at this time, carrying a hand-bomb in each pocket of his coat. He playfully juggled the bombs in his hands as he talked with the Arabs. The war had left a wholesome regard for these bombs in this part of the world, as in many others. But later the Arabs temporarily got the better of Buttolph and bottled him up in the police station, which he used as his headquarters. There for a month they besieged him and a few of his men, who stood by him, until rescue came from without.

As Mr. Schroedsack remarks, "the fame of nerve like that travels fast around the desert." Moreover,

> The Desert Patrol have not been given to any parlor punishments when clearing the road. Buttolph sees to it that his men follow down every case of raiding that is reported. They do not always catch their men, but every bandit knows that raid inevitably will be followed down, and any culprits who are captured taken to Bagdad for trial and punishment.
>
> Out at El Ghaim we saw why this little band has the *esprit de corps* to keep the peace of the road. We had come over a rise in the ground and saw a lonely white fort about a mile off. It

Take it wherever you go!



UNDER a tree, on a mountain top—tune in. Out on the sea, lazing coolly on the deck—tune in! And off for a motor trip, put into the car one more suitcase—a Radiola Super-Heterodyne *complete*. Its loudspeaker is built-in, its loop in the cover, its batteries inside!

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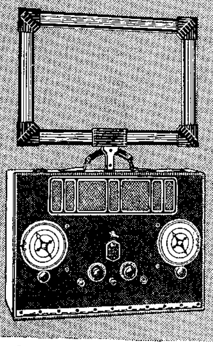

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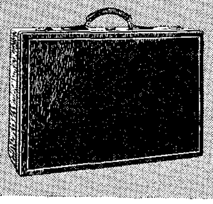

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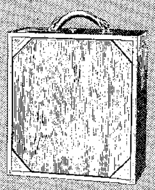

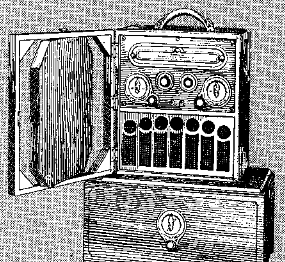

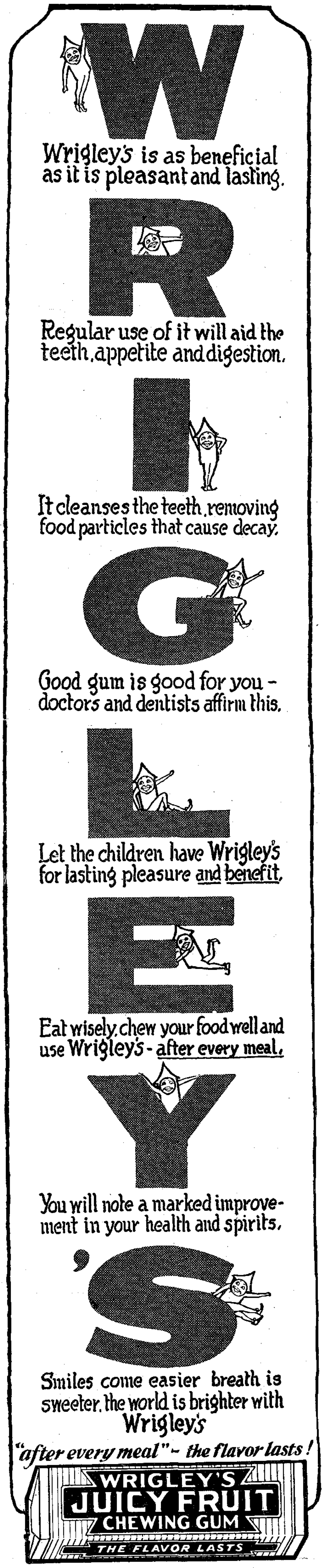
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Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.
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Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.
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It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.
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Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.
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Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.
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Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.
Y
You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.
'S
Smiles come easier breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's
"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!
WRIGLEY'S
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CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

was the solitary sign of life on the parched and caky desert floor. This station of whitewashed mud, El Ghaim, proudly marked an outpost of the British Empire, a half-mile from the Euphrates to the east, but otherwise removed from every human contact for a radius of fifteen or twenty miles.

The flag of the King of Irak flew over the entrance. Tho these Arabs of the Desert Patrol serve under a British officer, they carry the green banner of the Prophet as their fighting emblem and have inscribed upon it "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," with the additional line, "Victory is to whom Allah wills." The spirit of independence that belongs to the ninety Arabs of one of the most unusual police stations on earth fits in perfectly with the British scheme of colonial administration.

One night out at El Ghaim we sat with Buttolph on the roof of the fort, overlooking the courtyard. It was an inky-black night. Down below us the men had their tents pitched in the corners of the compound. They were singing in their rhythmic style, repeating the same words again and again with the same emphasis. The harsh, weird tones smote the solitude of the desert and sent shivers along our spines. It was an eery place—that mud-walled deck of a desert battle-ship. While they sang, the patrol sat and drank, not desert "hooch," but Arab coffee; for these Arab policemen are puritans—original blue-law observers. It was the end of a typical day for them. When there are no raiders to follow up, one day is little different from another. It begins at dawn, and the lazy, comfortable hours drag on until sunset. With little variation, the same dancing, drinking, singing are repeated nightly.

How does Buttolph do it? Well, as Mr. Schroedsack goes on to say.

First of all, these men realize that they are the rulers of the land. With this sense of prestige is coupled a high sense of satisfaction with their form of life. They are well paid. Their pay amounts to something like five English pounds a month, as I recall it. They receive rations, and they sign no papers of enlistment. They have practically no work around the barracks, but are free to sit about and talk and drink coffee most of the day. By way of excitement comes the occasional pursuit of raiding Bedouins. Tho the men may leave the service whenever they please, such is the compelling force of the spirit of the patrol that few have wished to leave. It is a life they like because it is a life molded to purposes of fighting and nothing else. The Arabs are born fighters.

Buttolph is anthropologist-psychologist supreme in knowing how to keep their fighting spirit at top-notch and at the same time how to cut down military routine and work about the quarters to a minimum. Tho these wild Arabs hate organization and love their personal independence, they are used to obeying the chiefs of their tribe. But they obey only those whom they respect, and Buttolph lets no opportunity pass to command their respect. He handles them with directness and force. He is a severe but just disciplinarian. True, he will sit with these Arabs of his, drink coffee with them and listen to them sing, but unquestionably he dominates them. He has many of the qualities that made Thomas Lawrence the power with the Arab state that helped give Allenby his victory over the Turks. His men respect and love him. He has never had any trouble with his own men. It is a marvel to behold this young Englishman—the commanding personality, not by virtue of insignia, but by virtue of personal magnetism—holding the loyalty of this group of tribesmen, even more "wild and woolly" than the groups of raid-loving Arabs about them.

These men of the patrol would rebel against an invasion of their personal liberty. They have the innate dignity of their race and a love for the formalism that goes with dignity. They like the military pomp the Desert Patrol has developed. They love the trappings of their camels and all the decorations that make their camel company one of the most picturesque sights I have ever seen. During the day there is some drilling, with some parading, but Buttolph takes care that there is not too much and that the organization is kept on a very loose basis.

Mr. Schroedsack recalls his "utter surprize that this little force was not overwhelmed by the surrounding tribesmen," but hastens to say:

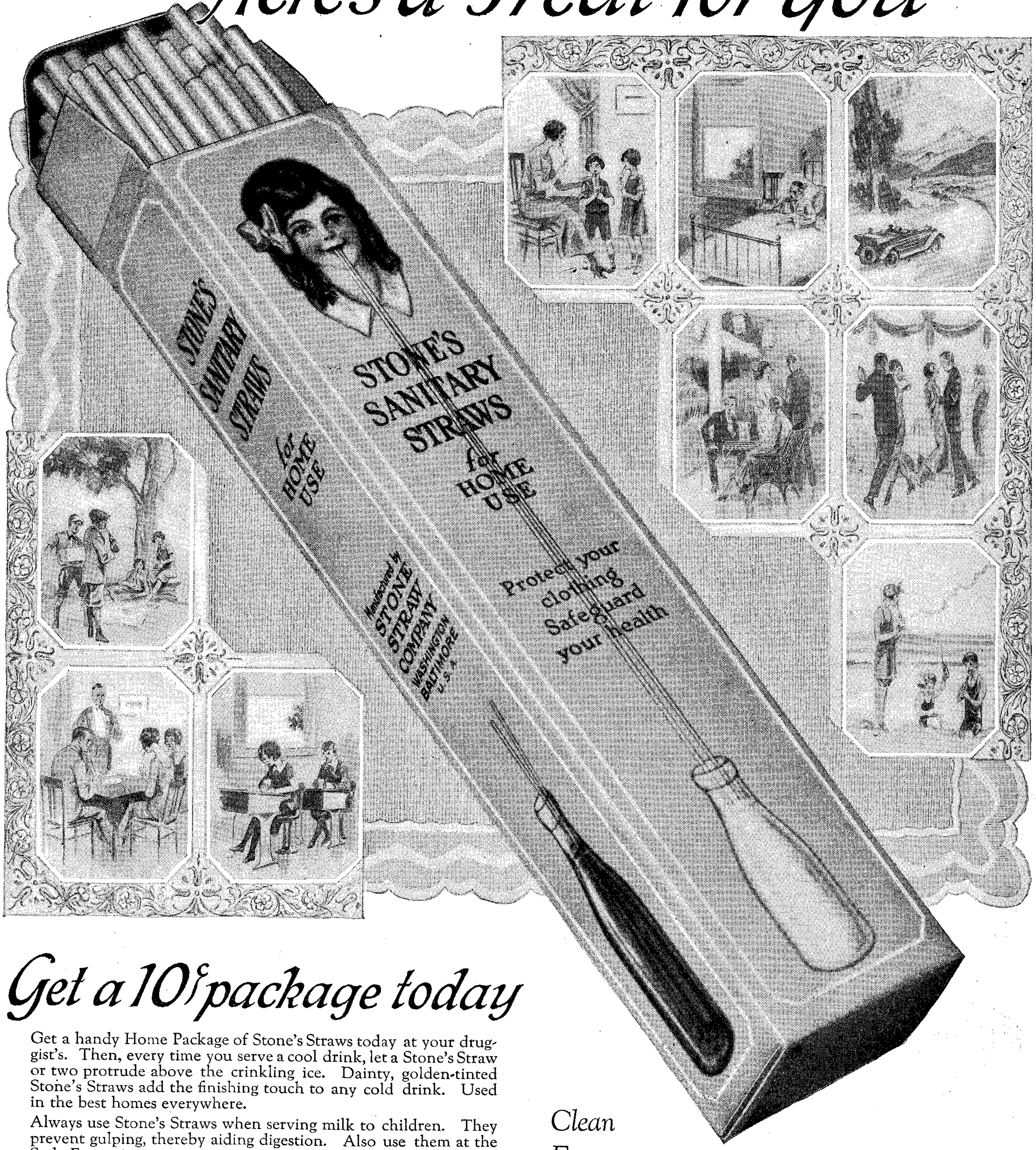
Ask Buttolph's men what they think about being overwhelmed! They will laugh contemptuously. Why are they here but to challenge all comers? Let the whole of Arabia come on, say they. Fighting is life. This job is a lark. When you get good pay and good food for enjoying yourself, what could be better?

But there is another reason. Many of these desert patrolmen are recruited from stock that has the reputation of being the best fighting-stock in Arabia. They came from the Nejd in the heart of Arabia, where live the most puritanic of Mahommedans, the fanatic fundamentalist followers of the Prophet. They are the celebrated Wahabi tribesmen who, under their famous sheik, Ibn Saud, drove the Arab King Hussein, for many years guardian of Mekka, out of the Holy City, not long ago. These men will stop at little and here in Irak they can shoot to kill without fear of starting family blood-feuds. Their families are far away. They have no friendship with the people about them. Like all Arabs, they bestow allegiance on their own tribe. It may be that less than half of the Desert Patrol at El Ghaim are men from the Nejd, but their influence is startling. The others share in their spirit of invincible daring. Last year there were only fourteen raids on the Irak part of the Aleppo-Bagdad road. If these men keep up their good work, in a short time there will probably be none.

As we are told, "the uniform of the Desert Patrol is the best evidence of their independent spirit," for—

There is only one foreign touch about it—the big silver star, bearing the words "Irak Police," fastened to the cords wound as a sort of double crown around the bright red head-dress. Otherwise the garb is purely Bedouin. There are no tightly wound puttees, binding knee-breeches nor stiff coats of the Western soldier. Bedouins these men are and Bedouins they will continue to be, even tho temporarily they may devote themselves to the pleasures of the police business. In few other spots in the world have the British retained so completely the

Here's a Treat for you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Get a handy Home Package of Stone's Straws today at your druggist's. Then, every time you serve a cool drink, let a Stone's Straw or two protrude above the crinkling ice. Dainty, golden-tinted Stone's Straws add the finishing touch to any cold drink. Used in the best homes everywhere.

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Must we revise our package slips?

In the larger sizes of Edgeworth containers we have long been in the habit of enclosing a slip or card, bearing the following invitation:

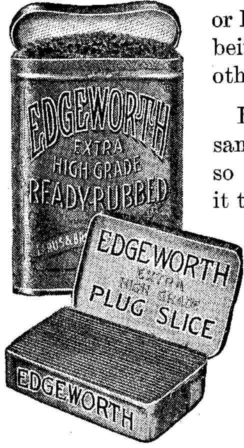
Thank you! As a user of Edgeworth tobacco, we are sure you appreciate its merits, which have won for it a Distinction among Extra High Grade products.

May we not ask you to urge your friends who are not smokers of Edgeworth to give it a trial? You may use the other side of this card. Thank you.
Larus & Bro. Co.

Mr. Newman returns a slip to us with this notation:

Melrose, Mass.
Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:
My friends all use Edgeworth, showing that I select men of good judgment for my friends. I have smoked your tobacco for twenty-five years.
Yours appreciatively,
B. S. Newman.

The question is, shall we change the wording from "friends" to "acquaintances" on our container slips, or how shall we avoid being "called" by other club members?



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2-G South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

native costume of a people entering their service.

Of course these wiry Arabs, of great endurance, are wonderful horsemen. In addition their knowledge of that snarly beast, the camel, is probably more exhaustive than that of anybody else in the world. The camels of the Desert Patrol are extraordinarily rangy animals, the finest type of racing-camels, far different from the average caravan brute. They are capable of an excellent running-speed. They can not keep up with horses on short spurts, but outdistance them on long journeys.

The men of the patrol are good shots, according to Arab standards, but among Arabs rifle-shooting can not have advanced as it has in the West. The expense of ammunition often makes it an almost prohibitive luxury for the tribesmen. I do not know what ammunition costs in Irak, but I distinctly remember that in Persia, among the Bakhtiari cartridges were highly prized at the equivalent of fifty cents apiece in our money. Ammunition is not wasted in Arabia.

A favorite form of raiding consists in lying in wait for caravans on the road. Another pastime is pouncing upon one's neighbor's sheep and cattle. Capt. Angus Buchanan, who has recently completed a remarkable journey of exploration across the Sahara, has said that the Arabs of the African desert will travel for a thousand miles in a well-planned raid on another tribe.

I can not give the distances covered by raids in the Syrian and Arabian deserts. In the immediate neighborhood of El Ghaim, the theory of the raid is a swift descent upon the prey, a quick getaway and a dash for the Euphrates, to put the seal of safety on action by getting across the river at low water, usually on horses, and thus leaving no trail.

However, interference with fighting or raiding between tribes is not the affair of Buttolph and his men. Instead, we are told:

Their job is to keep the road clear. If they do that and protect the small towns along the road, they consider their work done.

I liked to watch the Desert Patrol going out on post. They always traveled two by two on their beats, some of which covered forty-mile stretches. We had hoped to have a hand in an actual raid, but the closest we came was when we drove up near an outlying station forty or fifty miles from El Ghaim, one of those palm-sheltered villages with their giant water-wheels that dot the Euphrates at frequent intervals. A dozen villagers came running from behind the mud walls, waving rifles and shouting like madmen. It needed only a second for us to see that we were not the object of their excitement. They reached the top of the stone hill near by and blazed away with their rifles.

After a great waving of his arms, Joseph Jacob, our little chauffeur, announced that a party of Bedouin raiders had just ridden off a large flock of village sheep. We told the man to climb on the running-board and back we drove for the desert patrolmen. We passed a villager a mile up the road. Our messenger shouted out the tidings. The man stood stupidly staring at him for a second; then with a loud shout he reached into the folds of his gown, pulled out a hammer and, waving it over his head as if it were a saber and he were leading a cavalry charge, rushed away toward the sound of the firing. But this raid turned out to be something of a false alarm.

For the benefit of the camera, back at El Ghaim, Buttolph later staged a more pretentious "raid." At a given signal, the men came dashing from their tents and went rushing for their camels, outside the wall of the compound on the desert floor. As they fled through the narrow doorways, loaded down with heavy camel saddles, I marveled. They moved like New York firemen responding to a call. Each reached his camel with a bound, strapt on its saddle, caught the high pommel with one hand as the camel rose and, using one foot placed in the dip of its neck for leverage, swung himself into his seat. The ungainly beast was already well under way while its rider was still scrambling into place. These men can mount a standing camel or one already on the move.

Romance—indeed, "romance a plenty"—enlivened the stories of the men, and we read:

There was Mahommed Beg, for instance, the son of a powerful sheik. Tho only twenty-one, he was second in command. A striking leader of the wild desert men of the force he was. Of pale skin, and with the clean-cut features of the best of the Arab race, he was an imposing sight as he sat his camel. At first I thought he was a Britisher. Three years before he had been living in the black tents of his people, wearing skirts and curls.

I remember a group of three men seated on a mat: one, obviously of pure Arab blood; the second, coal-black, with the full lips and flat nose of the negro—probably not aware of his origin from the union of an Arab and an African slave-girl; the third, with blue eyes and light hair! As we pulled up, this one spoke in French. He turned out to be a Russian Cossack, one of the many exiles of the Revolution. As a boy of seventeen, he had left his village near the Caspian, and he had been fighting ever since. He had recently fled from the French Foreign Legion. "For the Cossack is a free soldier, and the soldier of the French Legion is only a dog," he told us. He had enlisted in the Desert Patrol after tramping three days in the desert without food or water.

There was another man with a story—a little flat-headed German who had just deserted from the French Foreign Legion. He was a prisoner. Later we heard that he had been taken by the patrol to the Irak frontier and turned loose to find his way afoot wherever he could. And there was one more with a story—the slim, fine-looking young Arab sheik who had killed the son of the ruler of a neighboring tribe and was now traveling from place to place without stopping too long in any one spot, trying to keep ahead of the death that threatened him from a regiment of avengers on his heels.

But we had reached the end of our stay at El Ghaim. In memory, I hear still the rhythmic song and see the monotonous swaying of those wild men of the desert. I listen to their eery songs at night and the jackals howling outside the white wall of the post.

And I remember that Buttolph is indeed the "ruler of the road."

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Springfield, Missouri

"Our eight-year-old girl would lose four or five weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then as I found that the yeast was going to succeed, I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast."
Mrs. G. A. Viele, Costa Mesa, Cal.

"After I gave birth to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' Had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. Finally an eye specialist prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. After two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer have an aversion for food. And I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."
Mrs. Sarah Steinhardt, New York City

What Everybody Knows

The danger of clogged intestines ➶ the tragedy of lowered vitality
The evils of digestive troubles and disfiguring skin eruptions

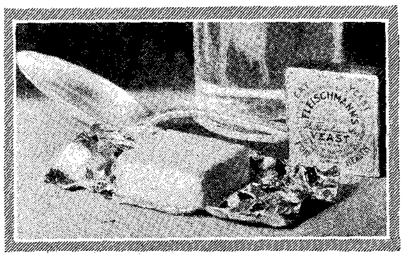
"Invalided from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after two and a half years in trenches was as sick as ever. Returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this is after over 20 years of suffering."
Herbert J. Parrott, Calgary, Alta.

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-65, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



There *are many delicious ways of eating yeast -dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.*

"I am in the real estate business; built up a hustling organization; kept the force always keyed up, watchful of every opportunity. The high pressure did its work; the reaction set in, and I found myself slowing up. I needed something to restore the old vitality—the old punch. At last I hit upon Fleischmann's Yeast. The result was marvelous: the mid-afternoon fag disappeared; I was again keen and alert. My color took on a clear and healthful glow. And I was again the leader of my organization—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."
James F. Brown, Allentown, Pa.

THE MOST ARRESTED AMERICAN

RICH MR. EDWIN BROWN, described as "the sort of man who customarily stops at the Waldorf in New York and at the Hotel del Coronado in San Diego," has "a hobby for masquerading as a tramp and getting thrown into jail as a 'vag,'" we read. In this way he has tested the treatment accorded honest but moneyless men by American cities. Everywhere he appeared "as a workman looking for work, never as a beggar, and not once was he suspected of any crime," but in more than half the cities he was arrested. When that occurred he would visit the city hall and the newspaper offices before leaving town and report conditions which he believed ought to be corrected. Of Mr. Brown's adventures in Los Angeles, Lee Shippey tells us in *Everybody's:*

Photograph by courtesy of *Everybody's Magazine*

DRESSING THE PART

In city after city, Edwin Brown masquerades as a "side-door Pullman tourist," and, tho accused of no crime, is arrested and jailed. In this way he demonstrates the need for municipal lodging-houses.

A few weeks ago a decent-appearing gentleman with white hair, drest in quiet good taste, registered under the name of Brown at one of the best hotels in Los Angeles. It had been years since he had visited that bustling city, and he was a stranger to practically every soul there. He went up to his hotel room, made a few changes in his clothes, and walked out through the lobby in a long overcoat, unnoticed even by the real estate salesmen. When he checked his overcoat at a little tobacco store in a side street, the cigar clerk's eyes bulged. Underneath that fine coat were the dingy frayed clothes of a man who hadn't a dime. The very odor of poverty was on them.

As he drifted slowly down the street his gait and carriage seemed to have changed slightly with his appearance. He did not go with the broken-spirited shuffle of the out-and-out "bum," but there was all about him the slight vagueness, the half-hesitant manner of the itinerant worker who is broke. And so he was.

He wandered about the streets a while and, finally, with unfeigned weariness, sat down in a doorway. But not for long. A policeman routed him out, rapping his club sharply on the sole of an extended foot.

"Hey! Move on."

"Where to? I've nowhere to go and I'm broke."

"Why don't you go to the Salvation Army? They'll give you a bed."

"It costs twenty-five or thirty-five cents to get a bed there, and I haven't a dime."

The policeman hesitated. Brown thrilled. He was about to be arrested again. But the patrolman disappointed him.

"You look pretty old and decent to be taken down in the wagon," he said. "Besides, the jail's full already. You better go around to one of the missions. There's a couple of 'em will give you a flop for nothing—if they ain't too full."

The policeman "directed Brown, with rough kindness, and went on, swinging his club," we are told, and the story continues:

Brown hurried to the nearest mission. It was so crowded that two hundred men were sleeping on the floor and across chairs in a place not too big for fifty. The floor was drafty—had to be for ventilation—yet the air was foul.

Brown was taken in hospitably. The mission was doing its best. It was an unusually cold night for Los Angeles, with rain threatening, and they weren't going to turn any one away as long as they could squeeze him in. Brown was offered a place on the floor.

Brown didn't stay. He has had plenty of experiences like that in the past, and is getting a little old for that sort of thing. He returned to the hotel and a plump wallet which he had checked in the hotel safe. But the next day he called on Mayor Cryer and told him of his experiences. It was a long talk, but it paid, for it bore fruit.

"Mr. Mayor," he concluded, "every city in America ought to have a municipal lodging-house, such as New York City and Buffalo have, where moneyless men and moneyless women can go. The first thing every applicant gets is a germicidal bath. Next comes medical examination, and the sick are separated from the well. Then they are given clean night-clothes and sent to sleep in clean, comfortable beds in well-ventilated dormitories, while their clothes are being fumigated. Next morning, after a good square breakfast, a man or woman who is broke can go out to look for honest work with a stout heart and no grudge of any kind against society.

"I have associated intimately with tramps, from coast to coast, and have been thrown into jail often with young men who had never been there before. They were guilty of no crime except that of being broke. I never knew of a case in which it did not embitter them. Often I've heard them declare that if they were to be made jailbirds anyway, they might as well be criminals, too."

Then, as Mr. Shippey tells us, Brown went at the subject of local conditions, and said:

"In your beautiful city the only alternatives for moneyless men are the jails and the missions. No mission can serve those it shelters as adequately as a properly conducted municipal lodging-house can. The mission may do its best and still find it impossible to prevent the spread of disease.

"Diseased tramps are sure to become a public charge in city hospitals, as well as a menace to public health before they get that far. If you send a man to a mission, the city, indirectly, pays for it. If he gets sick there, the city pays for it. If you make him a jailbird, the city pays for it. If you make him an enemy to society, the city pays for it. Wouldn't it be better for the city to pay for it first, in the form of a municipal lodging-house? This would prevent much crime, disease and discontent. Now, sir, will your city undertake the establishment and maintenance of such a place, with the same non-political management as a Carnegie library, if I will agree to furnish half the money needed to start it?"

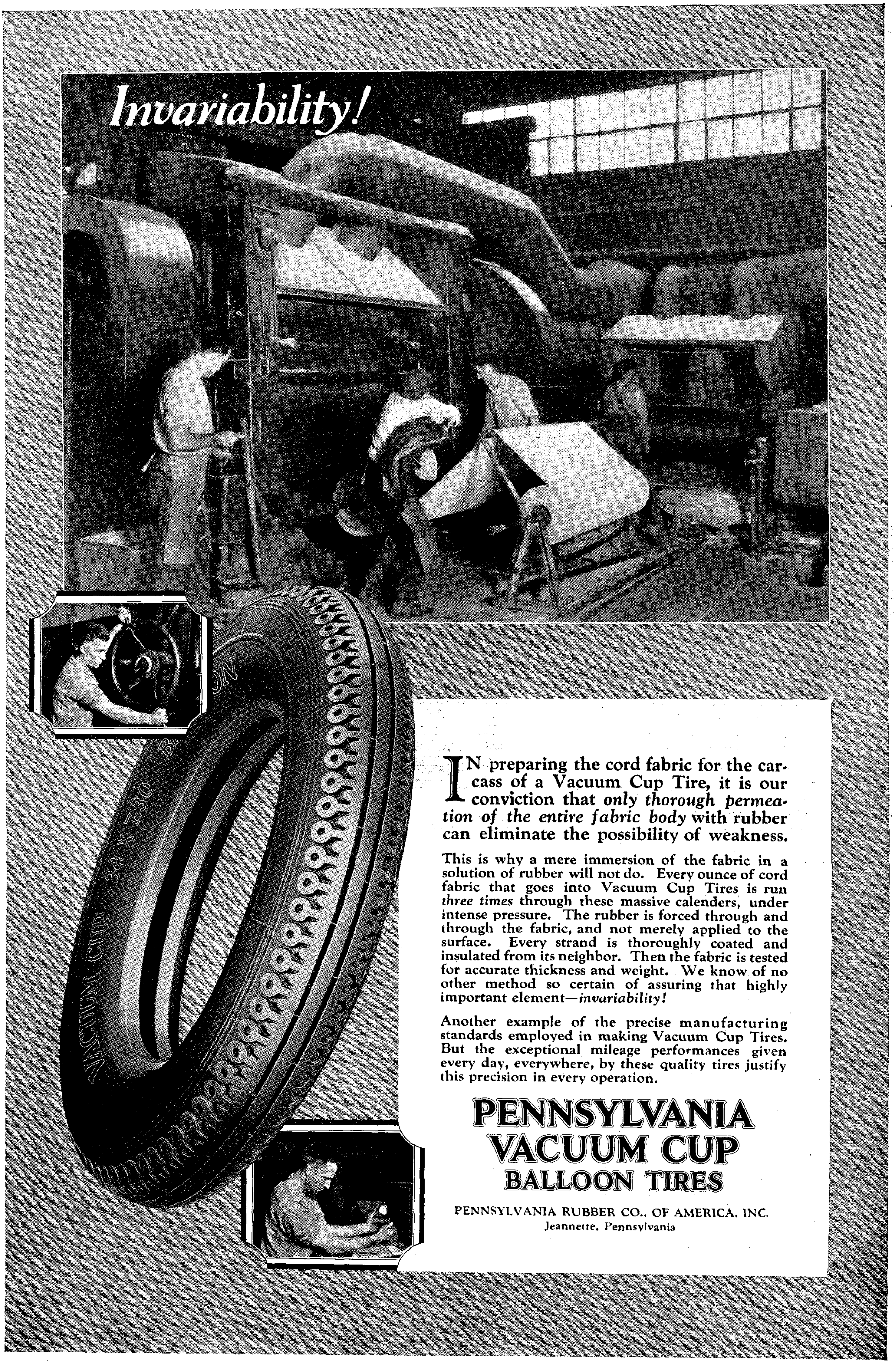
"But wouldn't that encourage tramps to flock here?" asked the mayor nervously.

"It would not. The daily germicidal bath and medical inspection alone are enough to scare off the worst of them. An employment bureau would be an important part of the idea. That and efficient management would do the rest. Men and women looking for a city in which they would not have to steal or turn prostitutes in case they went broke before they found work might be attracted. But all the worst classes of vagrants would shy away from a city in which they would be brought so directly under municipal inspection and supervision. So long as you have no such place you encourage the street panhandler and thieving idler to come here, but when you open a city lodging-house you take away the last excuse of such people to clutter up your streets."

These arguments seem to have been very persuasive, for Mr. Shippey reports that—

Both the city officials and the newspapers in Los Angeles became interested in Brown's proposal. Investigations are now being made in other cities in which municipal lodging-houses are operating. It is promised that this summer a definite campaign for a municipal lodging-house will be launched there.

A week after Brown's visit to Los Angeles he enacted the



IN preparing the cord fabric for the carcass of a Vacuum Cup Tire, it is our conviction that *only thorough permeation of the entire fabric body* with rubber can eliminate the possibility of weakness.

This is why a mere immersion of the fabric in a solution of rubber will not do. Every ounce of cord fabric that goes into Vacuum Cup Tires is run *three times* through these massive calenders, under intense pressure. The rubber is forced through and through the fabric, and not merely applied to the surface. Every strand is thoroughly coated and insulated from its neighbor. Then the fabric is tested for accurate thickness and weight. We know of no other method so certain of assuring that highly important element—*invariability!*

Another example of the precise manufacturing standards employed in making Vacuum Cup Tires. But the exceptional mileage performances given every day, everywhere, by these quality tires justify this precision in every operation.

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BALLOON TIRES

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., OF AMERICA, INC.
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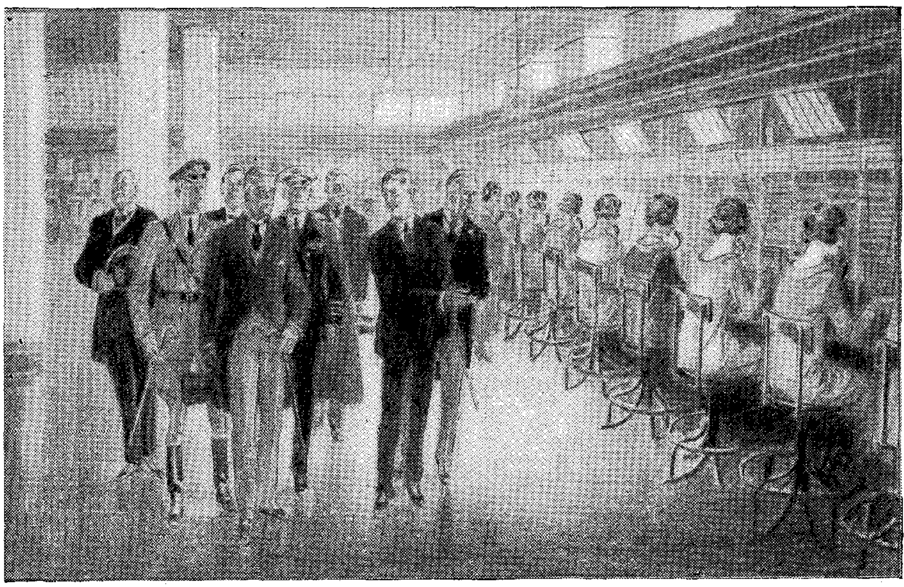


Within the means of all

Visitors from foreign countries invariably wonder at the number of telephones in America. "Why is it," they ask, "that nearly everybody in America has a telephone, while in Europe telephone service is found only in a limited number of offices and homes?"

First of all, telephone rates in the United States are the lowest in the world for the service given. Here, since the beginning, the best service for the greatest number of people has been the ideal. By constant improvement in efficiency and economy the Bell System has brought telephone service within the means of all. From the start, its rate policy has been to ask only enough to pay fair wages and a fair return on investment.

The American people are eager to adopt whatever is useful. They have found that Bell telephone service, comprehensive, prompt and reliable, connecting them with the people they wish to reach, is worth far more to them than the price charged for it.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

leading rôle in a similar performance in San Diego. There, in a shabby part of the city, Brown tried to interfere when a young man asleep on a bench was arrested, after confessing that he had just arrived in the city, had not yet secured a job, and had only fifty cents in his pocket. Brown wasn't successful in his protest, but received a hearty invitation to come along and see the jail, too. Next day, no longer disguised as a tramp, he called on Mayor Bacon. San Diego was in much the same situation as Los Angeles. The indications now are that San Diego will establish a municipal lodging-house before the annual rush of "side-door pullman tourists" begins next winter.

Whether or not those two Pacific coast institutions are established in the immediate future, it can truly be said that Edwin A. Brown is one living American to whom the people of many cities and many States have erected monuments. His name does not appear on any of those monuments, and he never has thought of claiming that any one of them really is a monument to him, yet his zeal and sacrifice have brought about, directly or indirectly, the organization, reorganization or improvement of municipal lodging-houses all over the country.

According to the account in *Everybody's*,

> Before he undertook his crusade, Edwin Brown lived a life in which hardship was unknown. In Denver, Colorado, he owned a delightful town house and also a beautiful country place in partnership with his cousin, W. C. Brown, then president of the New York Central Railroad.
>
> He was not extremely rich, but he had money enough to do what he wished, and he didn't really care for any more.
>
> He was living very happily and comfortably, and might have gone on that way till the end of his days had he not been stopt one night when the mercury had shrunk below zero by an overcoatless man, who looked half-frozen. The man asked the price of a bed. Brown had heard a good deal about the dangers of encouraging such beggars, and asked why the man didn't go to a charity organization.
>
> "Because it's Saturday," replied the man, bitterly. "Dere's one flop here might do something for me if it was open—but it ain't. She closes at noon on Sat'day and don't open till Monday morning at nine, see? Then dey'll want my address and God knows how many questions dey'll ask. I ain't got no address. I just got here to-day. I t'ought I had enough coin to get by, but I hadn't. I'm an honest man lookin' for a job, I don't want to go to jail, not even to sleep. I'd freeze first."
>
> Brown gave him the price of a bed and passed on. But when he got home beside his own bright fire, he couldn't forget that man. The next day would be Sunday. There was small chance of a job for such a man, and Sunday night he would be facing the bitter alternatives of begging, stealing, going to jail or freezing all over again.
>
> The result of his pondering was a visit to the mayor. The mayor, thinking of the luxurious Brown residence, smiled at his story.
>
> "What do you know about the problems of these people?" he asked.
>
> Brown admitted he didn't know much, but declared that he was going to find out. That was years ago, but "finding out" still is Edwin Brown's life work.

Here Mr. Shippey tells us that "there are really at least three distinct types of penniless wanderers in this country, loosely called tramps or vagrants, none of whom are necessarily criminal." Specifically—

There is first the bum, a broken man, often diseased physically or mentally, usually a beggar, and generally useless. Then there is the hobo, often quite sound, who steals railroad transportation, but seldom anything else, who begs food, but seldom anything else, and who will not work. Third there is the itinerant worker or casual laborer, sometimes known as the "dynamiter," who is quite willing to work, but is unskilled and drifts with the labor demand from harvesting to berry-picking to road-building to snow-shoveling and back again. Like the bum and the hobo he "rides the rods" on freight trains and he may beg for food, but he is beginning to be recognized as a valuable, necessary part of society. It is as this last type of tramp that Mr. Brown usually masquerades.

The tragedy of it all is that no one makes much distinction between these different types of wanderers. The police are likely to herd them in jails, with the criminal, the mentally defective and the diseased. Men like Mr. Brown are just beginning to make clear to us which kinds of "tramps" can be salvaged and how. And to do it he must take his medicine along with the rest. He has been jailed from coast to coast and from New Orleans to Seattle, and is proud of it. He has been at it for years and intends to keep at it for years, tho now he is a white-haired man of sixty-eight. His wife has resigned herself to the idea that he is incurable. He will undoubtedly be able to boast, when he reaches the end of his long and interesting trail, that he has been the most frequently arrested man in this country.

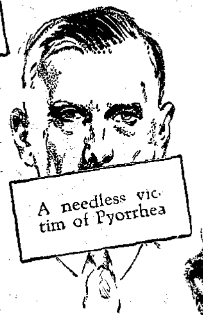
In his home in Del Mar, California, Edwin Brown surrounds himself with flowers, books and pictures, we are told, for—

He enjoys all the comforts and refinements which independent means and cultivated tastes can secure him, and enjoys them immensely. He loves to sit at his piano and improvise as he gazes out over the sunset-flushed Pacific. He loves his study, in which he is surrounded by autographed pictures of many famous men who have been his friends; by curios he picked up while in England, France, Italy, or elsewhere abroad, and mementoes of still more interesting travels at home. He loves his home, but he can never stay in it long at a time. The "habit" takes hold of him and drags him out, fight it as he will, to some city in which he will not be recognized and will stand a chance of being cast into his other home, the "bull pen." The I. W. W. who, when loaded into a patrol wagon, turned to the driver and murmured, "Home, James," was an amateur compared to this Brown.

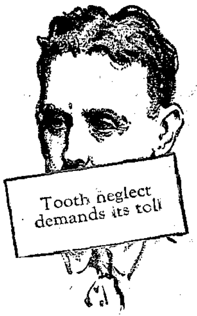
Yet he is as far from being an I. W. W. as he is from being a "parlor socialist." He is a humanitarian tremendously interested in the welfare of the unemployed man. It is with the hope of preventing radicalism and discontent that he so often subjects himself to hardship and even ill-treatment. He is convinced that he has discovered the greatest primary cause of crime, disease and social unrest, and the most scientific fundamental for the cure of those ills.

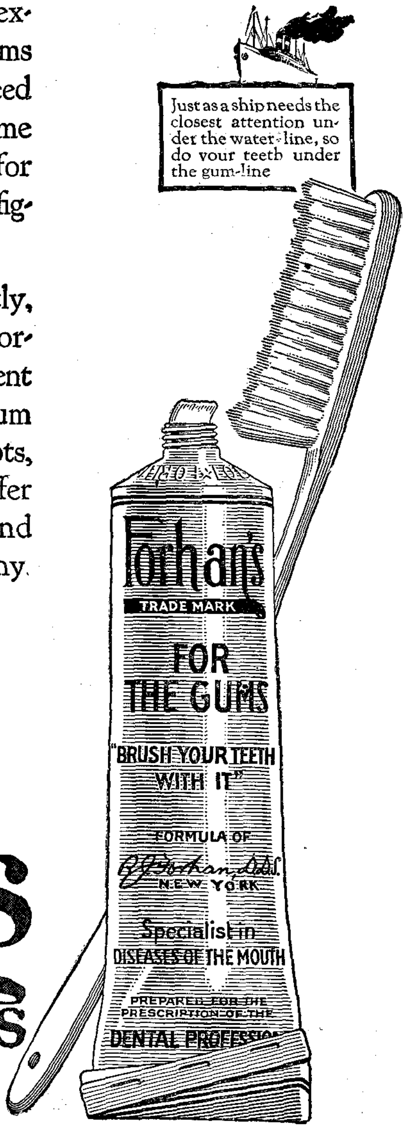
Some of Brown's "findings" are a little

Afraid to smile—
Pyorrhea's price


A needless victim of Pyorrhea

She alone knows the penalty


Tooth neglect demands its toll


Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line
Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
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Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
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4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will *you* escape?

Protect your gums and save your teeth

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

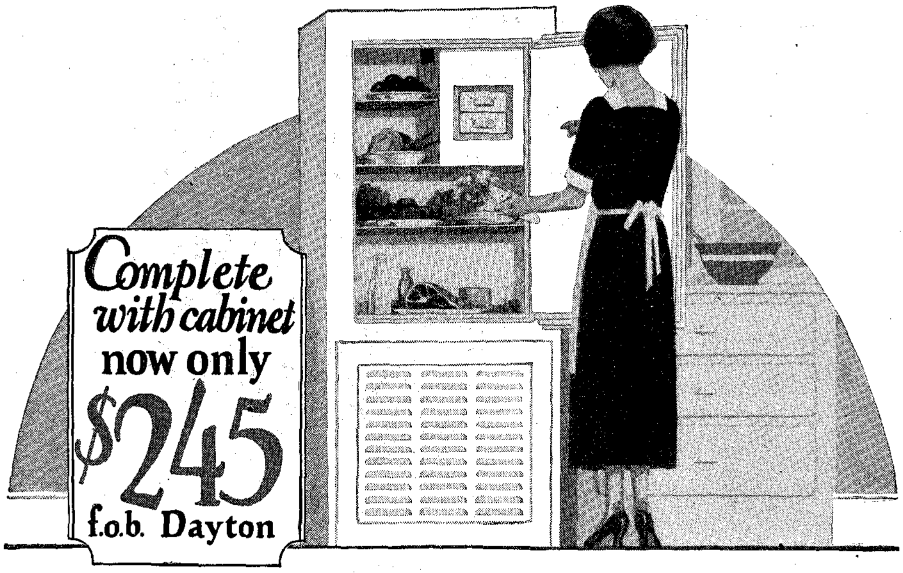
If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste: it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

*More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea*


Complete with cabinet now only $245 f.o.b. Dayton

Give Your Home the Convenience of Frigidaire

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The new Frigidaire is made complete with cabinet, and sells for $245, f. o. b. Dayton. It is compact and occupies only a small space, yet has ample food capacity for the average family. Sturdy construction—of five-ply wood and corkboard—insures excellent heat insulation and long years of satisfactory service. A single electrical connection starts it operating in your home. It is entirely automatic—nothing to replenish, nothing to worry about.

If you have a good ice box in your home now you will want to see the new low-priced model of the Frigidaire mechanism, with which your present refrigerator can be converted into a Frigidaire — easily and at very little expense. The complete Frigidaire mechanism for this purpose costs as little as $190 f. o. b. Dayton.

$190 f.o.b. Dayton, O.

Frigidaire is priced as low as $190 f. o. b. Dayton. There are thirty-two models, twelve complete with cabinet and twenty designed for use in converting standard makes of refrigerators into Frigidaires.

Any Frigidaire model will give your home *better* refrigeration — freedom from the possible annoyance of outside ice supply — automatic day-after-day, week-after-week operation, without any attention on your part—constant, dry, germ-proof cold—foods that are *always* fresh, pure and wholesome—new and delicious frozen desserts—*all* of the advantages that come only with the dependable and economical service rendered by Frigidaire.

The satisfaction of Frigidaire users everywhere, and the maintenance of a nation-wide organization of 3,500 trained sales and service representatives assure you of complete satisfaction with Frigidaire in your home.

It may be purchased for a small first payment—the balance to be distributed on easy terms. Any Frigidaire office will supply information or descriptive literature will be mailed on request.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,* **Dept. F-24, Dayton, Ohio,** *Delco-Light Company of Canada, Ltd., 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont. Makers of Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants, Electric Pumps, Electric Washing Machines, and Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.*

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Address ....

Town .... *State* ....

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

startling, but all are interesting. He is convinced, for instance, that charity never will cure poverty and is utterly unscientific. But listen to him:

"Ninety per cent. of the men who 'go on the road' are honest men, looking for work or driven to seek other parts of the country for reasons of health, or other equally good reasons. Many try to follow harvests from State to State, but often are out of work a week or two between harvests. I have just come from a town in the Imperial Valley of California into which men recently flocked for the lettuce harvest. The harvest was a little later than expected—many of the men went broke. The jail was full of them. Yet without those itinerant workers that community would have suffered greatly a week later.

"The itinerant worker is one of this country's great floating assets, and in many cases it is the treatment he receives which changes him from a benefit to society to a menace to society. Arrests for the crime of being broke and charity which rob a man of self-respect both fail utterly to meet the problem he presents.

"A good workman, out of work in the Oklahoma oil-fields, may try to work his way to the California oil-fields. An honest man in Chicago or Detroit may have to go to Texas or Florida as an itinerant worker to save his health. It is a great mistake to call those men hoboes and to treat them as if they had lost all right to respect.

"A man who enters a free public library doesn't hang his head and feel he is a beggar because he is asking something for nothing. The library employee who courteously serves him has no such feeling, either. Itinerant workers should be treated in municipal lodging-houses from coast to coast with respect which will fortify their own self-respect; as essential members of society who may arise from their clean beds the next morning and immediately become useful citizens of the community through the aid of the institution's employment bureau."

Quite amazing, thinks Mr. Shippey, is Mr. Brown's way of spreading these ideas throughout the United States. As we are told,

After his visit to Boston, a former mayor of the Hub went incognito to the municipal lodging-house the city already had. There he learned for himself how it treated an honest moneyless man—after which he secured an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the reorganization of the institution along the lines recommended by Brown. After his visit to Washington, Congress appropriated forty-five thousand dollars for a new municipal lodging-house. After his visit to Minneapolis, a municipal lodging-house accommodating one hundred men nightly was opened. The campaign he made unquestionably influenced the voting of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a municipal lodging-house in Buffalo, which is one of the best in the country. St. Louis welcomed Brown with great heartiness, and the movement his visit inaugurated has resulted in a municipal lodging-house which this latest winter, according to press reports, sheltered from four hundred to five hundred persons nightly. Denver opened a temporary municipal lodging-house for both men and women as a direct result of his efforts.

In many of the cities his visits brought about immediate action to improve conditions, and it can not be doubted that directly or indirectly his one-man crusade has brought a little more humanitarianism into the treatment of millions of temporarily luckless men. He has received evidence of that in the form of letters from every part of this country, and some from foreign countries, including one from the trustees of the Tolstoy estate in Russia.

It will be noticed that there have been wide gaps in Brown's itinerary. That is because invariably he goes to places in which he is not expected—and must return to his home to clean up and recuperate between trips. For on his trips he has endured every hardship, every danger that the average tramp endures. He has gone hungry at times and has labored hard for bed and breakfast—harder sometimes than the quality of the bed and breakfast seemed to merit. He has worked through New York State as a berry-picker, in the Middle West as a harvester, and on the Pacific coast at many kinds of toil. He has ridden the rods of freight-trains and labored as a Mississippi steamboat roustabout. He has acted the part of itinerant worker so well that the police and charity workers of more than a score of cities have been fooled. But in between times he returns to his home of refinement and comfort—and his grand piano.

Here Mr. Shippey asks: "What are the conclusions to which this tireless investigation of civilization's miserable, unsuccessful by-products has arrived?" and answers:

Edwin Brown sums them all up: "If a man begs, the community supports him. If he steals, it supports him. If he goes to a mission, it supports him. If he gets ill from hunger or exposure, it supports him. If it embitters him by jailing him for nothing, it must pay the cost. The only scientific plan, therefore, is for the community to support him in the first place, and in the right way, which will serve to diminish if not to do away with all those other calls for support. The very fact that a considerable proportion of itinerant workers are forced to tramp for their health's sake should be proof enough to any thinking person that a community which either forces them to endure dangerous exposure and hunger or permits them to be crowded together in some nobly inspired but necessarily unsanitary mission is being criminally careless of its own public health. And the community which provides no place at all, not even a crowded mission, for moneyless women is taking as criminal a risk with public morals."

That is the doctrine Edwin Brown is preaching. He has been arrested from coast to coast in order to attract the concentrated attention of this or that community to it, and is in delicate health now as a result of the hardships he has undergone. Ever since the cold night when he was one of a group of moneyless men who slept on a huge railroad ash-heap near Pueblo, warmed only by the still smoking, and gas-exuding, ashes, he has been rather deaf. But still he is willing to go anywhere and get arrested there if assured that he can do good for homeless men and women by so doing.

When he made that declaration in a Western city the other day, a newspaper editor said: "You'll never be appreciated till you're dead, Mr. Brown."

"I'll get more out of it that way," replied Brown, whimsically, "for I expect to be dead a good while longer than I will be

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you.

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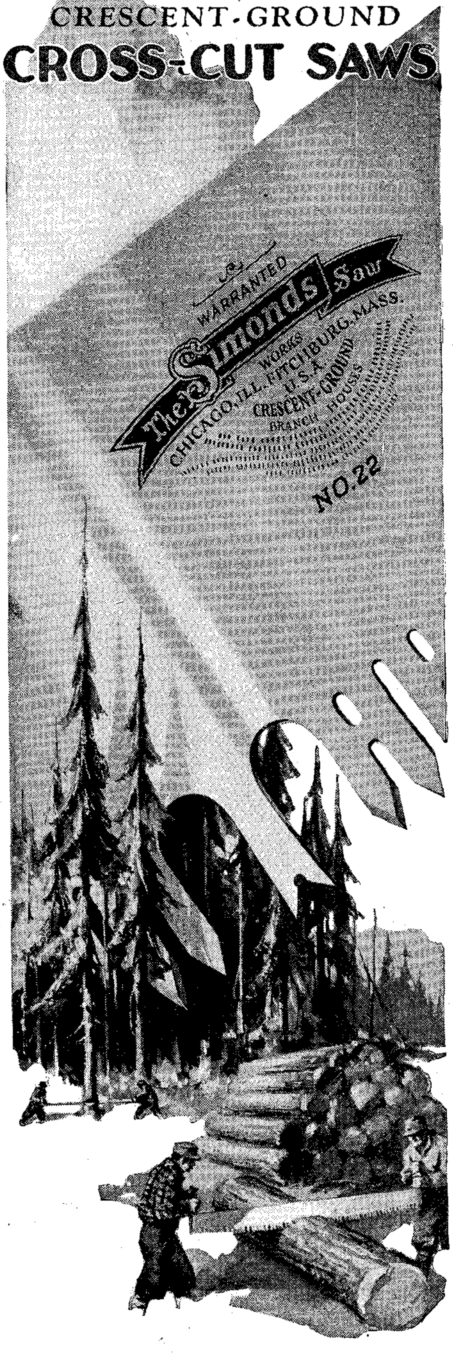

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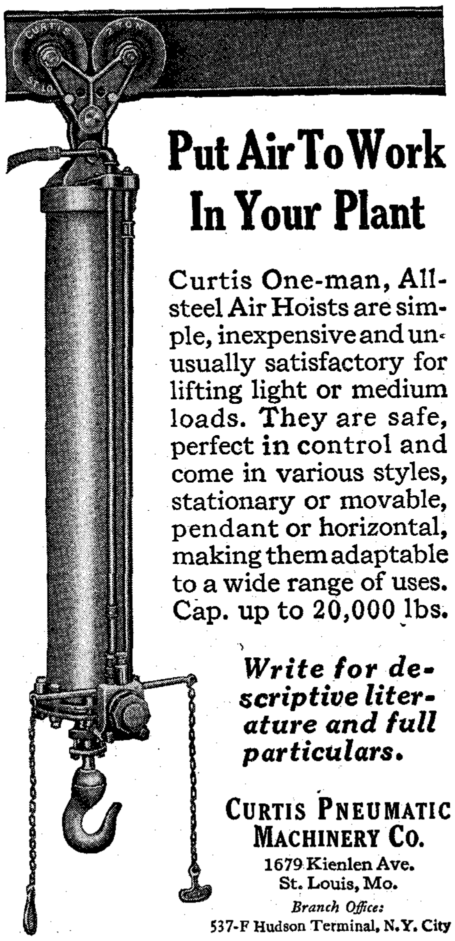
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

alive. But so long as I am alive I'm ready. I don't care a hang about whether I'm appreciated or not. All I want is to have my ideas appreciated. I may be the most arrested man in America, but I'm going on the theory that an idea, once it starts, never can be arrested."

THE HUMOR OF "ALIBI COURT," SHANGHAI

YANG PINA-SAN steals chickens. On the occasion of his eighth appearance before the International Mixed Court in Shanghai, it was made clear that he had been caught with a chicken under his arm, and here is what he told the judges: "I was walking along the street, intent on my business. I passed a poultry shop. One of the birds became frightened and flew out into the street. I was walking with my hand on my breast, and the bird flew at me, lodging under my arm, and sticking there. Just then I met the constable." As Mr. D. C. Bess tells us in a dispatch from Shanghai to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "Chinese magistrate and foreign assessor congratulated Yang before they repeated in unison, 'Two months!'" According to Mr. Bess:

> It is declared that more criminal cases come before the International Mixed Court here than any other tribunal in the world—in 1924 the number exceeded 91,000. And it is safe to say that in ninety-nine out of 100 cases the Chinese defendants produce at least one "alibi"; sometimes for safety they furnish half a dozen. So the Court has come to be known among foreigners here as Alibi Court.
>
> One scorching day last summer a Chinese coolie was brought into court charged with the theft of two panes of glass from an open courtyard. He was eager to admit the theft, but hastened to explain just how it happened. "It was very warm," said he. "I was thirsty. I passed the courtyard. There, lying before me, was a thick layer of ice. It had been formed in a pool of water. I was happy. I said the gods were good. They had made ice for me. So I took it. A constable saw me. He arrested me. He said the ice was glass. I had been deceived."
>
> The Chinese magistrate wiped the perspiration from his brow while the evidence was repeated in English for the benefit of the American assessor. The American looked at the Chinese judge. Both smiled. Even in Alibi Court this was ingenious. 'Two months."
>
> Perhaps some statistician will some day figure how many such alibis have been presented to this Court since its establishment in 1869 by agreement between China and the Western nations. The mark surely will exceed a million. And the production has not been checked at its source—the fertile mind of the Chinese coolie. East and West judge jointly in this court—Chinese magistrates sitting on the bench in their long gowns with foreign assessors beside them—British and American and French and Portuguese, and all the rest. They sit in four divisions from early in the morning till sometimes late at night to get through



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Of Hair and Skin
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Soap to Cleanse
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WHAT EVOLUTION REALLY IS

The Theory of Evolution *may* be just what you think it *isn't*. The father of the theory, Charles Darwin, tells you *exactly* what it is, in language you can understand, in his world-famed book, "On the Origin of Species"—his own true summary of his amazing researches. *12mo, Cloth. 430 pages. 75 cents, net; 85 cents, post-paid.* FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Watch for

PARADE

By EMILY POST

Author of "Etiquette," "Purple and Fine Linen," "The Title Market," "The Flight of a Moth," etc.

A NOVEL OF NEW YORK SOCIETY

Publication Date, Aug. 27th.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

their work. They rush through cases as fast as they may, but there is one inalienable right they do not interfere with: the coolie's right to furnish an alibi. And even tho they are seldom effective, the mere telling seems to give an artistic satisfaction.

The "plural alibi," as Mr. Bess calls it, is very common. For example:

Tong Kyi-Noen gave an example when brought into court for stealing a ribbon from a shop. The keeper testified he had seen him take the ribbon and searched him, finding it in his trousers. Whereupon Tong spoke as follows:

"I went into the shop to see a friend. I didn't have the ribbon. Nobody saw me take the ribbon except the shopkeeper. The ribbon was of no use to me. What would I want with it?"

All of this without excitement, in a tone of plausibility. The Court listens patiently, and replies simply, "Two months."

There is the dramatic alibi. The coolie is a natural-born actor. Waung Ah-Loong demonstrated this. A Chinese constable testified he had caught Waung running away with a gold bangle, snatched from a lady's ear, clasped tight in his hand. Whereupon Waung deposed: "I was in a shop buying food. Suddenly I heard a police whistle. I said, 'There must be a fire.' I went to the door and saw men running. I ran, too, to see the flames. As I was running this constable leapt upon me from behind. I fell to the street, and as my hand struck the ground it closed upon a small hard object. The constable opened my hand. He said it contained the bangle. Some one must have dropt it there."

Then the patient answer of the Court, "Two months."

Wong Ah-San came into court with no definite charge against him. A Chinese constable had come upon him one dark night in an alley and he had started to run. Wong hastened to explain. "While on my way home I became very sleepy. I could not go farther and went into the alley for a short nap. When I awoke I was very cold. I did not see the constable, but started to run to get warm. His is a suspicious nature. He arrested me."

Not less remarkable is the "occult alibi." The occult makes a great impression upon coolies, who assume that it will make as great an impression upon the court. So thought Waung Doo-Nyung, and we are told:

Waung Doo-Nyung was charged with the theft of a blanket. He had collided with a constable while carrying the blanket, with the irate owner in close pursuit. Under the circumstances he might have been expected to plead guilty. But not in Alibi Court. Said Waung:

"It was the night of the Ghost Moon. I went to sleep in an alleyway, without covering. Suddenly I awoke to find a blanket spread over me. I was amazed. A man came up, angry, and claimed the blanket. I cried, 'I have been bewitched!' and ran away from that place, in my haste neglecting to throw off the blanket. I was so afraid that I did not see the constable."

The Chinese magistrate looked at Waung with respect, but replied, as usual, "Two months."

The Biblical cloud of witnesses can always be invoked in Alibi Court. There appeared one Dr. Ching Loo-Piau, who admitted that his degree and title were self-imposed. He was a coolie in an iron-works, but cured ills in his spare time. He had

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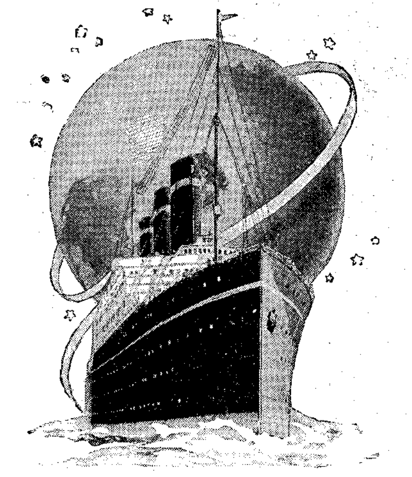

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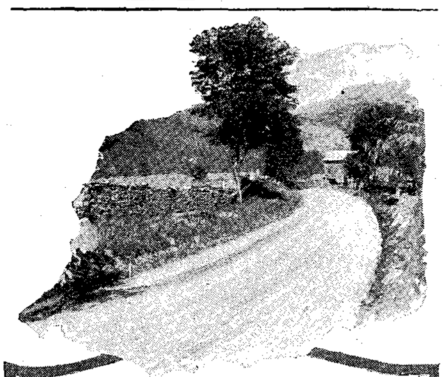

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

formed a society, members paying fifteen cents each for permanent medical attention. The police authorities considered Dr. Ching's methods objectionable. But he introduced into Alibi Court almost a score of witnesses ready to admit that he had cured them. They had suffered all the minor ailments, and readily admitted that they were well pleased with their medical service. After several had told their stories, one smiling coolie took the stand.

"Ching examined my head, he found what was wrong with me, and he cured me," said the witness.

"And what was your ailment?" asked the magistrate.

"Baldness."

The Court was so imprest that the usual "two months" was omitted.

Sometimes the alibis are too Oriental for the Occidental mind to grasp. Such was the explanation of Waung Nyi-Ching. He came to court charged with the theft of a gown, having been caught by a householder in his bedroom. Waung explained: "I went to look for a friend. He was not at home. So I took the gown."

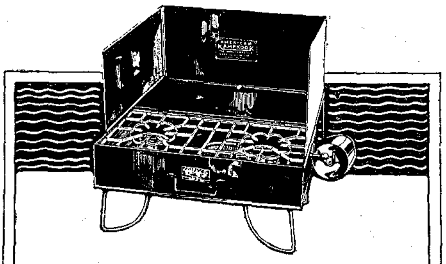
THE MAKING OF A LEXICOGRAPHER

HALF-BLIND, and very delicate when eleven years old, Frank H. Vizetelly is now a famous lexicographer, and in this, as we are told, "there lies a story of triumph over difficulties which reads like a combination of Alger books and the tale of the knight who slew countless dragons." To begin with, "there was the matter of sight, a severe handicap." As Harriette Ashbrook tells us in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "until he was eleven, he never saw the light of day except through a pair of black leather blinders with tiny pin-holes in the center." The article runs on:

> The best that he could do when he started out in life was to find his way around. Reading and writing were out of the question.
>
> But the fact remains that in spite of the overwhelming odds against him at the beginning of his career, little half-blind Frank Vizetelly has lived to acquire an imposing looking array of letters after his name and the distinction of having written more books about the words in the English language than any other person alive to-day, to say nothing of having edited thirty-five editions of the dictionary.
>
> As the managing editor of the *New Standard Dictionary* he is one of the leading authorities on knotty problems of pronunciations, definition and spelling, and he is said to have the largest English vocabulary in the world.

The handicap of blindness was overcome by an operation, we read, and "for a few joyous years" young Vizetelly "went to school in England and France and crammed his young head full of languages and literature." But—

> At fifteen his health was so poor that the family decided that a farm was the only place for him. Accordingly he went to live with an energetic British yeoman in Surrey, and there for several years he



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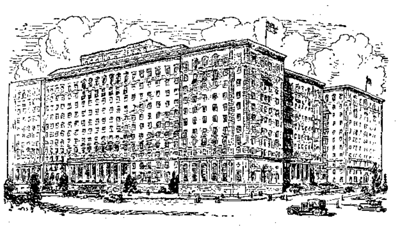

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devoted himself to milking cows, herding geese, cleaning stables, hoeing vegetables and driving cattle to market. From the farm he graduated to a sawmill and thence to a mechanic's shop.

By this time his spindling legs had filled out and his chest expansion increased at a tremendous rate, and his father decided that he was ready to come back and go into the business, a London publishing house which for several generations had been owned by the Vizetelly family.

His first job was that of chore boy, opening the doors, sweeping out and tending the fires. But soon his insatiable appetite for reading led him into the editorial department, and it wasn't long before he was translating foreign works into English, tracing the genealogy of words, editing manuscripts, and correcting proofs.

At the end of six years he was sailing along beautifully when the crash which swept away the entire Vizetelly fortune came. In the litigation which followed the business was completely wiped off the map, and Frank Vizetelly and his brothers were left penniless.

Young Frank was seized with the wanderlust and he set out for America and landed in New York eventually with a few dollars in his pocketbook, a great desire to get work and not much else. For several weeks he tramped the streets vainly looking for a job.

Then he saw an advertisement for men to join an expedition headed by Jack Crawford which was to go into Washington Territory, and he volunteered for the job. But before his application could be accepted his interest was intrigued in another direction. He passed the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls and gazed up longingly into the office windows.

As the writer informs us, "he went in and volunteered to work for a day for nothing just to show them what he could do"—

They accepted him on his own terms, but at the end of the day they made their terms. He was to receive the magnificent salary of $12 per week. Ten dollars and a half of this went for room and board and laundry, so that he had a dollar and a half left to spend in riotous living.

There followed several years of pretty hard struggle. At one time the financial situation grew so acute that young Vizetelly was forced to seek outside work to supplement his regular salary, and he turned to the first thing he could lay his hands on. For months he edited the fashion department of a Chicago syndicate under the fetching name of "Norma."

He also edited several magazines, contributed articles to other publications, wrote books on a wide variety of subjects and eagerly snatched up any writing job that came along. In between times he studied nights for a university degree.

For six years he worked on a thesis which finally won him a coveted Doctorate of Literature. A number of years later the University of Maryland honored him with a Doctor of Laws degree. He has never yet received an A. B. degree, altho he possesses two of the highest marks of recognition which can be conferred on a scholar.

On the death of Dr. Isaac Funk in 1912, Dr. Vizetelly became the managing editorship of the *New Standard Dictionary*, and since that time he has headed a staff of 300 workers who spend their entire time tracking down new words and capturing them for the next edition.

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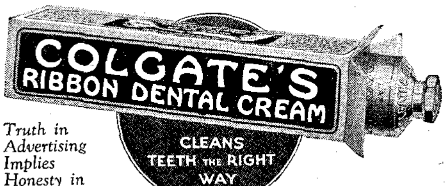


Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

ADVENTURES ON THE RIVER OF DEATH

THE slightest scratch from the poisoned weapons used by the Chervantes Indians along the Rio das Mortes in Brazil "means quick but agonizing death," we are told. Hence the legend that no white man has ever returned from an exploration trip up "that doleful waterway." Nevertheless, Mr. Francis Gow Smith has lately returned from precisely such a trip, tho he found the Chervantes as advertised, "firing at intruders long arrows tipped from the thigh-bones of animals, ground to an edge almost as sharp as a steel razor, and poisoned with a plant distillation" so deadly "that it kills in a few minutes." Nearly all the Indians of the Brazilian jungles use poisoned weapons, we read, but the Chervantes are especially to be feared, as they cherish a deep hatred of Caucasians. Writing in *The World's Work*, Mr. Smith tells us:

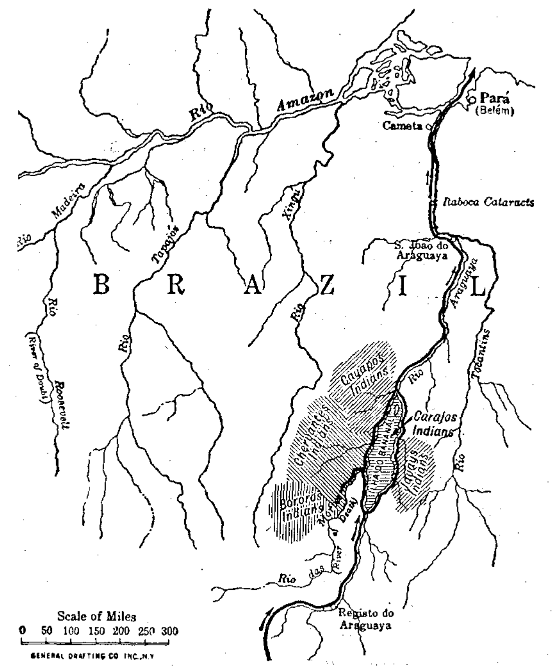
> The reason for the hostility of the Chervantes toward the white man is that Spanish conquerors enslaved them centuries ago to work the rich gold mines along the middle courses of the Rio das Mortes. The Indians rebelled and slew their masters, and for the centuries since that time have closely guarded their territory not only against white men, but also against other Indian tribes. It is not literally true that no white man has ever returned from a visit to them. A few years ago three Brazilians were captured by the Chervantes in their territory; two were slain, and the third escaped death only because the Indians thought that his eye-glasses denoted supernatural powers. They gave him a native wife and adopted him as a medicine man, but finally he escaped.

The Chervantes decapitate their victims, remove the skull, and fill the scalp with hot pebbles and sand, one of the many processes in this diabolical custom. This trophy is finally dipt in an amber-colored preservative, probably made from a plant, and, according to the legend, artificial eyes of wax are inserted and colored. Many of the South American tribes practise this gruesome custom, not uncommon among primitive peoples, and not particularly encouraging to any person who wishes to visit them.

The River of Death leads into the darkest corner of the world. In this tumble of mountains, jungles, and open plains in the Brazilian State of Matto Grosso are thousands of square miles of virtually unexplored, unmapped territory, inhabited by no one knows how many thousands of savage Indians, among whom murder is practised as one of the fine arts. They retreated into their mountain fastnesses as the white man advanced from the coast, and queer legends abound about their life and customs.

There is a legend of a tribe of pygmy Indians dwelling in the impenetrable jungles; and another legend of a tribe of Amazonian women who live apart from the men except for a short period of the year, and who destroy all their male offspring. More terrible than these legends are the realities: the Chervantes, as I have said, slay their victims cruelly; the Mundurucus also decapitate their victims; the Gaviaos, tall, fat Indians, who feed upon nuts, kill their victims with wicked arrows fired from eight-foot bows; and even the less vicious tribes, the Carajas, the Cayapos, and the Bororos, must be watched constantly for treachery.

As Mr. Smith explains,



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"THE DARKEST CORNER OF THE WORLD"

Toward the bottom of this map the reader will trace the Rio das Mortes (River of Death). Toward the left may be seen the River of Doubt explored by Roosevelt.

> These tribes live on the eastern side of the unexplored Brazilian wilderness. Three hundred miles or so across the jungles is the white man's other frontier—the river explored by Theodore Roosevelt and variously called the Rio Roosevelt, the Rio Theodore, and the River of Doubt. No white man knows definitely what lies between the Rio Theodore and the Rio das Mortes. It is virtually unexplored; the world's darkest corner, and it is doubtless rich in diamonds, gold, minerals, vegetation that can be used for drugs, but also full of the dangers accompanying the tropical jungles—Indians, poisonous snakes, and weeds, fevers, insects, and man-eating animals. It is a region of weird beauty, but the white man is attracted there more by the legendary riches than by the beautiful sights.

Mr. Smith made his plans for the trip up the River of Death at Registo, on the headwaters of the Araguaya, we are told. From Registo he "proceeded by canoe to the Island of Bananal, the longest river island in the world, stretching its trackless, virgin jungle for four hundred miles down the center of the Araguaya." Says Mr. Smith:

> Here with tobacco and brown sugar I bribed the primitive Caraja Indians to day-time friendliness. But I never felt sure that they might not reconsider matters in the councils of the night—so I violated all warnings, and slept alone in my canoe, preferring safety from Indians to safety from the dangerous snakes, notably

the thirty-foot surucu, which is said to attack men even in canoes.

Soon, with a hastily collected crew of timid Carajas, I turned from Bananal Island up the Rio das Mortes, in search of its gems and gold-mines. For five days all told we worked our way up this river. The scene was an endless paradise of peace and flaming beauty. The banks were walled with forests and draped with the gorgeous colors of flowering vines. Over the silver sheet of the water flashed in a kaleidoscope of amazing color the wings of parrots and strange butterflies. Solemnly on the rocks along the shore stood countless long-billed ibis, flaunting their plumage in pastel shades of red, green, purple, and blue. Other fishermen, the graceful jaguars, lay daintily draped on branches over the stream where shoals of fish, feeding on floating petals, were so thick that a swift paw could scoop up a mouthful at will.

All was enchanting peace. Yet I could almost feel the unseen eyes of the Chervantes watching our every move from among the trees. And a column of signal smoke, rising now and again above the forest roof, revealed that our progress was being reported to natives higher up. So came the morning of the sixth day, and the thrilling climax of my venture.

I wish I might describe a fiery hand-to-hand fray, with war-clubs whirling, spears flying, and guns barking death. But things don't happen that way in Matto Grosso. The sly treachery of the poisoned arrow settles matters more to the liking of these inhospitable savages. Deceived by the languid peace, I cut in closer to their jealously guarded banks, while rounding a bend. And then it happened. A plop in the river. A vicious swishing through the air and two more plops, close to our canoe. Instantly a babble of hysterical cries from my Carajas. Before I knew what had happened, the dugout was swung around by panic-stricken sweeps of the paddles, and we were heading back down-stream and out toward the center, while a hail of feathered arrows cut the water about us.

Mr. Smith could not see his assailants. He tells us:

A heavenly quiet pervaded the flower-embroidered shores, with only a fleeting glimpse of naked figures gliding among the foliage. Even as I looked a second barrage of arrows hurtled toward us from treetop and reed, and one spent arrow rattled against our craft. The slightest scratch from these poisoned weapons means quick but agonizing death. But I felt that to fire my revolver would have been futile. The panic its sound might create would do no more than delay another ambush.

By this time we were well out in the middle of the river. I managed to call a halt and confer with my Caraja crew. But my orders were vain. A stray arrow floated down upon the current. One of my natives plunged into the water and brought the arrow gingerly to the canoe. He indicated fearfully its poisoned tip, as if this were argument enough. And all the pleadings of my limited Indian vocabulary were drowned out in a chorus of negation. The Carajas had had enough. They knew better than I what certain fate was in store ahead. Here was rank, incorrigible mutiny to which I could only yield.

Thus it was that we turned back down the River of Death. And the canoeists made the whole distance in two days that had taken five coming up. So I left the

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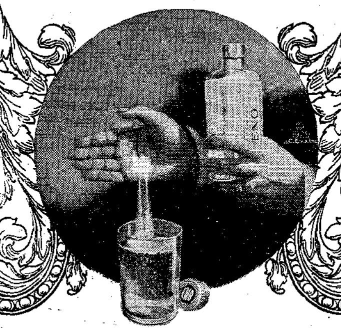


ENO *first thing in the morning*

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

legends of the ancient gold-mine and the reputed diamond beds of this sinister waterway.

In a few months I intend to try again to visit the Chervantes, so that I may collect material for the Museum of the American Indian. This time I may attempt to reach them by passing through the territory of the Bororos, who are visited regularly by priests and other white men. If I give the Chervantes presents to convince them of my friendly intentions, I think I shall have no trouble.

Before I attempted to pass up the River of Death, I had spent some time with the Caraja Indians, gathering from them specimens of their weapons, utensils, dress, and other things of interest to the Museums. They are fairly typical of the Brazilian Indian tribes.

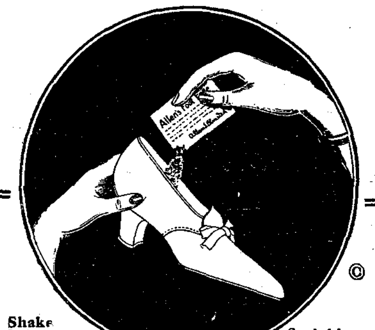
In appearance the Caraja Indians are more of the Polynesian type, and run much smaller in stature than the early Indians of North America. The chief is apt to be a big man, but the average height for men is about five feet, six inches; and for women, about five feet, two. They are well proportioned, with slender wrists and ankles, and hands and feet in keeping with their size. The men are sinewy and strong, and the younger women graceful and supple.

Warriors crowded around Mr. Smith when he first entered a Caraja village, and he says:

They had not, I think, seen a North American before. They stood with their arms folded and subjected me to the closest scrutiny. I am six feet, two inches, and weighed then about 180 pounds, so they seemed favorably imprest by my size and probable strength. When they had judged and approved, they made way for their women, who stood a little way off.

That day I was wearing an old shirt which had faded to pale green. Two of the bolder women came up and began picking at my sleeves, rubbing their bare, brown arms, and humming sharply between their teeth, in an effort to make me understand that if I could give them the shirt to wear it would keep the mosquitoes from biting them. I laughed and my men told them that I had something much better than an old green shirt to give them. They laughed, too, and the whole party then escorted me to the village.

Their wigwams are huts, usually placed in a circle, with an open space in the center, where the ceremonies of the tribe are held. These huts are made of wood and thatched with grass and the leaves of the palm-tree. No special type of architecture is followed. Some are round, or dome-shaped; others long and narrow. They have no windows, and a very low door, so that a tall person must enter almost on hands and knees. Each *Ocas* (hut) will accommodate several families, and in the first one we entered we found a number of women and young girls and children roasting wild yams and nuts over the fire. The children shrieked at the sight of me, the *donzellas* (girls) fled to the back of the hut in a panic, and stood looking at me from between their fingers. The women rose, and, after explanations, bustled about, cooking a sort of pancake for me.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Soon, "in all the fulness of his splendor," came the chief:

> Apparently he had rushed away to "doll up" before meeting the stranger, and was resplendent in glistening black and cerise paint and gorgeous head-dress of red and amber feathers, with a belt made of braided grass and boasting a few feathers, and with rosettes of brilliantly colored feathers tied on his brawny arms. He greeted me gravely, but with a certain cordiality and a wide sweep of the arm which meant that the key to the city was mine.

The Carajas are not always so amiable. As Mr. Smith tells us:

> There is no friendliness between these tribes of wild Indians, and no barter or exchange. They never go into each other's territory unless they are looking for trouble. When the chief decides to make war on an enemy tribe, he calls all his warriors in counsel; every man who is expected to take an active part has a voice in the matter. The Indian is no pacifist, however, and while he has no incentive for wars of conquest or aggression in a land where nature everywhere sets a bountiful table, he knows nothing of the sweet philosophy of turning the other cheek, and is quick to avenge depredations and insult.
>
> The war club is employed by the Carajas to assist their old folks gently but firmly into the next world. Aged or feeble members of the tribe can not keep up with their migrations up and down the river, nor with the rear-guard when the tribe is on the war-path, so they submit cheerfully to this head-breaking process, believing that they will go straight to the Indian paradise, located on a mythical blue mountain, where food and drink are plentiful and the surroundings of exceptional grandeur.

These savages treated Mr. Smith handsomely, he reports, but he is quick to add:

> It was partly because they feared me, and partly because I gave them presents of tobacco, flour and sugar. I doubt whether any would become a real friend. I never quite trusted them, and did not once sleep in their villages. I always went back to my canoe at night and, paddling out, anchored it in the middle of the river.
>
> In bidding me farewell, the Indians were not demonstrative, but often came down to the shore to see me off, and twice braves went with us a way in the canoe, and then dived overboard and swam back to shore.
>
> There are about 1,000 Carajas all told, distributed in villages of 100 to 200 persons. I visited all their settlements and brought back a number of spears, bows and arrows, war clubs, chiefs' head-dresses, women's bonnets, armlets, bandeaux, and babies' wristlets.

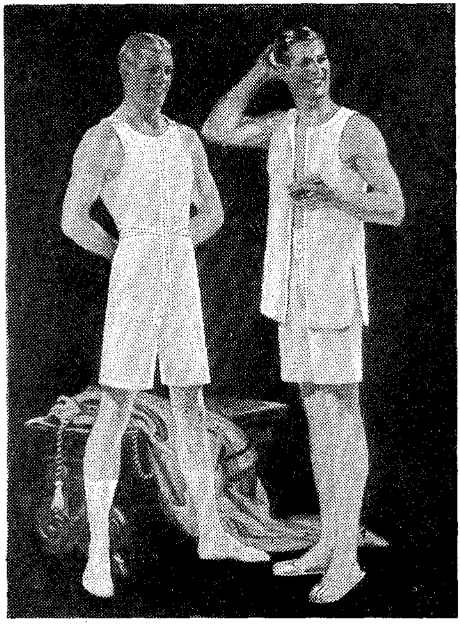
Maneuvers—Light Equipment.—Rufe, participant in the recent quarrel, dropt over to Sam's hut and found him apparently engrossed in deep thought.

"Whaffo' yo'-all settin' dere dumb-like?" he asked suspiciously.

"Hush yo' mouf, boy," ordered Sam. "Ah's thinkin'."

"Shucks! Yo' ain' thinkin'. Yo' kain't think! All yo' is doin' is passin' yo' brain in review."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Good Advice.—Don't worry about anonymous letters. The best thing is not to open them at all!—*Buen Humor* (*Madrid*).



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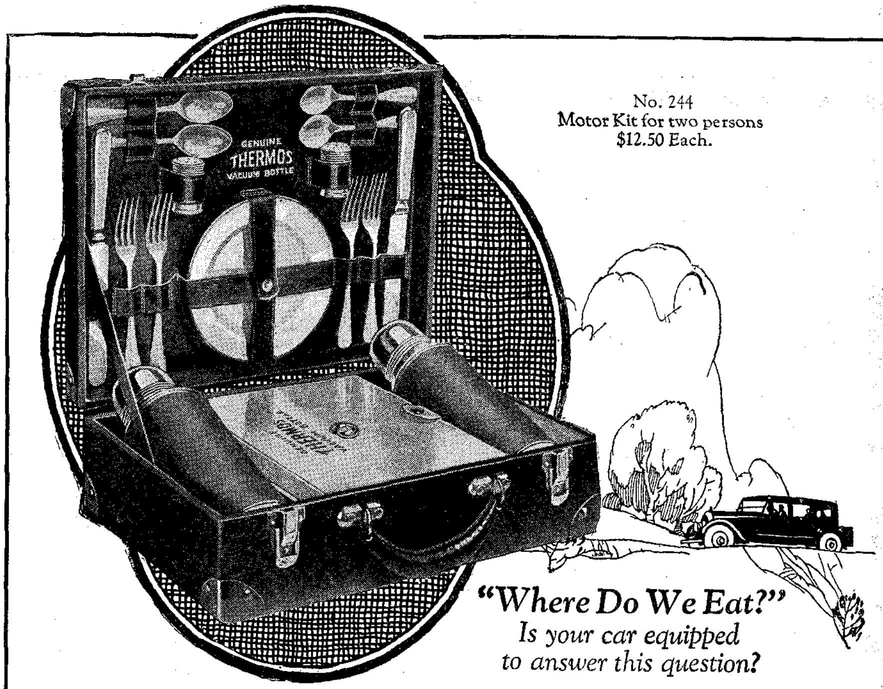

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

KEEPING THE IMMIGRANT AND HIS DOLLAR FROM BEING PARTED

THE two largest savings-banks in the world have built up their vast deposits not wholly, but predominantly, from the savings of immigrants from overseas—they are the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, and the Bowery Savings Bank, both of New York. In winning the immigrants over as patrons of public American banks, several difficulties had to be surmounted, particularly in the case of the Italians, the Russian Jews, and the Slavs, writes Reuben A. Lewis, Jr., in *The American Bankers Association Journal.* There were, for instance, the barrier of language, the reluctance to deal with the impressively housed American bank, and the distrust created by brusk treatment at Ellis Island. So the natural thing for immigrants has been "to turn to the private banks set up by their countrymen or to hide away their savings in an old sock, or in one of the many nondescript secret places." In order to win the immigrants' deposits these banks have been led to offer him helpful service which has not only increased the banks' resources but has also helped to Americanize the immigrants. One of the chief forces which has helped the American banks to win the immigrant has been the exploitation of the latter by his own countrymen. Until within recent years the private banker has flourished in our foreign sections largely "because the foreigner thought he would be unwelcome at the big American banks." And here were their own countrymen ready to serve them—but, unfortunately, in some cases ready to fleece them. Now, however, these private banks have been brought under State supervision and are on a sounder footing.

There is much evidence that "no group of people in this country are more victimized by the stock swindlers and the financial sharpers than the immigrants," says Mr. Lewis. "The immigrant, seeing great wealth on all sides and hearing stories of the accumulation of fabulous fortunes by the Americans, is a good subject for the sharper, who is ready to show him how he, too, can get rich." Recently $90,000 worth of stock in a gold mine in Yonkers was sold to a group of Orthodox Russians on the East Side. Then, too, exorbitant fees have been extracted from immigrants by unscrupulous individuals for legal or notarial services.

So the Bowery Savings Bank more than a year ago started an experiment in Americanization. It established within the bank—the old main bank building on the Bowery—offices for social workers among both Jews and Italians. It advertized in the foreign-language papers, saying that advice on financial affairs would be freely given. Signs were prominently displayed in the bank informing visitors that Hebrew, Yiddish, Italian, French, German and English are spoken there—as a matter of fact twelve languages may be understood.

The bank undertook without profit to transmit money for immigrants to the old country, realizing that they are often charged enormous sums for the transfer of money overseas. This at once made an impression among the aliens.

But generally the service cases came under twelve types—Citizenship, Immigration, Investments, Real Estate, Bankruptcies, Domestic troubles, Life Insurance, Employment, Personal finances, Miscellaneous legal cases, Workmen's Compensation and Widow's Pensions and Social Environment. Immigrants were helped with their citizenship papers. Immigration tangles were straightened out for hundreds. Numerous cases of exploitation of immigrant investors were uncovered. Prospective investors were warned against unwise ventures. In giving investment advice the bankers laid special emphasis on the safety of principal. Gambling in Russian roubles and German marks was discouraged. The immigrants are said to be lively traders in real estate, "and it would seem that one of the first objectives on the part of the foreign born is to acquire a home. While the bank officials have recognized this as a most laudable ambition, they have pointed out to the home seekers the inadvisability of going beyond their means." Domestic complications over money questions have been brought before the bank officials and solutions shown. The bank has given timely help to foreigners in trouble or perplexed because of lack of familiarity with our banking methods. Even personal perplexities have been many times solved, many of which have had to do with complications over steamship accommodations; "the transatlantic liner is a sort of ferry to the immigrants and their relatives, so the bank seeks to obtain accommodations for the voyagers at a reasonable cost and prevent them from being exploited by steamship agents and money-changers. Things that are simple to a native American seem complex to many of our foreign born, and when arrangements are made another friend has been made for the bank." We are told that "practical advice is given in miscellaneous legal cases, but where the questions asked involve legal problems, the applicants are directed to a legal agency or to reliable lawyers. In many cases the bank is able to adjust atters without requiring the aid of an torney." These are the chief types of e 15,000 cases handled by the service ithin a year, which are held to indicate w "one bank is putting a human touch banking." But what a shock the stere president of one of the old savings nks, of a decade or two ago, would ve received if he could have heard hat now came under the head of busi-ss in this institution!

The President of the Emigrant Bank has different problem. As he puts it, "we ve had a large support from the Irish, the erman and the other emigrants who have adily understood how an American vings-bank functions."

HY AMERICAN GOODS ARE POPULAR IN GERMANY

AMERICAN goods are undoubtedly popular in Germany, says one of our mmercial attachés in Berlin, writing to *ommerce Reports*. One reason for this is e widely acknowledged excellence of rtain articles that have been sold in ermany for a long time. Then, there is a rge amount of free advertising for the nited States that has been going on for me time in the German press. "Prac-cally all the large Berlin dailies have lately en running articles or books in serial rm, describing the United States as a untry of great resources, of remarkable echanical efficiency, and the home of odern ideas. The writers of such articles e not necessarily friendly to the United tates, but the net effect of these public atements is to give the impression that l Americans are wealthy if not millionaires d, *ipso facto*, are accustomed to use only igh-quality products." Moreover, con-nues the writer, Mr. Douglas Miller, no one has yet been able to estimate the rge amount of advertising for American ods that has come through the motion ictures and the stage":

> The amusement world of Germany now ets its tone from across the Atlantic. merican styles as seen on the film, Amer-an tunes brought over by traveling jazz ands, jokes quoted from the columns of onth-old New York weeklies and circu-ted again in translation, all can not fail have a marked influence on the German abit of mind. A stranger taking an eve-ing stroll down the chief promenade of erlin's "new rich" can not fail to notice e American touch in the clothing of any persons, in the advertising in shop indows, and in the type of entertainment ffered to the public.

Of course, this does not so much mean the ctual sales of American goods in enormous uantities as the creation of a "good-will" hich can easily be capitalized by firms lever enough to take advantage of them. or one thing, "German automobile manu-cturers are anxious to install American achinery in the hope that they can hereby achieve equal efficiency and

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Yet many checking accounts mean an actual money loss—in time and work—to a bank. Bookkeeping, clerks' time, time of tellers or officials in examining each check to see that you are not being victimized by some dishonest person; stationery, ledger sheets, postage—the bank must pay for all these items.

That is why some banks, guided by sound business principles, make a small charge where checking balances fall below certain set amounts. This charge is very nominal—in exchange for the valuable help a checking account gives.

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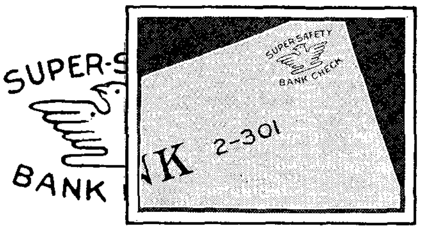

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

correspondingly low-production costs per unit of output." As Mr. Miller explains:

> This prestige attaching to American products is not uniform throughout Germany. Naturally it centers in the large cities, particularly those having the greatest touch with the outside world, and, therefore, more frequent contact with American goods. This includes Berlin and, above all, the ports of Hamburg and Bremen, as well as the centers of population in the occupied territory.
>
> During the period when a customs wall was erected between the Rhineland and the rest of Germany, many foreign goods, including American products, found their way into Cologne, Coblenz, Duesseldorf, and other West-German cities. These goods have given the public a taste for foreign articles which will not easily be lost.
>
> It is not uncommon, in down-town sections of these cities, to see grocery stores whose windows are piled full of American canned salmon and condensed milk. Probably the continued market for American evaporated and condensed milk owes a great deal to the child-feeding work carried on by charitable organizations that gave away large quantities of such milk four or five years ago.
>
> The American troops in Coblenz have left very few permanent traces of their stay in Germany. Perhaps the most striking is the continued demand for chewing-gum, which is now being imported from the United States in considerable quantities, apparently not seriously handicapped by its increased tariff. The success of the American brand has encouraged a German firm to enter the market with "Audax" chewing-gum, one of the first foreign-made brands ever to appear.

CHINA'S INDUSTRIAL GROWTH

CIVIL wars, riots, political disturbances, floods and famine would seem to preclude the possibility of industrial progress in China, so most readers of the newspaper headlines would be inclined to think. But *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland) prints a brief article by Dr. C. T. Wang, the Chinese statesman and diplomat who has been Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Peking Government, which would seem to show that China is, in spite of all disturbances, making steady industrial progress. Dr. Wang cites the following specific features in the industrialization of China:

> (1) The growth of the cotton industry and the prosperity of cotton-mills. There are to-day 27 Chinese-owned cotton-mills with 2,639,862 spindles in operation and 32,500 spindles under installation, while there are 13,403 looms working and 5,625 looms in construction.
>
> (2) The increase in the number of modern factories and their exported output. At the end of 1922 there were no less than 740 factories producing articles of foreign type. Among these, 202 manufactured cotton piece goods, 87 socks and stockings, 69 cotton yarn, 41 cotton towels, 25 cotton thread; 66 specialized in soap, 42 in candles; there were also 38 flour-mills, 19 cigar and cigaret factories, 11 paper-mills, 7

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actories turning out slate-pencils, and 7 iscuit factories.

(3) The increase in the volume of Chinese xports. Last year (1923) out of the total oreign trade of 1,676,320,303 Haikwan aels [about 80 cents], Chinese exports ggregated 752,917,416 taels, while the orresponding figure for the previous year was 654,891,933 taels.

(4) The increase in the number and trength of modern, as distinct from native tyle Chinese banks. Of these there are ow over 80, with a total authorized capital f nearly 400 million silver dollars and paid-p capital of some 170 million silver dollars, nd 350 branch offices scattered through-ut the country.

(5) The increase in the number of operated mining areas and their output. Following are the latest available official as well as semi-official statistics:

Number of mining areas	1,966
Number of engineers	2,142
Number on technical staff	9,308
	Tons
Annual output coal	19,954,529
Annual output iron	1,153,491
Annual output antimony	12,062
Annual output tin	9,069

(6) The growth of such important industries as ironworks and dockyards. Of the first there are at present three in operation, the premier of which is the Hanyehping Company, which owns an iron and steel works in Hanyang, a rich iron ore mine and another ironworks in Tayeh, and a rich colliery in Pinghsiang, also manganese mines and a low phosphorus iron mine, all within a distance of 200 miles of each other. Being under financial obligations to Japanese financiers, the company exports annually 50,000 tons of pig iron and 300,000 tons of iron ore to the Japanese steel plant at Yawata. Of dockyards there are a few, principally government concerns, excluding those owned and run by foreign companies. The Kiangnan Dockyard at Shanghai is the most promising of all: It recently constructed four 10,000-ton deadweight cargo steamers for the United States Shipping Board, each 439 feet long, 55 feet beam, with a loaded draft of 27½ feet and equipped with a triple expansion engine, while its next-door neighbor, the Nicholas Tsu Engineering Works, also owns an iron mine, which is eight hours distant by train. Therefore, the *Trade Returns* for 1919 remarked: "Shipbuilding on a considerable scale may now be counted as one of the established industries of China, capable of great expansion. According to Lloyd's shipping returns there were launched from Chinese yards during 1919 vessels aggregating 12,307 tons."

The article by Dr. Wang is a summarization of a paper read before the American Iron and Steel Institute in New York last month. The Chinese statesman concludes by asserting that "industrialism has indeed come to stay and the significant augmentation of the following imports is a sufficient testimony":

	1913	*1923*
	Value Hk. Tls.	
Building materials	2,444,787	8,990,350
Casks, empty and shooks	634,714	1,248,657
Electrical materials	2,322,339	8,480,510
India rubber goods	360,529	1,972,479
Machinery	4,650,001	14,328,278
Locomotive and tenders	768,628	1,169,680
Motor-cars and lorries	485,182	2,155,967
	Gallons	
Gasoline, etc.	465,577	6,307,815
Kerosene oil	183,984,052	214,835,669
Lubricating oil	2,449,586	7,499,880
Liquid fuel (Tons)	12,065	57,267

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Name................................
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 24.—Several Europeans are killed and many others wounded in fighting between Chinese agitators and residents of Shameen, the foreign concession at Canton.

The American Army polo team, for the second time, defeats the British Army team, 6 to 4, at Hurlingham, England, and thus retains the international military championship won at Meadowbrook, Long Island, last June.

June 25.—Without any blood-letting, the Greek Government under Premier Michalakopoulos is deposed and a new Government under military control is installed at Athens.

Chinese in Peking conduct a demonstration against Great Britain, while the French Minister protests to the Chinese Foreign Office against the recent murder of a French citizen in Canton.

June 26.—General Pangalos, Greece's new Premier, and the members of his ministry take the oath of office before Admiral Coundouriotis, Provisional President of the Greek Republic.

At its closing session in Brussels the International Chamber of Commerce reiterates that a prompt settlement of international debts is the only basic method for the economic restoration of Europe, and urges the Governments to make funding arrangements without delay.

June 27.—Finance Minister Caillaux's bill to provide 6,000,000,000 francs to meet the Treasury's obligations within the next few months is adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies and the Senate.

Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffians in Morocco, launches an offensive on both flanks of the French position near Ouezzan, which is repulsed with great difficulty.

June 28.—J. M. Sen Gupta is elected to succeed the late C. R. Das as head of the Swarajist, or home-rule, party in India.

June 29.—The Labor party's move for a vote of censure of the Government for its alleged failure to put the 1,250,000 unemployed persons back to work is defeated in the British Parliament, 373 to 143, after Prime Minister Baldwin outlines six schemes to solve the problem of unemployment.

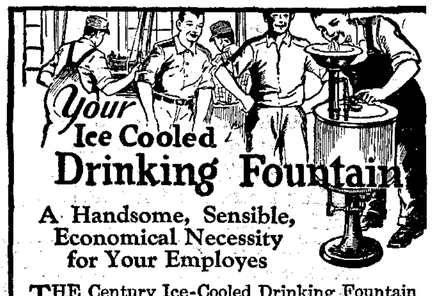
The Chinese Minister to Germany, Sun Tchu Wey, is forced by 100 Chinese students to sign a paper expressing sympathy for the anti-foreign activities in China.

DOMESTIC

June 24.—President Coolidge establishes the summer White House at Swampscott, Massachusetts.

June 25.—An Italian mission and the American debt-funding commission open formal negotiations for the settlement of Italy's war debt of $2,000,000,000 to the United States.

June 26.—Plans for a general strike covering all mining regions in West Virginia are discust by Percy Tetlow, acting President of District 17, United Mine Workers, and Van A. Bittner, in charge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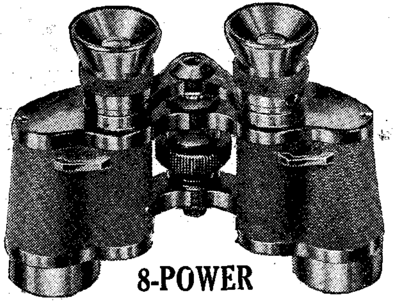

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of the strike in the northern coal-fields of West Virginia.

June 27.—Montana, Idaho, Washington and Wyoming are shaken by two series of earthquakes, and thousands of people in various parts of Montana, where the shocks are severest, are put in fear of their lives. Near Lombard two trains are hemmed in by rock slides, and near Livingston a mountain slides into Jefferson River.

June 28.—Col. John Coolidge, father of President Coolidge, is seriously ill at his home at Plymouth, Vermont, and his son goes to his side.

More earthquake shocks are felt in Montana, but slight damage is done.

The Cunard Anchor Line steamer *Tuscania* and the fishing schooner *Rex*, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, are in collision 200 miles off Halifax, and fifteen of the schooner's crew are lost.

Members of a legislative committee visiting Herrin, Illinois, long a scene of bloody strife, find the population now happy and peaceful as the result of daily noonday prayer-meetings in the city's largest theater, says an Associated Press dispatch.

June 29.—Earthquake shocks destroy a large part of Santa Barbara, California, and result in twelve known deaths. The shocks are felt as far south as Los Angeles, and one hundred miles to the North. President Coolidge and the Red Cross take immediate steps to render assistance.

Col. John C. Coolidge, father of the President, rallies from an operation.

Tip to Autograph Collectors.—Bernard Shaw is among the celebrities of to-day who are "hopeless" from the autograph hunter's point of view, who know that it is useless to bring out their little books and ask for his signature. Here, however, is the story of how Lady Swaythling's children scored off him when they were young.

Keen autograph-hunters, the young Montagus realized that to write to G. B. S. in the ordinary way was hopeless. So they composed a letter, in which they stated that they wished to call their new guinea-pig, "Bernard Shaw," but they did not like to do so without his permission, for fear he might object. By the next post came a post-card bearing the words: "I object most strongly," and the signature of George Bernard Shaw.—*London Daily Chronicle.*

Wasted.—Rev. Lawrence Redfern of Liverpool, who is at present in this country, told his friends the other day that his colleague, Rev. John C. Ballantyne, was unable to come over on account of illness. While he was kept indoors, his friends sent him many tokens of their affection. Flowers came in great profusion, so that one day the living-room was virtually filled with them. The English maid, passing through, stopt and, with a quirk of her thumb upward, said, "Think of it; and 'im a-livin' yet."—*Christian Register.*

A Better Neighborhood.—A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor: "We're going to be living in a better neighborhood soon," she said. "So are we," volunteered Mrs. Nextdoor confidently. "What? Are you moving, too?" "No, we're staying here."—*Christian Register.*

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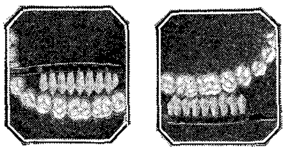

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Accurately Defined.—"What is an opportunist?"

"One who meets the wolf at the door, and appears the next day in a fur coat."—*Gargoyle.*

Those Funny Welsh Names.—A schoolteacher from Ypsilanti, one from Kokomo, and one from Speonk went on a Cook's tour and visited Wales.

"What funny names these Welsh towns have!" exclaimed all of them, in unison.—*Life.*

Preferably.—He—"I hear some one has suggested a statue to the man who invented rubber tires."

She—"Wouldn't a bust be more appropriate?"—*London Mail.*

The Perfect Defense.—"The traffic officer says you were going forty miles an hour," the judge told the fair prisoner.

"Yes, sir," she admitted, "but, you see, I was to meet my husband in five minutes, and I didn't want to keep him waiting."

And the judge, being a married man, discharged her.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

When You Take the Children Along.—"What was the name of the last station we stopt at, mother?"

"I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a cross-word puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, mother, because little Oscar got out of the train there!"—*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

Assurance Doubly Sure.—"Glad to see you getting in on time these mornings, Mr. Slowe," said the manager.

"Yes, sir, I've got a parrot now."

"A parrot. What for? I advised you to get an alarm clock."

"I did, sir, but after a few mornings I got used to it, and it failed to wake me. So I got a parrot and now when I retire I hang the alarm clock over his cage. It wakes the parrot, and what the bird says would arouse anybody."—*Boston Transcript.*

Smiles.—Old Boxley considered himself a lady-killer, tho the ladies seemed unaware of it. He was walking with a friend when they passed a pretty girl. At once he turned to his companion with a superior smile.

"Did you see that charming young lady smile at me?"

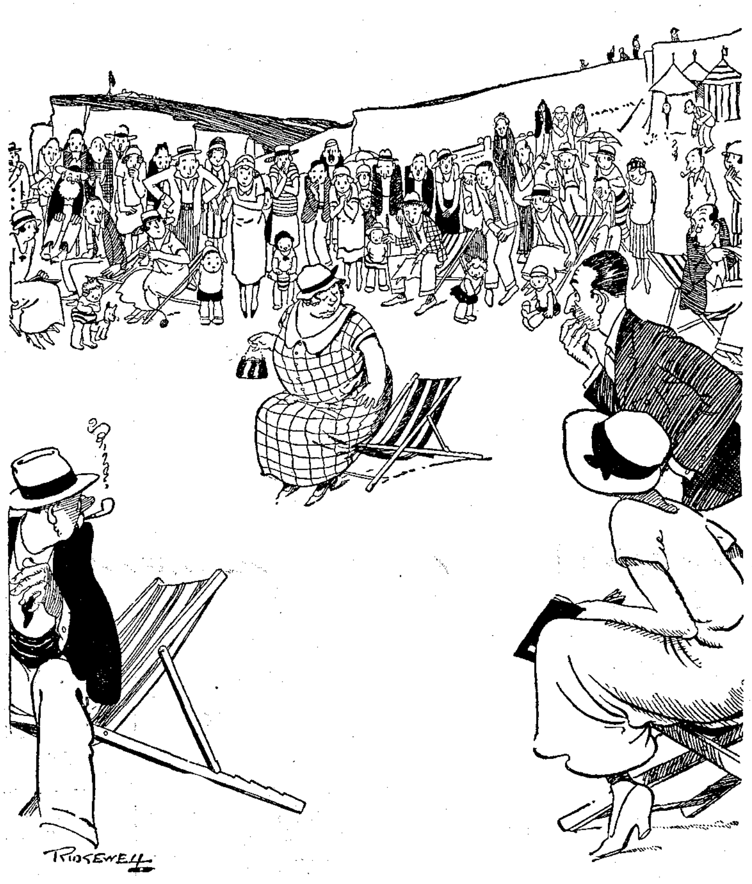
"Oh, that's nothing to worry about," replied his friend, consolingly. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."—*Continent.*

Better than Before.—G. D. Seymour, Hit by Auto, Is Improved.—*Headline in New Haven* (*Conn.*) *Register.*

Exonerating Angina.—The doctor applied his stethoscope to the young storeboy's heart.

"Does angina pectoris trouble you at all?" he asked.

"No," said the clerk, "but Dolly Green does, a lot."—*The Progressive Grocer.*



ANTICIPATION

—From *London Opinion.*

Cross-Word Nursery Rhimes

Jack and Jill went up the elevated ground
To fetch a pail of common liquid;
Jack fell down and broke his occipital
dome,
And Jill came tumbling subsequent to.

Mary, Mary, quite opposed to,
How does your garden increase, flourish?
With silver bells and the coverings of
marine bivalves,
And fair maids all in exact alinement.

Tom, Tom, the piper's male offspring,
Stole a pig and away he moved rapidly.
The pig was eat and Tom was severely
chastised,
Tom, Tom, the piper's male offspring.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the receptacle
for nourishment
To get her poor dog an osseous titbit.
When she got there the cupboard was
entirely denuded of its contents,
And so the poor doggie got the opposite of
any. —*Chicago Daily News.*

Had the Same Ivy.—Miss Smith and Miss Davis were classmates at the Washington cemetery.—*Washington* (*Pa.*) *Reporter.*

Music Hath Charms.—"Are you fond of music?"

"Not very, but I prefer it to popular songs."—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Educated Autos.—Pawling Boy on Bicycle Collides with Auto Returning from School.—*Headline in Poughkeepsie Sunday Courier.*

Traps.—Small Boy—"Dad, how do they catch lunatics?"

Father—"With face powder, beautiful dresses, and pretty smiles, my son."—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

Facilitating Matters.—In addition to the window from which the tags are handed out, the local office has provided other points of detail-handling, and the public is permitted to secure its plates with least possible convenience.—*Twin City* (*N. C.*) *Sentinel.*

Keep It Dark.—Two young men met in their club one day.

"That's a nice suit you are wearing, old chap," said one of them. "Will you give me the address of your tailor?"

"With pleasure," replied the other, "providing you don't give him mine."—*Royal Magazine.*

Try This.—Motor Cop (after hard chase)—"Why didn't you stop when I shouted back there?"

Driver (with only five dollars, but presence of mind)—"I thought you just said, 'Good morning, Senator.'"

Cop—"Well, you see, Senator, I wanted to warn you about driving fast through the next township."—*Middleburg Blue Baboon.*

Evidently a Dachshund.—Young Woman—"I want that dog shot at once."

Policeman—"I can't shoot him here in this residence district. The bullet might go right through him and hit somebody."

Young Woman—"But couldn't you shoot him lengthwise?"—*The Continent.*

Getting Posted.—The telephone girl in a New York hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange the other morning about eleven o'clock. When she "plugged in," a man's voice said: "Hello. Is that the So-and-So hotel?"

"Why, no," answered the girl, "this is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh, all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*